July 2, 1977 U.S. $1.10/Canada 60c 18p

Aus 35c NZ 35c SA 35c Den Kr5.5 Fr NF4.50
Ger Dm2.50 Malaysia $1.10 Spn 65pts

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

MURDER AT PUNK FESTIVAL
AT THIS GIG A FAN WAS STABBED TO DEATH

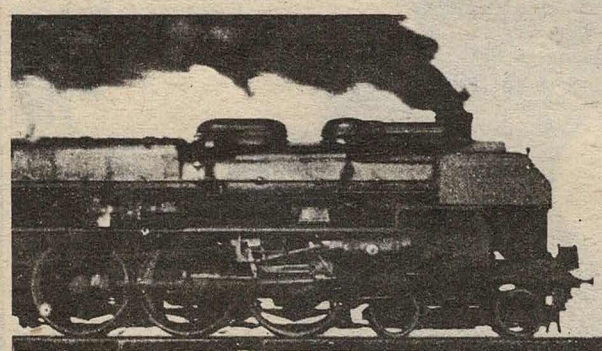
IMAGES OF THE NEW WAVE; THIS WEEK ON PAGE 10

BRUCE JOHNSTONE
"RENDEZVOUS"
CBS 5324

GENE COTTON
"ME AND THE ELEPHANTS"
ABC 4723

EMI MUSIC, 138/140 Charing Cross Rd., London, WC2
01-836 6699

MODERN LOVE CB 302
THE NEW SINGLE FROM
Peter Gabriel
CHARISMA
Marketed by Charisma Records



HOT RODS EDDIE AND THE
the Rainbow (at the Sound of Speed) New EP! Live at

Heartbreakers Born to Loose/Chinese Rocks-70p
M.C.5 Borderline/Lookin at You-£1.15
Chelsea Right to Work/the Loner-70p
Cortinas Fascist Dictator/Television Families-70p
Rocky Erickson Bermuda/the interpreter-70p
Sex Pistols God save the Queen-70p
Eater Thinkin' of the U.S.A.-70p
Jam In the City (single)-70p (l.p.)-£3.25
Shakin Stevens Never-70p
Little Bob Story I'm Crying (e.p)-£1.00
" High Time-£3.50
" Let me In-£1.00
Ramones Leave Home-£4.15 (U.S. import)
Hollywood Stars Kids on the Street-70p
Damned damned damned damned-£3.25

Hot Rods Might be Lying-70p
" Teenage Depression-70p
" Live at the Marquee-£1.00
" Wooly Bully-70p
" Writing on the Wall-70p
Television Marquee Moon-£3.30
Flamin Groovies Him or Me?-£1.50
Damned Neat Neat Neat-70p
Iggy Pop the Idiot-£3.25
MC5 Back in the USA-£3.25
Tyla Gang Suicide Jockey-£1.15
Nick Lowe Keep it out of Sight-85p
" Bowi-75p
Rockfield Chorale Jingle Jangle-£1.50
Mail Order P/P Free for U.K. only.

BiZZaRRe Record Distribution
33, PRAED ST., LONDON. W.2. tel: 01-402-1939

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 27th, 1972.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)
2	3	TAKE ME BAK 'OME	Slade (Polydor)
3	4	ROCKIN' ROBIN	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
16	5	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
12	6	LITTLE WILLY	Sweet (RCA)
6	7	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	Wings (Apple)
4	8	CALIFORNIA MAN	The Move (Harvest)
7	9	AT THE CLUB/SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES	The Drifters (Atlantic)
5	10	METAL GURU	T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 1, 1967.

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
2	2	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	3	CARRIE ANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	4	PAPER SUN	Traffic (Island)
6	5	OKAY!	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
21	6	ALTERNATIVE TITLE	Monkees (RCA)
15	7	SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME	Turtles (London)
10	8	GROOVIN'	Young Rascals (Atlantic)
4	9	SILENCE IS GOLDEN	Tremeloes (CBS)
12	10	HERE COMES THE NICE	Small Faces (Immediate)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 29, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
3	2	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Picadilly)
2	3	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
8	4	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	5	GINNY COME LATELY	Brian Hyland (HMV)
4	6	I'M LOOKIN' OUT OF THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	7	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE	Billy Fury (Decca)
7	8	I DON'T KNOW WHY	Eden Kane (Decca)
26	9	HERE COMES THAT FEELING	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
14	10	THE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER	Kenny Ball (Pye)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending July 2, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO	The Jacksons (Epic)	4	1
2	(10)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	4	2
3	(8)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	3	3
4	(2)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	9	2
5	(3)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	5	1
6	(4)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	5	4
7	(7)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	12	3
8	(11)	PEACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	6	8
9	(14)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	5	9
10	(15)	SAM	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	3	10
11	(6)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	6
12	(22)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	4	12
13	(5)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT/ FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	10	1
14	(—)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	1	14
15	(24)	DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO	T Connection (TK)	2	15
16	(20)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	3	16
17	(8)	HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS	The Muppets (Pye)	5	5
18	(27)	ANYTHING BUT ROCK 'N' ROLL	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	2	18
19	(—)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	19
20	(28)	NATURE BOY	George Benson (Warner Bros)	4	20
21	(17)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown)	8	6
22	(30)	BITE YOUR LIP/CHICAGO	Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)	2	22
23	(16)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	7	11
24	(—)	I JUST WANNA BE YOUR EVERY-THING	Andy Gibb (Polydor)	1	24
25	(13)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	10	2
26	(—)	FEEL THE NEED	Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic)	1	26
27	(19)	SPOT THE PIGEON	Genesis (Charisma)	5	15
28	(—)	COME WITH ME	Jesse Green (EMI)	1	28
29	(—)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	1	29
30	(23)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SLIP YOUR DISC	Heatwave (GTO)	8	14

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
GIVE A LITTLE BIT — Supertramp (A & M); WHAT IT IS — Garnet Mimms & Truckin' Co (Arista); BABY, BABY — The Vibrators (Epic); CHINESE ROCK — Heartbreakers (Track); I CAN PROVE IT — Tony Etoria (GTO).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 2, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	5	1
2	(5)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	12	2
3	(4)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	27	1
4	(2)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	32	1
5	(1)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	8	1
6	(7)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	9	6
7	(11)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	12	6
8	(6)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	9	2
9	(8)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	30	8
10	(13)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	10
11	(25)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	2	11
12	(14)	EXODUS	Bob Marley (Island)	3	12
12	(21)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	12
14	(15)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	65	1
15	(9)	SHEER MAGIC	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	3	9
16	(16)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971–1975	Eagles (Asylum)	47	1
16	(12)	ROCK FOLLIES 77	(Polydor)	2	12
18	(23)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (Atlantic)	3	18
19	(17)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	53	1
20	(10)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	25	2
21	(—)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	1	21
22	(26)	TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS	(Island)	3	22
23	(—)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	1	23
24	(28)	KENNY ROGERS	(United Artists)	2	24
25	(18)	NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	32	1
26	(—)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	8	18
27	(29)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	11	6
28	(—)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	10	7
29	(—)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent (Epic)	1	29
30	(24)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)	5	12

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SILVER CONVENTION GREATEST HITS (Magnet); THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS (Arcade); PURE MANIA — The Vibrators (Epic); AMERICAN STARS 'N' BARS — Neil Young (Reprise); STEVIE WINWOOD (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 2, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
2	(9)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
3	(3)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
4	(6)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
5	(1)	THEME FROM 'ROCKY' (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
6	(7)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
7	(4)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye
8	(13)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
9	(11)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
10	(14)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
11	(12)	LIFE IN THE FAST LANE	Eagles
12	(15)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
13	(16)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
14	(20)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisand
15	(17)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
16	(19)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
17	(5)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
18	(25)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU	Abba
19	(21)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
20	(24)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
21	(8)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
22	(27)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
23	(29)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
24	(28)	LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE)	Waylon Jennings
25	(26)	LOVE'S GROWN DEEP	Kenny Nolan
26	(30)	ARIEL	Dean Friedman
27	(—)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
28	(10)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG	The Marshall Tucker Band
29	(—)	EASY	Commodores
30	(22)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

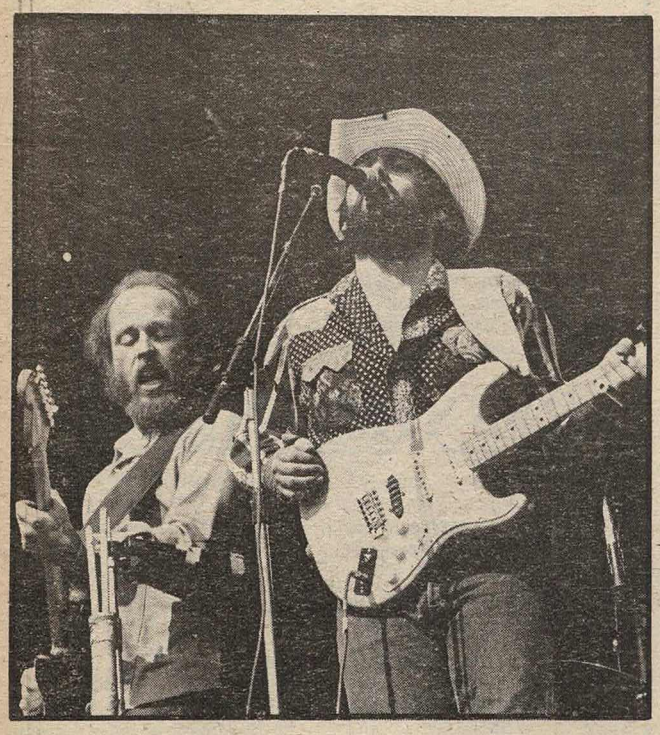
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 2, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
4	(9)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
5	(6)	COMMODORES	
6	(7)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
7	(8)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
8	(4)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
9	(5)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	
10	(12)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
11	(10)	FOREIGNER	
12	(11)	ROCKY	Soundtrack
13	(14)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
14	(15)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
15	(17)	BOSTON	
16	(13)	THE BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	
17	(19)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
18	(16)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
19	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
20	(25)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
21	(18)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
22	(26)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
23	(23)	PARLIAMENT LIVE/P. FUNK EARTH TOUR	Parliament
24	(21)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
25	(22)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack
26	(28)	TRAVELIN' AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT	O'Jays
27	(29)	TEDDY PENDERGRASS	
28	(—)	CAUGHT LIVE + FIVE	Moody Blues
29	(—)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
30	(24)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

LITTLE FEAT



Four gigs in London

LITTLE FEAT are at last confirmed for British dates this summer — including a four-day stint at London Rainbow from August 1 to 4 inclusive. Tickets for these concerts go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the Rainbow box-office and usual agencies priced £4, £3 and £2.

A spokesman for the promoters, Alec Leslie Entertainments, said the Feat will also be playing three or four provincial gigs. Details of these are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Little Feat will perform the entire show themselves, with no support act. Their Rainbow concerts are being recorded for subsequent release as a live album and, with this in view, they are bringing along the Tower Of Power horn section.

A headlining tour by the band has been in the air since they supported The Who in their open air concerts last year. But several attempts to bring them over fell through, leading at one point to rumours of a break-up.

Little Feat are currently on a coast-to-coast tour of the United States.

BEACH BOYS

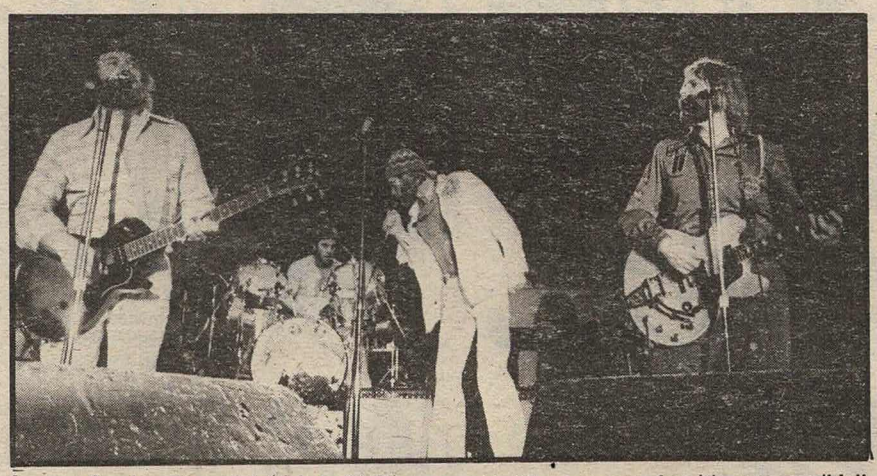
Wembley, Manchester, Cardiff: official

THE BEACH BOYS will, after all, headline a major open-air concert at Wembley Stadium on Saturday, July 30. Plans for the gig were exclusively revealed by *NME* three weeks ago — and it is now officially confirmed. And the group also play outdoor shows in Cardiff, Manchester and Dublin (forecast by *NME* last week).

Cardiff Castle is the opening venue on Saturday, July 23, followed by Manchester Belle Vue (24). Both shows start at 3pm, with tickets priced at £4.75. Postal bookings for the former should be sent to Beach Boys, Cardiff Castle, P.O. Box 10, Cardiff; and for the Manchester gig to Beach Boys, Belle Vue, Hyde Road, Manchester. In both cases, cheques and POs should be made payable to "Beach Boys Concert" and an s.a.e. enclosed.

The Wembley show starts at 12.30pm and admission is £5.50. The address for mail order bookings is Wembley Stadium Box-Office, Empire Way, Wembley, Middlesex. For all three concerts, tickets are now available at leading record shops in the respective areas.

The Beach Boys then move on to Eire for a show at Dublin Dalymont Park Stadium at 3pm on Sunday, August 1 (tickets £4.75).



● Carl Wilson flew into London last week specially to announce the group's concert dates. Asked if Brian Wilson will be accompanying the Beach Boys on their visit, he said: "I'm not sure, but it's very possible".

At presstime, details of support acts for all these concerts were still being finalised by promoter Robert Paterson, and these will be revealed next week.

THE JAM

Own show at Hammersmith

THE JAM achieve a degree of acceptance for new-wave rock by headlining their own major London concert at Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, July 24. Support groups are The Boys and Australia's The Saints.

Promoter is Mel Bush, making his first incursion into the new-wave, who told *NME*: "The Jam are now ready to play a top London venue. There's a massive market that wants to hear this type of music."

A new Jam single "All Around The World" coupled with "Carnaby Street", is issued by Polydor on July 8. Both cuts are originals, not taken from their "In The City" album, though they are featured in the group's stage act. A-side is a Paul Weller composition and the coupling is bassist Bruce Foxton's first attempt at songwriting.

Two further gigs have been added to The Jam's current tour — at Glasgow Shuffles (July 13) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (22). Their recent gig at London Poplar Civic Hall was the best attended concert at the venue for three years.

Chapman gig

MICHAEL CHAPMAN makes a rare London appearance on Sunday, July 10 (8 pm), when he headlines a concert at Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre, backed by Rod Clements and Keef Hartley. Support act is Jo-Ann Kelly and tickets are priced £2, £1.75 and £1.50.

FAREWELL SASSAFRAS

WELSH BAND Sassafras, who last month denied rumours that Terry Bennett was leaving the line-up, have now announced that they are breaking up later this month after fulfilling existing commitments. Formed in 1973, they recorded three albums for Chrysalis, but never quite achieved the degree of success they hoped for. They play a special farewell date at Cardiff Top Rank on July 19.

Trapeze return

TRAPEZE are back on the road after a lengthy period of inactivity, coupled with widespread rumours of a split. Three original members are still with the band — Mel Galley (vocals and lead guitar), Pete Wright (bass) and Dave Holland (drums), and they are now joined by ex-Fable singer Peter Goalby, who also doubles on second guitar.

First confirmed gigs are London Kensington Nashville (July 9), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (14), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (17), Stafford Top Of The World (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), London Marquee (21), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (August 12), Nottingham Boat Club (13), Burton 76 Club (19) and Bristol Granary (25). Others are being finalised, including a short Irish tour (August 20-23).

The band are at present finishing a new album, to be mixed in London in late July for release later in the year.

New-wave band 999 — who have London residencies throughout July at Kensington Nashville (Monday nights) and Islington Hope & Anchor (Thursdays), plus other London gigs at Royal College of Art (tomorrow, Friday), Putney Railway Hotel (July 5) and Camden Dingwalls (19).

Thunders and a damp squib

THE HEARTBREAKERS (Johnny Thunders' version) have been forced to cancel their Independence Day firework show, planned for next Monday (4).

Although they approached various parks and commons in the London area — including Hyde Park, Regents Park, Battersea Park and Hampstead Heath — they were thwarted by the GLC.

Track Records quote the Hyde Park authorities as saying: "We do allow pop music occasionally, but we choose the acts."

The band are now left holding over £1,000 worth of fireworks, which they are determined not to waste. Said a spokesman: "They'll probably try to put the show on at the very last minute."

Meanwhile their debut album, for release next month, has the paradoxical title of "Heartbreakers' Greatest Hits."

STRANGLERS HIT MORE TROUBLE

THE STRANGLERS ran into yet another problem last week as their trouble-torn British tour neared its end. After playing Cleethorpes Winter Gardens, the band returned to their hotel where they reportedly became involved in a fracas with local police. At present details of the incident are sketchy. According to a spokesman. "The matter is being investigated further and litigation could be involved."

Drummer Jet Black injured his hand and the band were forced to cancel gigs at Bristol (Friday) and Bracknell (Saturday), but they were back in action at London Roundhouse on Sunday.

NEIL DIAMOND

'LIVE DIAMONDS'

New EP featuring

SHILO

CHERRY CHERRY

BROTHER LOVE

MCA 304

HURRY first 20,000 copies supplied in special colour bags.

3 LIVE TRACKS ONLY 70p

MCA RECORDS

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

1978 GIG WITH STONES?

Diamond films with Bardot

NEIL DIAMOND, who headlines a massive open-air concert at Woburn Abbey this Saturday, begins work next month on his first major film role. The picture is based upon his own life during the 1960's; Diamond plays himself.

Titled "Free Man, In Paris", it will be shot mainly in France. Brigitte Bardot has been persuaded to come out of her three-year retirement to play a cameo role in the movie.

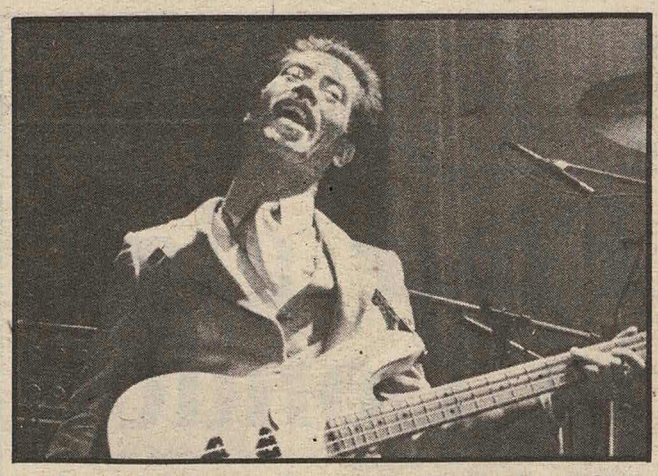
A more unusual project for Diamond involves a proposed return to Britain next summer for an open-air show at Wembley Stadium — with the Rolling Stones appearing on the same bill. The idea is the brainchild of former England cricket captain Tony Greig, who sees it as an extension of his sporting activities.

Mick Jagger is a keen cricket enthusiast and has already discussed the venture with Greig, as has Diamond.

Further ahead, Diamond is already planning a visit to the USSR in two or three years' time, for concerts in Moscow and Leningrad.

New bassist in Vibrators

THE VIBRATORS have acquired a new bassist following the departure of Pat Collier, who left because of "personal differences." Newcomer is Gary Tibbs (19), who played in a band with The Vibrators' Knox two years ago. After only two weeks of rehearsals, he is now playing with the band on their 24-date nationwide tour.



BeBop's Tumahi gets his permit

BE-BOP DELUXE's New Zealand bassist Charlie Tumahi has at last been granted permission to work in Britain. His original temporary work permit expired in 1975 but he was able to prolong his stay here by a series of appeals against deportation.

He was eventually ordered to leave the country earlier this year and, because of his enforced exile, the band are currently recording a new album in the South of France.

The band's new album "Live! In The Air Age" is released by Harvest on July 15. Recorded on their last British tour in late winter, it includes a free EP with additional live tracks from the same tour.

Pistols rush out follow-up single

THE SEX PISTOLS rush-release a new single tomorrow (Friday), only five weeks after the appearance of their "God Save The Queen", which topped the *NME* Chart despite the nationwide radio and TV ban. The new 45 is "Pretty Vacant", coupled with the Stooges' number "No Fun".

"Pretty Vacant" isn't likely to prove as controversial as the Pistols previous 45, and the lyrics on their own are unlikely to lead to a repetition of the airtime ban. Virgin Records also expect to be able to advertise it freely, and plan an extensive campaign on commercial radio.

All shops approached so far have agreed to stock the new single except for Woolworth's, W.H. Smith and Boots — with whom, say Virgin, "we are still having a meaningful dialogue".

● The new single is reviewed on page 18.

RECORD NEWS

● Anchor this week launch a series of 12-inch EP's titled "Plus Fours", marketed in deluxe sleeves and selling at 99p. First three releases are by **Alice Cooper** ("Welcome To My Nightmare",, "Department Of Youth", "Black Widow" and "Only Women Bleed"), **Joe Walsh** ("Rocky Mountain Way", "Turn To Stone", "Meadows" and "Walk Away") and the **Mamas & Papas** ("Monday Monday", "Dedicated To The One I Love", "California Dreamin'" and "Creeque Alley").

● The long-awaited album by the original **Animals,** who reformed specially for the sessions, is finally set for late July release by Polydor.

● **Bowles Brothers Band** have begun work in London on their debut album for Decca, with noted Los Angeles producer Bones Howe, currently figuring in the charts as producer of Alessi's "Oh Lori".

● **Fabulous Poodles** have just finished laying down their debut tracks for Pye Records, with John Entwistle producing. A single is scheduled for late August release, followed by an album in early September.

● Meal Ticket guitarist **Ray Flake** is currently playing lead guitar for **Sutherland Brothers & Quiver** on tracks for their new album. He is one of several guest musicians sitting in with the band, following the departure of Tim Renwick.

● **Horslips'** new single "Power And The Glory" is released by DJM on July 15; the first 15,000 copies will be pressed in bright green vinyl.

● **Blue's** new single, out this weekend on Rocket, is "Another Night Time Flight" — produced by Elton John and Clive Franks.

● The new **Atlanta Rhythm Section** single "Neon Night", taken from their album "A Rock And Roll Alternative", comes out on Polydor on July 8.

● American label Beserkley is being launched in Britain as an independent company, with distribution through Decca. First single out next week is "Roadrunner" by **Jonathan Richman** (see review page 18).

● Chiswick Records have signed a pressing and distribution deal with Arista; first releases affected are the new **Count Bishops** album (out this weekend) and the **Johnny Moped** single "No-One" (July 8). Arista themselves have finalised, together with Chrysalis Records, a joint manufacturing and distribution deal with Phonodisc Ltd.

● **Showaddywaddy's** latest is "You've Got What It Takes", released by Arista on July 8, along with a **Barry Manilow** maxi-single "Looks Like We Made Out." Out on the same day and label is a single from the Mohammad Ali film *The Greatest* — titled "Ali Bom-Baye", it is performed by **Michael Masser and Mandrill.**

● Birmingham band **Muscles** release their single "If It Relaxes Your Mind" on July 15 on the Big Bear label.

● On July 15 Polydor release the album **"John Otway And Wild Willy Barrett",** previously available only by mail order from the duo. It consists of tracks recorded over the past few years, some produced by Pete Townshend. The duo have also signed a two-album deal with Polydor.

● The **Strawbs'** first album for more than a year "Burning For You" is issued by Polydor / Oyster this weekend. The band are scheduled to finish another studio album next month, and singer **Dave Lambert** records a solo album in September.

● **Tangerine Dream's** album "Sorcerer" comes out on MCA on July 8. It is the soundtrack of a new film produced and directed by William Friedkin, who made "The Exorcist". This does not affect the band's contract with Virgin, who will continue to release their future albums.

LINDA LEWIS: with Stomu

● July 15 albums from Arista include "It's A Game" by the **Bay City Rollers,** "I Robot" by **Alan Parsons** and "Terrapin Station" by the **Grateful Dead.** Following in August are the soundtrack of "The Greatest" and **Stomu Yamashta's** "Go Too" which also features Linda Lewis, Jess Roden, Michael Shrieve and Klaus Schulze.

● A new version of the classic rocker "Mony Mony" comes out on United Artists tomorrow (Friday) by a group calling themselves **Celia and The Mutations.**

● **The Pirates** are negotiating two separate recording deals — the first is with a major U.S. company covering North America, and the other is for British and European distribution. First release, expected in August, is an album which includes one side recorded live at London Marquee earlier this year.

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

PARLIAMENT SET INVASION PLANS

PARLIAMENT, currently one of the top five grossing acts in the States, are planning a major assault on the British market. One of their American summer concerts is being filmed for screening in cinemas here at the end of the year. And they have already signed for a visit in February, when they will appear either at Wembley Empire Pool or London Earls Court.

Visually like a black version of Kiss, Parliament's stage act is more in line with The Who, Stones and Pink Floyd. They use lasers extensively, and claim to carry more equipment than any other band in the world, with six articulated lorries needed for transport. They plan to hire a jumbo jet to transport all their gear to Britain.

Their present U.S. tour — supported by Rufus, Brothers Johnson and Rose Royce — takes in 15 of the largest stadia in the States. The first five gigs are being filmed for worldwide cinema distribution in November and December. Their latest album, "Parliament Live", at No. 23 in this week's U.S. chart, has just been released in Britain.

Dylan: Longleat report is denied

REPORTS ELSEWHERE, tipping Bob Dylan and The Who as headliners of the two-day festival at Longleat on September 3 and 4, were this week dismissed by promoter Harvey Goldsmith.

Goldsmith told *NME:* "I haven't even made an approach to Dylan. If he wants to come and play at Longleat he's very welcome, but I'm certainly not expecting him. As for The Who, they've already made it clear that they're not doing any live work this summer because of studio commitments, and they're sticking to that".

However, there is still a 50-50 chance that Dylan will be coming to Britain later this year. Two leading promoters are known to have submitted massive bids for him to headline prestige events here, and he's believed to be considering both offers.

NME isn't tipping anyone for Longleat at this stage — but as an "educated guess", News Editor Derek Johnson reckons Peter Frampton as one of the headliners.

● A story (not in *NME*) suggesting that Aerosmith and Ted Nugent are touring Britain together in August is also incorrect. They are co-headlining dates in Europe but, in this country, they will each be making one separate appearance. As already reported, Aerosmith guest in the Reading Festival on August 27. Nugent is expected to play Hammersmith Odeon at roughly the same time.

● Just for the record, Supertramp's British tour is scheduled to open in October — not September, as reported elsewhere.

IN BRIEF

GENERATION X have chosen a new drummer after auditioning 54 musicians. He is Mark Laff (18) who was picked "for his ability to batter his kit into submission without the usual obligatory showmanship".

SPITERI, the London-based salsa band, begin a Thursday residency at London Oxford St. 100 Club tonight (30). Two other London gigs are set for Camden Dingwalls (August 8) and Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's (10).

ROCK GARDEN in London's Covent Garden has overcome the licensing problems which caused a short closure, and the venue will be fully operational again in a few days. Upcoming bookings include the Tom Robinson Band (July 13), Gonzalez (14-16) and the Lew Lewis Band (19).

BOOM TOWN RATS, who recently toured with Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers, play Oxford Polytechnic (this Saturday), Dudley J.B.'s (July 8), Wolverhampton Lafayette (13), London Marquee (15, 27 and August 12) and Manchester Electric Circus (August 14).

STRAWBS are being lined up for a British concert tour in October, and dates are expected shortly.

BURLESQUE were involved in an accident last Thursday when their minibus ran off the road. Although three members of the band — Ian Trimmer, Billy Jenkins and Antonio Vivaldi — sustained minor injuries, they were able to continue their tour without interruption.

SPLIT ENZ take a break from recording their second album to play two nights at London Kensington Nashville on July 7 and 8. They tour Australasia throughout August, returning to Britain for a headline tour in September and October.

BOB MARLEY and the Wailers next week begin a major 29-date tour of the United States and Canada, winding up with a three-night stint at New York Palladium (August 18-20).

School is out — Eater tour

EATER, the punk band whose average age is 15, begin their first full tour this weekend to promote their single "Thinkin' Of The USA." They are also working on their first album, for early October release. Confirmed dates are: **London Fulham** Greyhound (tomorrow, Friday), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (Saturday), **Braunston** Rose & Castle (Sunday), **Plymouth** Woods centre (July 5), **Coalville** Blooblo's (7), **Manchester** Belle Vue (9), **Birmingham** Erdington Roebuck (14), **London Convent Garden** Roxy Club (15), **Dunstable** California (16), **Coventry** Mr. George's (23), **Falkirk** Maniqui (28), **Edinburgh** Clouds (29), **Gloucester** Tracey's (30), **Redditch** Tracey's (August 5), **London Covent** Garden Rock Garden (9), **Corby** Nags Head (10), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (18), **Liverpool** Eric's Club (20), **Manchester** Electric Circus (21), **Chester** Quaintways (22), **Lancaster** No. 12 Club (25) and **Barrow** Maxim's (28).

DEAD END KIDS TOUR

DEAD END KIDS are on tour throughout July. Confirmed dates are Withernsea Grand Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Milford Haven Further Education Centre (July 5), Plymouth HMS Raleigh (7), Barnstaple Chequers Club (8), Bury St. Edmunds Corn Exchange (9), Leeds Town Hall (14), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (16), Middlesborough Town Hall (17), Oban Corran Town Hall (18), Castle Douglas Town Hall (21), Cumnock Town Hall (22), Maybole Town Hall (24), Dunfermline Kinema (25), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (29) and Glasgow Shuffles (31). Further gigs are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Osibisa, Bromberg at R.F.H.

OSIBISA play their first London concert for more than six months, when they headline at the Royal Festival Hall on Tuesday, July 19. Tickets go on sale next Monday (4), priced from £1.25 to £2.50. The band are not playing any other gigs at this time, although an autumn tour is planned.

DAVID BROMBERG BAND, who cancelled their projected British tour this month with Country Joe McDonald because of studio commitments, fly into London to headline a one-off concert at the Festival hall on July 20 with The 'O' Band supporting. After a string of gigs in Europe, they return for their appearance in the Cambridge Folk Festival at the end of the month. As previously reported, McDonald is also playing his own London gig — at the Queen Elizabeith Hall on July 30.

Clash top punk event in Brum

THE CLASH top the bill in Britain's first indoor punk festival — at Digbeth Rag Market in the centre of Birmingham on Sunday, July 17. About 5,000 are expected to attend the show which also features The Heartbreakers, Saints, Slits, Subway Sect, Rich Kids, Snatch, Shagnasty, Panya Hyde and The Tormentors, plus lead French new-wave group Stinky Toys.

The event, promoted by Endale Associates in conjunction with Clash manager Bernard Rhodes, starts at 4pm. Bar and refreshment facilities are available.

Tickets, priced £3, are on sale at Virgin Records shops in Birmingham, Coventry, Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham and Leeds. Other outlets are London Theatre Bookings, Sundown Records in Dudley, HMV in Leicester, Music Machine in Worcester, and Terry Blood Records in Stafford and Stoke.

Postal application may be sent to Endale Associates (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), 148 Edmund Street, Birmingham, enclosing s.a.e.

THE CLASH

Midlands open-air punkfest?

AS THE Windsor Punk Festival folded, so plans for a massive two-day punk event in the Midlands were revealed. This one is scheduled to take place on farmland near Bromsgrove in Worcestershire on August 26 and 27 — and the promoters are so confident it will go ahead that they've already put tickets on sale.

A spokesman told *NME* "We have a 50-acre site lined up. We're not saying exactly where it is right now, because the local council have been causing us a few problems. We're meeting them this week and if we get the go-ahead we'll then announce full details. If they remain hostile — and frankly, we don't see why they should — we'll keep it under wraps for the time being. But we are certain the festival will take place."

The organisers claim they'll have 30 top British and American new-wave bands taking part, plus a number of new bands from the Midlands and the North. They further state that any profits will be ploughed back into the business, to sponsor new bands and set up a Midlands-based recording company.

The site can accommodate at least 50,000 and will have bars, shops, cafes and full toilet facilities. Fringe events include film shows and a Fun City. The promoters are offering advance bookings at £4.25 each from Minerglo Ltd., Box 57, 4 Coventry Street, Stourbridge, West Midlands.

Windsor project scrapped

PLANS TO STAGE a punk rock festival in Windsor this summer have been ditched — following an intermediate howl of outrage from local authorities and residents. Windsor's mayor, Iain Harris, and council had threatened to seek an injunction to ban the event.

Festival organisers JPM Entertainments eventually bowed out last week in the face of increasing local pressure. One of their associates, Jay Kennedy, took over the plan but this week he decided to drop out.

The final chop was due not only to local hostility, but also to the farmer — who had offered his land for the festival site — backing out. Captain Charles Watson of Raneleagh Farm commented: "I won't have anything to do with it. I don't like this sort of thing".

He added, deadpan: "I was under the impression it was going to be a musical festival like Edinburgh".

Albertos for Joobley show

ALBERTOS Y Lost Trios Paranoias top the bill in a Silver Jubilee open-air concert at Brentwood, Essex, this Saturday (noon to 11pm). Also appearing are Nutz, Clemen Pull, the Sunday Band, Eldorado, Goliath, Grind, Sidewinder and Zooky. Site is next to Bishops Hall Park; admission on the day is £2.

BEES MAKE HONEY have the distinction of performing their normal act in Chichester Cathedral on Wednesday, July 13. Their appearance is part of this year's Chichester Festival, and they are the only rock act booked for the event.

Scottish new wave in town

SCOTTISH new-wavers, the Rezillos, descend upon London for the first time at the end of this month for gigs at Fulham Greyhound (July 26), Marquee (27), Covent Garden Roxy (28), Kensington Nashville (29), Camden Dingwalls (30) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (August 1), with more being finalised. Their debut single "Can't Stand My Baby" is due out on July 24 on Scottish independent label, Sensible Records.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND

FEATURING LUTHER JOHNSON-GUITAR, BOB WILLIE PERKINS-PIANO

NEW VICTORIA

WILTON RD, S.W.1

FRIDAY 8th JULY at 8·00

TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50	T. Rex Songbook	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95		
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
Eagles & Desperado	£4.95		
Eagles Complete	£6.95		

Top 20 Sheet Music in Stock 35p per song. Orders £1 and under add 15p p&p. Between £1 & £2 add 25p. Between £2 & £3 add 35p. Over £3 add 50p. Catalogue free on receipt of 8½p stamp. Send Cheque/P.O. To:

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

ONE OF THE BOYS

ROGER DALTREY

He speaks with a terrible stammer
So he don't have much to say
But he can spit further
than any punk
So nobody gets in his way
He knows his generation
Like he knows his A.B.C.
He's the kind of kid
That don't get invited
back for Sunday tea
He's a face in a mirror
That may give you a fright
But he's alright

He's breaking out of nowhere
He's breaking all the rules
He's got a passion for the fashion
He's freezing all the cools
He knows you don't have to
be that good
To be a real bad cat
He's built for speed guaranteed
To show you where it's at
He's blown all the speakers
Making his own noise

One of the boys.....

You know he used to work in
this factory
"Till the big boss said
"That's enough"
So he threw down his hammer
And he picked up his coat
And told the boss to get
Fff-f-frustration with the nation
The news is always bad
Life on the dole ain't no good
for your soul
It's enough to drive a poor kid mad
So who's gonna put him down
For makin' his own noise

One of the boys....?

©Eel Pie Publishing Ltd.

AVAILABLE NOW
ON POLYDOR RECORDS
FIRST 15,000 COPIES
IN SPECIAL BAGS

TAKEN FROM THE POLYDOR L.P.
"ONE OF THE BOYS" 2442 146
PRODUCED BY DAVID COURTNEY AND TONY MEEHAN

polydor

GOLDHAWKE

A shadow darkens the sun...

TONY STEWART sights DEMIS ROUSSOS off Beachy Head. CHALKIE DAVIES brings home the evidence.

THE THOUGHT HAS PROBABLY OCCURRED to Demis Roussos that if Jesus came to earth again he could have all the power and influence he required by becoming an MOR star.

Certainly Big Demi — who possesses the swarthy appearance and lumbering bulk of a Greek trucker (which not even several thousand yards of kaftan can hide) — envisages himself as some kind of omnipotent musical messiah.

"I am a guru, a prophet of music," he has proudly proclaimed. "I am sure I have the fire of a prophet and the ability to convert people to my music."

Hallelujah!

Modesty is not one of this man's foibles. He exploits an interview as a platform to eagerly recite a litany of his greatness and yelps indignantly should his monomania be challenged.

His soliloquy is delivered robustly: he gesticulates wildly, occasionally emits porcine grunts and frequently roars with laughter, causing his mountain of flesh to shudder violently.

But perhaps this demonstrative animation is an elaborate affectation to disguise his basic insecurity.

Why else, for instance, is he happy to test constantly the strength of his reinforced Slumberland by depositing his 17-stone body on it nightly? Clearly his excessive weight is symbolic of a need to quell a secret paranoia of being considered insignificant.

Demi knows that few other men can stop the sun shining into a room simply by standing in front of a window.

EVEN HIS incessant boasts of colossal fame and fortune, verified by the fact he has sold over 25 million records, are obviously verbal sandbags to protect his delicate ego.

Big Demi might be the most widely misunderstood man in popular music. And his behaviour is an extravagant sham which hides his deep frustration that critics refuse to acknowledge his immensely versatile talent.

"*I*," he shrilly declares, "don't think you can give me an image. I'm not middle of the road. I'm not folk. I could sing rock music. I could sing middle of the road. I could sing *everything!*

"Why I don't do it, you mean?" He asks in his funny broken English before I have time to pose the question.

"Because," he replies to himself, "the public of the music I make is much larger than rock, and we make this music because it is our job. *And* we sell more records."

Demis implies his enormous talent is a result of the musical expertise of the Greek race. In the Mediterranean countries generally, he explains, musicians have always been influenced by a variety of styles. Because they serve their apprenticeships with dance bands they have to adapt their music to accommodate the broad tastes of club audiences, and so they develop a quite extraordinary talent.

"The most flexible musicians of the world, they're coming from Greece or from Italy," he states — including himself of course.

"So I could be able to sing with Thin Lizzy, and I could be able to sing with Leonard Bernstein."

Oh, I'd just *love* to see you front Thin Lizzy, I comment concealing a laugh.

"I am sure you could be *astonished* by the marriage," he responds. "But I don't speak of Thin Lizzy specific, you know. I say Lizzy just as an example.

"But the people from those rock bands, English or American, who are very good musicians, I don't know if they could play a Cuban mambo or a Cuban cha-cha-chaa without the feel of rock..."

There's probably no great demand for it, I muse...

"They would play it, but they would *feel* it like a rock group." he continues darkly, "which is completely different. But we Mediterraneans can feel *every* music *in the style* because we played this for many years, because we had the school of dancing bands."

But shouldn't you be committed to one particular type of music and attempt to develop it? After all, it is an age of specialisation.

"Why specialisation?" he queries, again raising his voice. "A good doctor is a good doctor."

Indeed, but a good doctor presumably wants to specialise eventually and become, perhaps, a brain surgeon.

"But what is the good to be a perfect doctor and a perfect surgeon? Do you know a lot of them?"

Defeated, I have to meekly admit that I don't know any brain surgeons.

THERE ARE writers who've said Demis wallows in media attention like a fat sow rolling delightedly in the straw, but this isn't exactly true. Nor is it accurate to infer, as people have unkindly done, that his records are musical droppings rashly devoured by an undiscerning public.

Beneath the facade of Roussos' whining falsetto, bland orchestration and cloying lyrical romanticism, there lingers a *serious* artiste.

Big Demi's secret disappointments might be that he will now never play the Marquee, feature on the next Knebworth bill, or in fact replace Lynott in Thin Lizzy. Bravely he has fought back tears of humiliation, and with his new album "Magic" attempted to show he's not a regular MOR dummy.

For the album he also engaged the production services of Vangelis Papathanassiou. Besides being the only Greek rock musician you can name, a mystique surrounds this man. At one time he was mooted as replacement for Wakeman in Yes, and he was the creative force of Aphrodite's Child (the only Greek rock band you *might* be able to name) which also featured Demi as bassist /vocalist.

Roussos himself has pro-moted a somewhat controversial image for Vangelis. Until "Magic" they hadn't worked together for six years, and quite recently the Messiah ominously claimed Papathanassiou would, to quote, "never make anything. He'll die with his talent, like Beethoven."

Now he argues, "I never said that...exactly like that.

"I never said that in my life. The only thing I said, and I remember *everything* I said, is that Vangelis is a very big talent — but he's quite an egoist as a character. *Maybe* he will never be commercial, nor sell a lot of records, because he choose a very difficult *way!*

"But he is a crazy man. You have to be crazy to be an artiste. He is the craziest thing I have ever seen in my life," Demi says laughing loudly, his chair shaking dangerously. "But I know him and I know how to act with him. But that doesn't mean a bad thing: you can be crazy *and* be a genius."

But why it has taken you so long to begin working together again?

"Wait five more years," he mutters inexplicably, "and may be you'll see McCartney and Harrison again together.

"Don't forget that Aphrodite's Child was a very important trampoline. You know trampoline...*boing-oing*...between what happens now and what we were. Those six years gave me a lot of experience and a lot of knowledge, and gave also Vangelis the same."

He goes on to say that as both of them have this heritage of Greek versatility, and have matured since they originally parted company, they now make an excellent team. But he doubts the association has radically changed his music.

"If I have the Mediterranean sea in my voice then you can not take it out, it's so very big.

"But then music is like the sauce of spaghetti," he continues philosophically, "and you have to make the sauce. The spaghetti is the base, is my voice; you can not change it. It depends on the sauce.

"You know, Vangelis has the sauce and I have the spaghetti and we mix them together and we have a good meal. See what I mean?"

Yes, but the hunger pains are getting worse.

"I always compare music with food, because they are two things that are so close together. You have good and bad music, and you have two kinds of food: good and bad."

Elaborating on this *devastating* analogy, he says: "You can have the same concerto for piano of Chopin played by two different pianists and it doesn't sound the same, believe me, and it's the *same* sheet of music."

In this context Big Demi hasn't been cookin' lately.

FEW PEOPLE probably realise just how great a personal sacrifice Demis made by inviting Papathanassiou to produce "Magic", because he actually surrendered a pleasure that had been entirely his own for four of his previous five solo albums. And the ones he'd overseen, beginning with "Forever And Ever, had earned him commercial recognition and, wow, superstardom.

His real talent might have been hidden under a bushel which only Vangelis could uproot, but even so Big Demi, normally a jocular giant, is sensitive to criticism of those sets. Defensively, he has a convenient lapse in understanding English when I describe them as schmaltzy. He doesn't know what the word means, he claims. Once acquainted with a definition he's just plain old huffy about it.

"How do you explain 25 million copies of selling then?" he shrieks.

Well, the public will buy any old rubbish, I offer. Artistes have been known to cop out and groom only the style they know will sell.

"I will tell you something," he says, nodding his head knowingly. "Above all I am doing a job. I am a professional and I would do *whatever* would sell. And I did the music that sold a lot up to now, and this music which is on the 'Magic' album is a little more progressive in general, but it will also sell. But I could not make 'Magic' five years ago. You know why?"

No, but I've got a feeling you're going to tell me.

"Because I started from Europe," he blurts. "This is important point.

"If you start in Europe you can not start with a progressive style. You will never be a star. You will never sell records. Because in Europe you have to start with a European style.

"That's *why* I started with that music, and I sold a lot.

"Now that I am an Anglo-Saxon artiste...I don't like this word *star*...who sells records I can make this album I just did. It's the moment!"

But listen hard enough to Demi's first LP, "Fire And Ice", and you'll uncover a latent rock and roller lurking quietly in the grooves. Why, there's *even* a track called "End Of The Line" which sounds like The Band's "The Weight", and he was also writing some of his own songs at that time.

As "Magic" to some extent now illustrates by including a couple of disco stompers, the guy could have emerged as an influential force in rock if he'd had the right breaks — like a week's residency at Dingwalls, or something...

"But I did not sell *nothing* with 'Fire And Ice'," he bemoans, "because I start in Europe. If I had started 'Fire' in England maybe it would have been a hit."

THIS WHOLE AREA of discussion, the hardship of a European gallantly fighting for success, is one of Demi's favourite topics, which he frequently returns to and inevitably attempts to prolong. Being objective you must ask point-blank — ignoring the fear that he'll be enraged and leap up and sit on you in one crunching movement - if he compromised his musical principals for commercial trophies.

"Sometimes I have to," he forlornly admits. "*We* have to. *Everybody* has to. Ask any musician in the world if he *really* does 100 per cent what he likes, and I doubt he will say it to you yes. *Especially* if he started in Europe."

Realising this answer leaves him with an open goal-mouth into which a journalist could easily slam a critical ball, he is quick to deflate any suggestion

"My landlady knows me. This is important." — DEMIS ROUSSOS.

■ *Continues over*

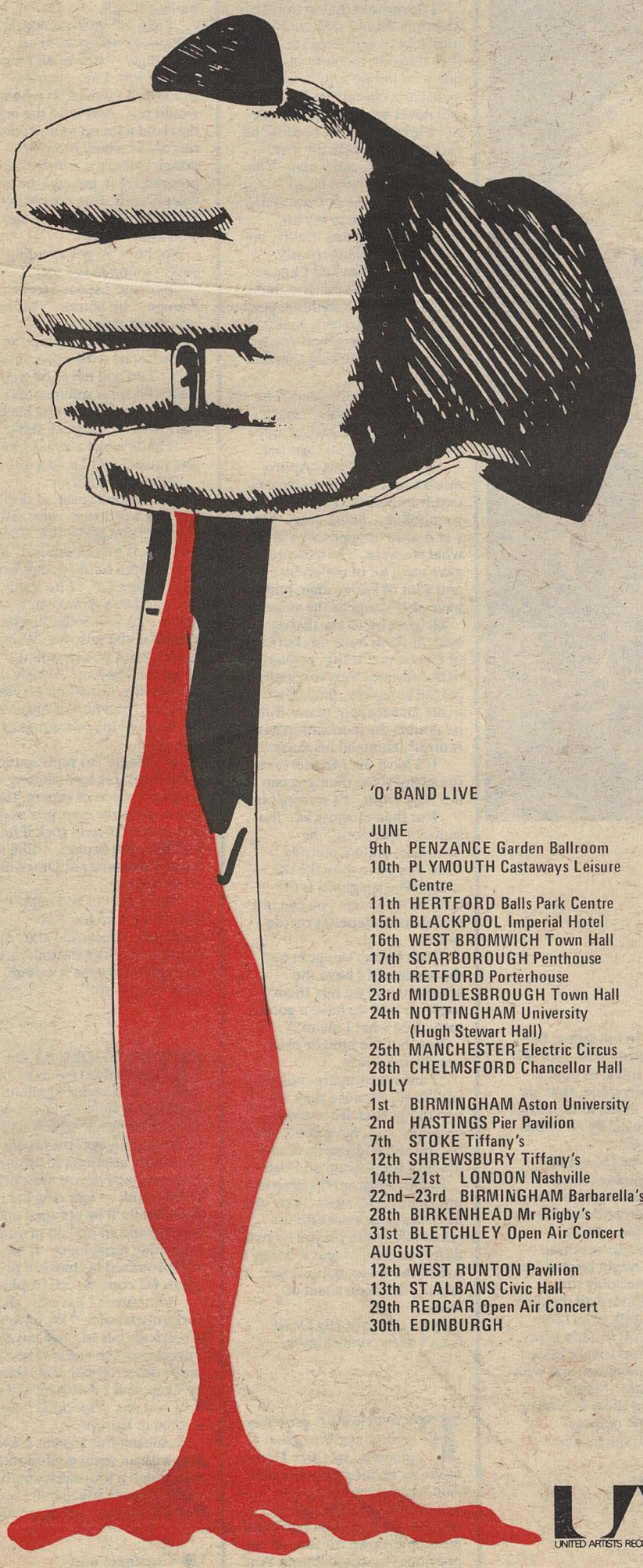
The O Band

new single

Almost Saturday Night

c/w Love Ain't A Keeper

UP 36276



'O' BAND LIVE

JUNE
9th PENZANCE Garden Ballroom
10th PLYMOUTH Castaways Leisure Centre
11th HERTFORD Balls Park Centre
15th BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel
16th WEST BROMWICH Town Hall
17th SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
18th RETFORD Porterhouse
23rd MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
24th NOTTINGHAM University (Hugh Stewart Hall)
25th MANCHESTER Electric Circus
28th CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall
JULY
1st BIRMINGHAM Aston University
2nd HASTINGS Pier Pavilion
7th STOKE Tiffany's
12th SHREWSBURY Tiffany's
14th–21st LONDON Nashville
22nd–23rd BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
28th BIRKENHEAD Mr Rigby's
31st BLETCHLEY Open Air Concert
AUGUST
12th WEST RUNTON Pavilion
13th ST ALBANS Civic Hall
29th REDCAR Open Air Concert
30th EDINBURGH

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

■ *From previous page*

he's only in the business for the money.

"Well, you know," he explains good humouredly, "when you start your career money is not the first motivation. I think that glory," he chuckles, "is the first motivation. If you can call it glory; you know, it's a dream of having fame.

"Then when you see the success and you have the royalties coming and all that, you start thinking differently.

"But," he warns, "money doesn't bring happiness to anybody. Money *completes* the happiness."

With this profundity you almost expect him to tap the side of his nose with his index finger.

IT MIGHT STILL be a little hard for you to swallow the theory that Demi is an aspiring, and until now suppressed, rock and roll singer.

If the thought of Rich Rod swanning round Tinsel Town is disturbing, then how can we come to terms with a fat man whose lifestyle is full of garish ornamentation?

He lives in a 17th Century chateau near Paris, owns vineyards in Bordeaux, drives a Rolls, and buzzes over to Iran as guest of the Shah of Persia.

However he shows some restraint in his extravagances, and in a *Sunday Times* interview last year denied he fed caviar to his cat, although he admitted the taps in his bathroom were solid gold.

He now refutes that, alleging he was misquoted.

"That's bullshit," he snaps angrily. "They only *look* like gold."

An incident that does appeal to my nefarious sense of cynicism occurs when Demis interrupts the interview to ring a British promoter. He picks up the phone with the avowed intention of demanding 88,000 dollars for some shows. Excited at the prospect, it's obvious he will, to borrow those immortal words, squeeze them 'til the pips squeek.

This boy certainly isn't a cheapjack.

"I like to live nice," he reveals. "You *don't* like to live nice?

"Why I shouldn't, if I can? I did not steal this money, I winned it by working very hard. I'm touring ten months a year."

TODAY HE ISN'T performing on stage, but still his schedule is exhaustingly hectic.

All afternoon he's been conducting press interviews, and his PR even had to politely jostle a young lady reporter out of his hotel room before he could grant us an audience. Our session too is interrupted and to complete business we travel over to Thames TV with him in his limo. Once there he will be interviewed again, before finishing his working day with a business dinner.

In the chauffered car he is relaxed and jokes casually about the lady reporter who only inquired into his sexual activities. Demi, a most unlikely Valentino, knew *her* little game and wasn't having any of that.

"I understand the journalist who is straight and honest with me and just asks me what he likes," he explains. "And I understand very much the journalist who comes with me and he does not *really* ask what he feels. You understand? Because I have a lot of experience.

"And I know what kind of article you're going to write. Do you want me to tell you what it's going to be?"

Please do.

"You're going to attack me! You're going to *kill* me! I know that, because you have a magazine that is much more progressive than others.

"A lot of times we have to make concessions and we don't make what we really like. Your magazine is the kind that will attack that. So you are working with the mentality of the magazine. But maybe you, deep inside of you, don't feel like that.

Hang on. Bits keep flaking off. That's got it. Right, next question ...

"If you were the editor of your magazine maybe you would ask me completely different questions. But you ask me questions that fit your magazine.

"A lot of times we are becoming victims of our job, because we are professionals. Because we have to win our life."

Repeating his observations he screeches, "*You're going to kill me! You're going to attack me!* I *bet* you're going to do that.

"Maybe my kind of public doesn't correspond to your magazine."

Hey, I protest, I'm not trying to stitch you up.

"What is," he asks bemused, " 'stitch you up'? "

HIS ABILITY to astutely judge people also extends into his business affairs. Although a lawyer and promo man are with him, Demi effectively manages himself with, he reveals immodestly, tremendous success. Nobody will put one over him and he claims he has never been ripped off.

"Not one time!

"I smell the people. I feel the people. I told you, I know what kind of article you will write. And I know the people who are going to try and rip me off, and," he laughs indulgently, "I take the money in advance."

But with the revelation that he is the master of his own destiny, perhaps my lament of what could have been is erroneous. Maybe his talent hasn't been prostituted by music biz pimps, exploited by unscrupulous curbside crawlers waving bundles of lucrative contracts.

Perish the thought, but possibly he enjoys his present gig and would *never* entertain a complete transition to rock and roll.

This chilling fear is temporarily allayed as we move on to other matters, during which handling Demi's boisterous personality proves to be a difficult task in itself. Most of all he is apparently so sincere he could charm a kebab off a skewer and similarly appease any misgivings expressed about his talent.

Built like a baby elephant, his skin is appropriately thick. His resilience to snide innuendoes is laudable, and his natural good humour enables him to accept that, in certain quarters, he is a figure of ridicule.

When told that Benny Hill and Clive James have *wickedly* lampooned him on British TV he spontaneously breaks into a laughing spasm. The tears rolling down his cheeks he recalls how a Swedish comedian stuffed pillows up his kaftan so his impersonation of Roussos would be more convincing. For him this is an accolade.

"The important thing is that they say *something*," he remarks.

"It means that Demis Roussos is a figure of the day. So this does not upset me. It makes me very happy, because I say: poor bastard, you know how important I am for you to win your bread of today. He's doing his job, but he *uses* me to sell his stuff.

"That means I am someone. This is fantastic. I am going to start worrying when they don't talk about me, good or bad.

"*Jealous!*" he suddenly shouts triumphantly. "They get mad because I am a European and I had a success here in England."

In the light of such tolerance towards these people is it also possible that he tends to satirize himself? Does he seriously believe he is a guru?

"I proved that I am a kind of guru," he responds, his laughter suddenly evaporating.

"The people they come, plenty, to see me all over the world. Can you mention to me one artiste that makes my career? There is *no* other artiste. You know why? Because they know me in the streets. The landlady knows me. This is important.

"The landlady does not know Elvis Presley, she knows *me*.

"I am well known to the mass of the people, and at the same time I am able to have tea with the Empress of Tehran.

"This is massive, *massive* career. Not career like everybody else."

Does this mean that Bowie and Dylan don't need to abdicate their positions to make room for Demis?

It certainly seems that way, and my chance of discovering a totally unlikely rock talent is quickly slipping away. But Roussos has talked of the "progressive" elements of "Magic", and has even admitted he hopes it will pave the way for him in America, where the public still haven't toppled Elton John from his mighty MOR pedestal to make room for him.

So own up Demi, isn't "Magic" an attempt to achieve credibility?

"What is," he asks blankly, "credibility?"

Oh dear, and I thought he was one of us. Rock will be bleaker without him.

They are destined to become huge.
HARRY DOHERTY (Melody Maker)

He's talking about the band...

They are aggressive and tight with suitable sexual overtones.
ROSALIND RUSSELL (Record Mirror)

She's talking about the show...

An act which was exciting, extremely loud, but in no way distorted, and a piece of highly polished, sharply faceted driving rock.
TERRY ANDERSON (Musicweek)

And so is she...

One of the most promising English albums released this year.
CHRIS SALEWIEZ (NME)

He's talking about the album.

EMC 3171

They are all talking about MR BIG.

A chance to catch them at the Marquee July 7th.

EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

THE KILLING OF PATRICK COULTRY

The escalating wave of violence associated with New Wave rock reached a tragic climax with the stabbing of a 19-year-old student in Dublin on Saturday.

PATRICK COULTRY, a 19-year-old student, was stabbed to death at a punk rock gig in Dublin last Saturday night, June 25. This horrific incident was the culmination of a week in which a member of The Adverts was beaten up in the street, and Johnny Rotten was assaulted for the second time in six days.

The murder of Patrick Coultry was witnessed by NME correspondent ***Matthew Nugent*** *who filed the following report from Dublin:*

EIRE'S FIRST major punk festival ended tragically last Saturday night with the death of 19-year-old Patrick Coultry.

About 400 teenagers had gathered at Dublin University's Belfield campus to hear five new wave bands play.

Top of the bill were The Radiators From Space, supported by The Undertones, Revolver, The Gamblers and The Vipers, all of them local bands apart from The Undertones, who'd travelled down from Derry.

There had already been an ominous overture to the event when The Undertones had played a gig in Dublin the night before. Two of The Radiators got up to jam, whereupon Radiators guitarist Pete Holidai was dragged offstage and beaten up "by some rockers".

The fatal incident took place during the very first set, at about 11.00, while The Vipers were playing. Fighting broke out between two teenagers in the audience, and during the melee one of them, Patrick Coultry, was stabbed.

He was rushed to hospital, where he later died. (According to Irish press reports, it was only the second rock gig he'd ever attended).

However, at the time the fight was broken up the full extent of his injuries was not known, so the gig went on.

Peter Holidai of The Radiators, who, as Ireland's only remotely well-known punk group (and in lieu of visible action by the organisers) were assuming the role of festival leaders, took the stage and exhorted the crowd to "cool it".

"Tonight we are making history," he told them. "It's the first major new wave gig in Ireland: let's not mess it up."

His comments received the support of most of the audience, and the rest of the night passed without incident. However, it seems that but for the efforts of individual members of The Radiators, who do not have a manager and so were somewhat out of their depth, the gig would not have gone on at all.

Thus it was somewhat ironic that Holidai, who had been one of the first on the scene to break up the fight, found himself taken off for questioning by University security men. He was later released in time to play with The Radiators.

After the gig the bands hung around to hear the news from the hospital, and finally at about 6.00 am they were told that Coultry had died of stab wounds. They were then all subjected to yet another round of "routine questioning".

Although the killing must have been witnessed by many people, nobody had been arrested when *NME* went to press.

The Radiators From Space were so shaken by the incident that they immediately decided to disband. The following day, however, they met and agreed to carry on, but not to play any gigs in Eire in the immediate future.

Not surprisingly, the University has decided to ban all new wave music.

The Radiators From Space are already notorious in Ireland just for being punks.

The *Sunday World* newspaper, reputedly the local *News Of The World,* ran a report attributing such quotes as "spastics should be done away with . . . we should kill all old people" to the band — which they themselves hotly deny: they have in fact played a gig for an old folks' charity.

As a riposte, The Radiators' next Irish single will be titled "Sunday World." Meanwhile, ironically, their first single, "Television Screen," entered the Irish charts at 17 this week — on figures calculated before the killing of Patrick Coultry, of course.

Within hours of their agency opening for business on the Monday after the disastrous punk fest, The Radiators had begun to lose dates.

Murder is not unknown at American rock gigs: in 1971 a security man was stabbed at a Who concert and a sandwich vendor was killed at a Wishbone Ash gig, while the Hells Angels made their blot on history at Altamont in '69.

But as far as we can recall, Patrick Coultry's death is the only case of murder during a rock show in the British Isles.

MEANWHILE BACK in Blighty more familiar forms of punk bashing were taking place. TV Smith of The Adverts was the first punk rocker outside of The Sex Pistols to get done over in the street. ***Chris Salewicz*** *took him a bunch of grapes and came back with the following report:*

AT ABOUT 9.45 in the evening on Tuesday June 21, Adverts TV Smith and Gaye Advert were wandering through the subway of West London's Hammersmith tube station. In his normal manner TV had his hands in his pockets and his head down — but suddenly he looked up and, Smith claims:

"There was this huge Ted zooming towards me saying, 'Let's have you then,' after which he proceeded to kick my kneecaps and then hit me about the head."

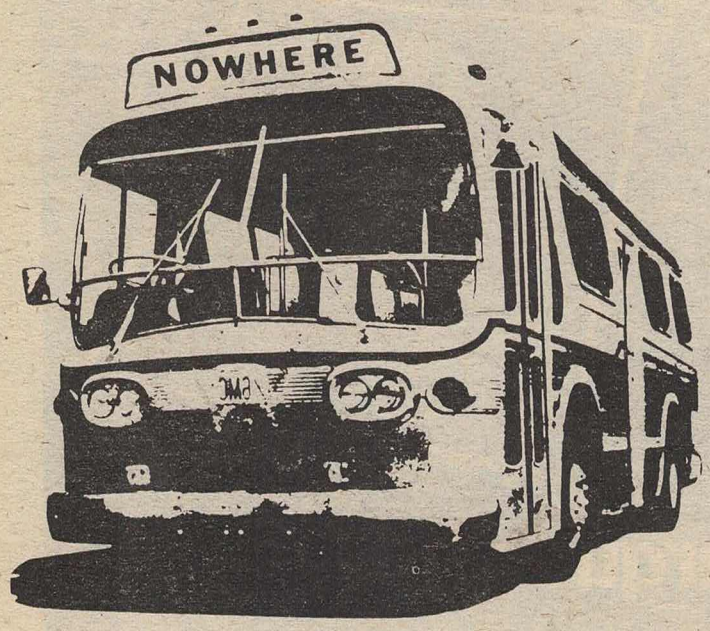
Meanwhile two other Teds had joined the Huge Ted in the fun, so: "I did the noble thing and ran away."

Smith claims that he was assaulted three times: in the subway, on Hammersmith Broadway outside "The George" Hotel, where a crowd of Teds was gathered, and again in a shop doorway.

Top: The Sex Pistols' Johnny Rotten hides behind a 'bodyguard' as a photographer attempts to snap his injured face at a London club. Minutes later Rotten was involved in a scuffle. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

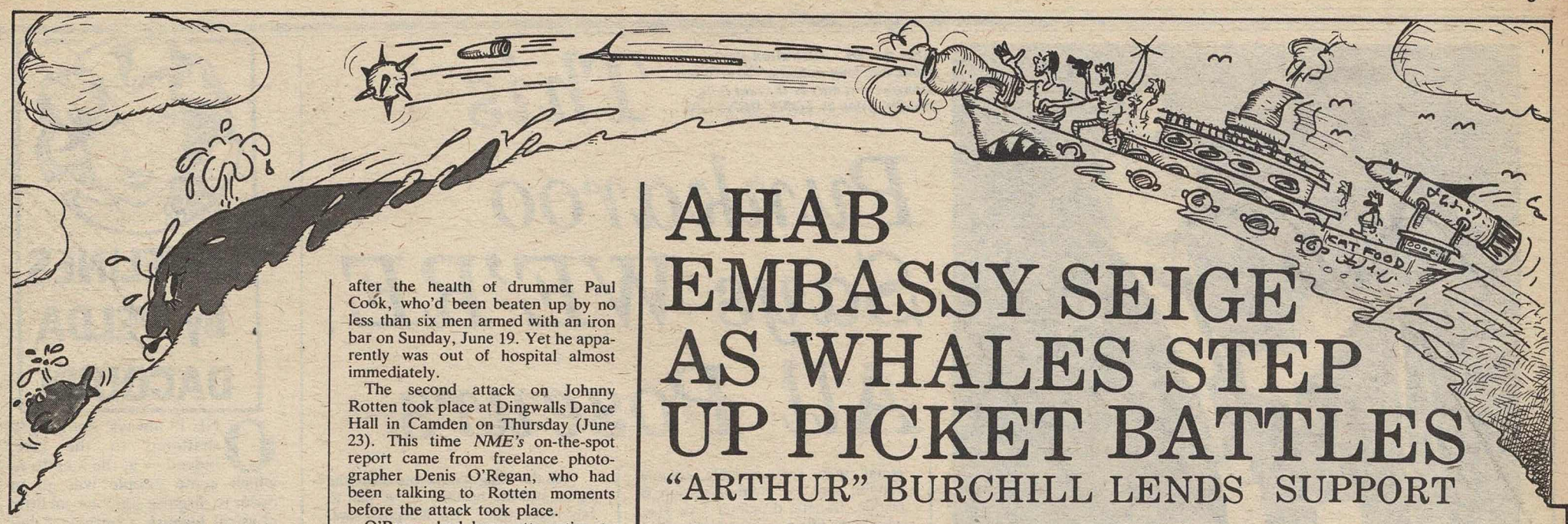
Above: The Radiators From Space onstage at Dublin University — Philip Chevron on guitar and singer Steve Rapid. They attempted to cool down the crowd, not knowing that Patrick Coultry was dying in hospital from his wounds.

NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW



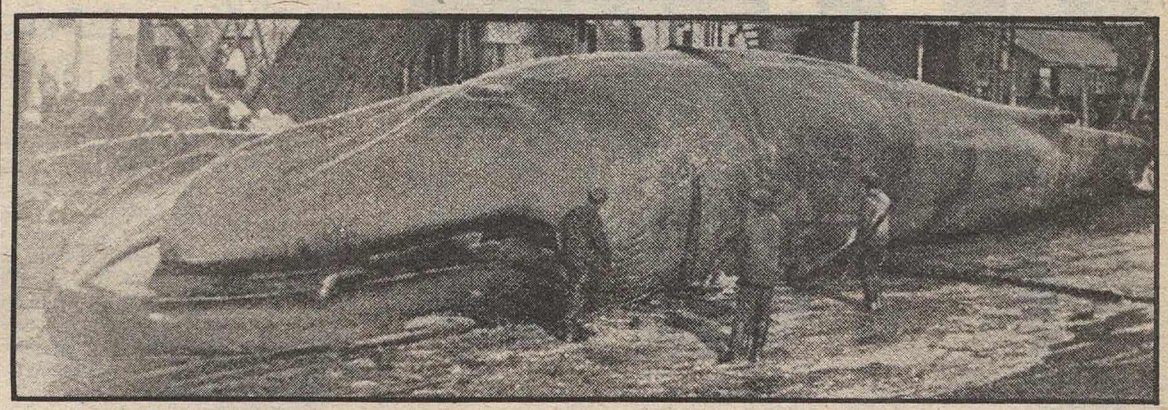
sex pretty

OUT THIS SATURDAY ON VIRGIN RECORDS VS184 : OUT THIS SATURDAY ON VIRGIN



AHAB EMBASSY SEIGE AS WHALES STEP UP PICKET BATTLES

"ARTHUR" BURCHILL LENDS SUPPORT



Gaye remained untouched throughout.

Then, says Smith, they escaped and ran back into Hammersmith tube station, ran through the ticket barrier and leapt onto the first train in sight.

They alighted at the next stop, and TV went off to hospital — where they sympathised thus: "What do you expect if you go round dressed like that?" — and he phoned the police, who apparently went off to make nuisances of themselves outside "The George."

TV escaped without serious physical injury. "Except," he confesses, "I'm scared to go out on the streets. The implications of an unprovoked attack like that are quite horrifying. It seems like school bullying three stages on."

TV Smith also feels it's a real coincidence that he got worked over the day after the *Daily Mirror* had their "Rotten Razored" front page headline.

AND WHAT of Johnny Rotten himself? After the supposedly terrifying razor attack on him in a pub car park the Saturday before last (June 18), you would expect to find him as paranoid as TV Smith. But no. Mystifyingly, John greeted well-wishers last week with scorn.

In fact, Rotten's cheerful demeanour in the face of physical injury has led to some speculation that his injuries may not have been as serious as it had at first seemed. As ever with the Pistols, everyone is so wary of Malcolm McLaren's acknowledged skill as a media manipulator that any report from the Pistols camp is regarded, off the record at least, with caution.

Several days after the vicious razor attack on Rotten, all that was visible in the way of scars, witnesses reported, were three criss-cross cuts on his face with no sign of stitches. Rotten himself was in excellent spirits, less than a week after a violent attack by five 30-year-old thugs.

Again, visitors to the Pistols office were greeted with jeers when asking after the health of drummer Paul Cook, who'd been beaten up by no less than six men armed with an iron bar on Sunday, June 19. Yet he apparently was out of hospital almost immediately.

The second attack on Johnny Rotten took place at Dingwalls Dance Hall in Camden on Thursday (June 23). This time *NME's* on-the-spot report came from freelance photographer Denis O'Regan, who had been talking to Rotten moments before the attack took place.

O'Regan had been attempting to take pictures of Rotten, but his subject had proved elusive, ducking behind the 'bodyguard' (see pic.) whom Virgin Records last week denied existed. Eventually O'Regan asked Rotten why he didn't want anything snapping. Rotten maintained it was because of his scars — though another observer at the club reckoned he actually looked surprisingly *un*scarred.

After this altercation O'Regan walked away, only to be accosted by three guys wanting to know if he'd succeeded in preserving the Rotten visage on celluloid. Rotten's bodyguard came over to join the party — and it was at this moment that Rotten's attackers chose to strike.

The Sex Pistols singer was thrown to the ground in a brawl which overturned a table — though not managing to unsettle Lee Brilleaux, who was apparently sitting fairly nearby watching The Pirates performing onstage. One witness reckoned Rotten got hit by a glass, and apparently his razor wounds were reopened.

A Dingwalls official, however, told us it was "just one of those unfortunate incidents" — and the Pistols office adroitly avoided comment despite repeated telephone calls the following day.

Ever since the days of Joe Stevens' famous picture of the Pistols leaping off stage at the Nashville to help some of their mates beat some victim up, punk rock and especially The Sex Pistols has traded on either the deliberate instigation of violence or an ever-present underlying threat of the same.

Only two or three weeks ago Sid Vicious, whom Malcolm McLaren said was recruited to the Pistols because he attacked an *NME* writer a year ago, was boasting asininely in the *Melody Maker* about all the rock superstars he would like to give a "good kicking."

Ever since Rotten got a good kicking of his own, I've been hearing the word Karma a lot:

You get to reap what you sow.

□ PHIL McNEILL

NOT a red carpet but well-bred accents rolled out across Grosvenor Square as I warily approached it on a sharp grey Monday morning.

"Where's Joanna?" and "I'm looking for Angela ackshully" were the battlecries of this cultured conglomeration of people who seemed to know each other so well, it might have been a Hunt.

Ackshully, it was a Friends Of The Earth protest on behalf of the whale, aiming to present petitions at the Japanese and Russian Embassies. I cast around vainly for a sympathetic black-leather shoulder but to no avail, parkas and tweeds being the order of the day — even down to Country Joe McDonald (he of the "Mammal Cheer") and Brigid Brophy — so I hung around looking belligerent until a young man dragged me over to a van and attempted to make me lug a hefty white banner which unrolled like the scrolls of Babylon. I sulked until I was given the one I had my eye on; a petite portrait of a tubby grinning fish masquerading as a killer.

Since the age of twelve, I've had more causes than I've told white lies, but I never got to grips with a banner before. After the early phase of putting out an anonymous eyeball every time I moved, I settled it quite elegantly across my shoulder and drifted with the tide of social conscience a few yards off the Square to the Nip Embassy, where we lined the street and waited.

While we're waiting, let me tell you about whaling. What was once a battle of giants (brave men in open boats fighting with hand harpoons against leviathans) has now become a sordid, cowardly massacre in which a 110 pound harpoon is hurtled into a whale's back, where it explodes to cause a haemorrhage from which — often with the aid of a second harpoon — the whale will eventually die. It would be unbearable, but less so, if these whales were being savaged in the cause of human enlightenment or survival, but the sperm oil obtained is used to soften leather for gloves and handbags, and the vanity of the affluent society has already endangered the lives of eight species.

I was thinking on this as, the first petition done with, the whale-wishers moved down Park Lane and along Bayswater Road. Terrible is an army with banners; I began to feel exactly like the angel with the flaming sword that Gram Parsons used to sing of, and took to staring at the gawping onlookers with a *j'accuse* light in my eye.

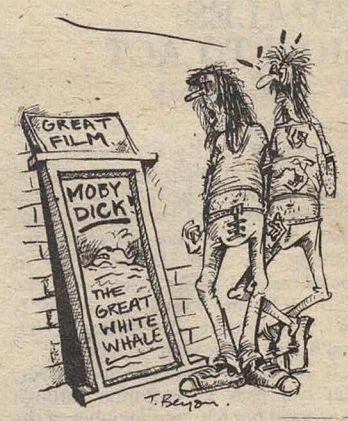
We moved past a parked Faberge van and I gave it a light tap with my banner. "That's enough of that," a young policeman told me instantly.

"Don't you care about the whales?" I asked him.

"That's enough," he repeated.

There was a whole wagonload of the law accompanying us, though they were well-disposed to this particular march because a) there were lots of young children on it, b) we were the self-avowed enemy of the Russians and c) most of those concerned spoke nicely. There was also an amazing number of beautiful girls present, a fact which tended to make one forget what a long way it is from Grosvenor Square to Notting Hill Gate. Though I did wonder at one point whether we

● *Continues over page*

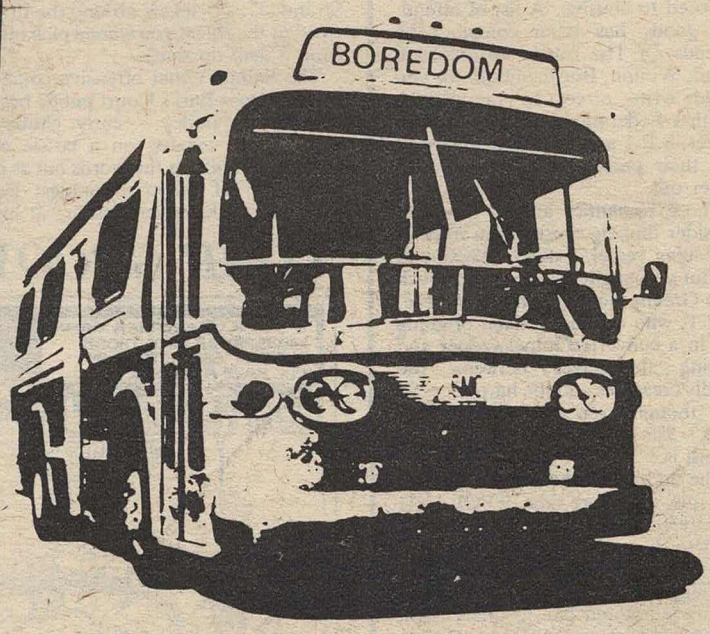


"I always thought it was a type of venereal disease."

SING NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW SINGLE : NEW S

PISTOLS

vacant



VS184 : OUT THIS SATURDAY ON VIRGIN RECORDS VS184 : OUT

After AC/DC, Australian Punk grows into long trousers. These Saints drongoes just may be the real thing. Double vision by TONY BENYON

This Punkaroo Says WE'RE All Poseurs

IF YOU thought that The Saints were four boozy-faced piss-artists with the dress sense of a dead wino who don't give a sheila about New-Punk-Wave-Rock, then you were dead right.

They stumble on stage at London's Roundhouse for their UK debut as openers for The Ramones and Talking Heads exuding all the hallmarks of new bruces in town; an alienated hyper-sensitivity to the hordes of curious eyes, tempered with a violent self-belief founded on snotty cockiness more than genuine self-confidence.

Then they wade into their dentist-drill heavy metal rock that sounds like a buzzsaw that has learned to play Johnny Ramone licks, and the packed house are enthusiastically consumating the band's cult status with some pogo-accompanied chanting of the Song That Started It All, "I'm Stranded". (Brackets around the first word of the title if you wanna pick nits from a deaf dingbat).

The Saints' visual offensive comes straight from Earl's Court public bar-singer Chris Bailey — curly, chubby and vicious, tugging on a bottle of Scotch and spitting the words out as if they taste of Abbo droppings; Ed "John Boy" Kuepper slashing at his guitar with commendable colonial venom; and the rhythm section of frantic, frenetic drummer Ivor Hay, who looks like a refugee from a Bryl-creem advert and the equally obsessive Kym Bradshaw on bass, who looks like he'd flash you a peace sign but he plays like he'd chiv-up yer Granny soon as look at her.

They plough through numbers from their EMI "I'm Stranded" album with an even more exhilarating display of Fosters-Rock than appears on the vinyl. Tracks like the short, staccato bursts of the title, the new single "Erotic Neurotic", "One Way Street" and "Story Of Love", all of them penned by Kuepper and the amiably belligerent Bailey, who takes time out to insult the audience when his guitarist breaks a string.

"Right to work?" he slurs incredulously. "Who wants t' fuckin' *work* anyway, y'trendy pommie bastards? Why the fuck should I get me 'air cut, mate? I want the right *not* to work..."

Fair warmed the cockles of me heart, it did, to see someone who has attained *beaucoup de credibilite purque* sneering in the face of it all and looking like Rory Gallagher after he'd been dragged through the outback backwards.

Then came the longer and more impressive stuff from the album, like the superb "Nights In Venice" and "Messin' With The Kid" which reveal a stamina and depth of vision with which to back-up the pure savagery of Fosters-Rock.

Backstage, in the broom cupboard being used by The Saints as their dressing-room, it becomes quite clear that these bozzy bruces ain't pulling no inverted snobbery number by coming on as natural as Rolf Harris passing wind. They're really like that...

No, sport, we ain't been living in no 'Romantic Squalor' as you put it," Chris Bailey tells me.

Dat woz a jowk. Ya remember jowks, dontcha?

"We been together for four years," Chris continues. "And we're on our own down there in a way you couldn't imagine,"

"All the things you wrote about the fights and the hostility we've had to face were true," Ed Kuepper says. "But we accepted it coz we're from Brisbane and that's what Australia's like."

Bailey casually downs a crate of beer. "I mean, we ain't no punk-rock group; we wuz like this long before we even *heard* of The Ramones."

You still getting a lotta stick down under?

"Yeah, but it's growing," Kuepper says. "We're making progress...just got banned by the biggest TV rock show in Aussie..."

What for?

"Fuck knows."

The Saints seem to be settling down quite happily in their romance with EMI Records, aware of the company's desire to restore its credence amongst the punk populace after the hysterical treatment of Les Pistolas and subsequent vindictive hara-kiri of the best single of 1976. Ah yes, I remember it well...

"The album's fine, but it could have been better," Kuepper asserts.

"Yeah, we cut all those tracks in down at Window Studios in Brisbane as *demos*, " Bailey says. "But we're gonna hang about over here and cut another single in a London studio."

"Make full use of the sophisticated facilities," Ed sneers.

"At least we can *play* over here," Chris says. "But I can't stand all the posing."

Oh, you've heard about that, huh?

"Nah, we read about it in the 'Fear And Loathing At The Roxy' article that you wrote with her," Chris says and indicates young Burchill as she carves her initials in the wall with her switchblade.

The Saints can't help me with my final question about the identity of the young girl with long dark hair who I was talking to sidestage during The Ramones set, and so I finish my Fosters and stumble with a heavy heart out to the corrider. Julie puts her arm around me consolingly.

"Would like a Pro-Plus?" she says.

□ TONY PARSONS

The Caped Crusader weighs in on the side of Decency, courtesy of Brian Olsen of Manchester and National Periodical Publications.

WHALES: HOW TO ACT

● *From previous page*

were marching to the Russian Embassy or the Russian border.

Indeed, you might consider all this tramping from A to B rather useless, and you might just be right, in which case you can let your fingers do the walking. A UK Import Ban is spearheaded by The Friends Of The Earth, 9 Poland Street, London, W.1, and if you have any humanity left you'll give them your support.

If you are a trade union member, you can pass a resolution through your local branch, as a member of the A.S.T.M.S. did recently. You'll have to keep pushing and people will laugh at you, but if you care about being laughed at then you're a wimp and of no use to anyone. Writing to manufacturers of leather goods and oils is also helpful — along with boycotting and harrassing shops which sell such products — though the letters should be cool and specific as opposed to abusive. A list of offending goods has been compiled by Friends Of The Earth, 4a Hankson Road, Winton, Bournemouth, or you could write direct to the British Leather Federation, 9 Borough High Street, S.E.1 and tell them you won't line their purses till they pull their finger out.

Those romantics among us might consider flinging ourselves in front of a whaling vessel. I don't recommend it. But you might like to get in touch with Greenpeace, 47 Whitehall Place, S.W.1, who are in the habit of going out in a converted minesweeper and placing themselves between the cuddly creatures and the harpoons. So you thought *you* were tough, hey punk? Put your muscle where your mouth is.

The address of the Friends Of The Earth is, one more time, 9 POLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1. If you want to do something but you're not sure what, write to them and they'll get suggestive.

I myself would like to thank them for aforementioned whale banner, to which I became so attached that, after the Russians had been dealt with, I tucked it under my arm and walked briskly away, feeling quite righteous.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOVELINES by VELDA DACQUIRI

ONE IS always *horrified* — shattered to the *core,* indeed — at the lengths to which some people will go in order to disguise some trivial little physical *blemish.* Consider if you *will,* angelcakes, the plight of *poor litle* **Barry Manilow.** Even in *these* days of malnutrition chic, our Barry feels that he's *too thin.*

His solution to this pressing little problemette is *startlingly* simple, dear ones. Barry's stage strides boast a *specially padded rump section.* Is *nothing* sacred?

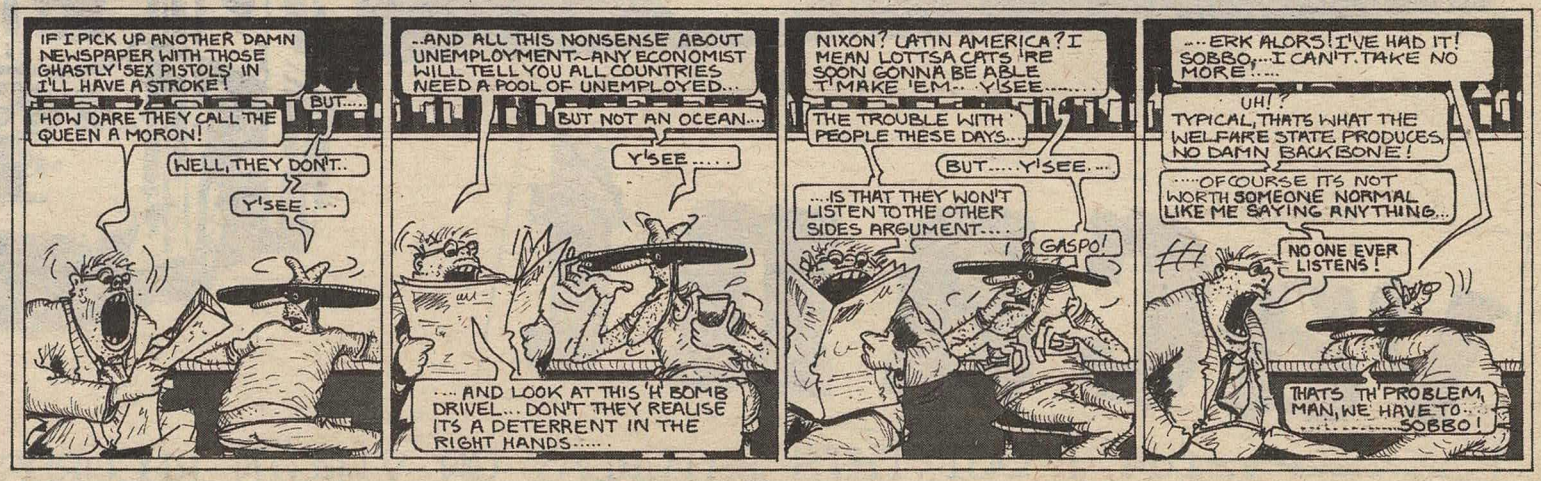
Fret *not,* those ones amongst you at whom men *never* make passes. Even those of our dear sex *without* moustaches or gangrenous *pimples* or stinking *halitosis* don't always find life to be a bowl of organic cherries. Why, *only* the other night **Velda** was slinking her *sultry* way through El Lay (and you'd better *believe* it, my tootsies) when whom did her emerald green contact lenses fall upon but three of this world's most *divine* beauties, **Cher Bono Allman, Ursula Andress** and **Britt Ekland** out together in their own hen party at Sunset Boulevard's Roxy Club. Slinking back sultrily into the thick red velvet pile surrounds near Velda overheard the quite *heartening* news (well, let's be *truthful* about this lovelies) that *poor distressed* Ursula hasn't been able to aquire a *paramour* for the past six months. No *takers* for those lithesome pounds of *pneumatic, nubile* flesh? Velda shook so much with joy my angels, that she nearly puked up her complimentary Margarita.

But she kept her *dignity,* though. Long enough, anyway, to overhear that Cher's divorce from **Gruntin-Gregory** promises to get absolutely *vicious* before the legal papers are all tied up and shipshape. And we all know what a little *chatterbox* little Greggie can get to be in the *court room,* don't we, lovies?

Velda felt even *more* cheered though, angels, when she moved her chair over just a *little* closer in time to learn that Britt had not arrived *alone.* No, Britt had walked in arm in arm with her very own (well, that's what *she* likes to think) **Rodders** (and hasn't touring taken some of the *weight* off that *marvellous* pair of hips?). No sooner had Britt adjusted her hemline but her *lover* was away pairing up with his *close* buddy, record producer **Lou Adler** who, as fate would have it, is yet *another* of Britt's former beaux. Britt became *so* distressed observing her ownest putting back the liquor and becoming *nasty* and *loud* and *bumptious* that she joined forces with the other pair of bemoaning beauts and *left* the club for a night on the town.

Velda must go now, my little lambs. It's time for her mud-pack. (Yes, of course, only on her *face!* What did you *think,* you naughty ones?) Velda must leave you, though, with her thought for the week: was **Squeaky Fromme** really one of *Charlie's Angels?*

LONE GROOVER — BENYON


IF I PICK UP ANOTHER DAMN NEWSPAPER WITH THOSE GHASTLY 'SEX PISTOLS' IN I'LL HAVE A STROKE!
HOW DARE THEY CALL THE QUEEN A MORON!
BUT....
WELL, THEY DON'T..
Y'SEE....
..AND ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT--ANY ECONOMIST WILL TELL YOU ALL COUNTRIES NEED A POOL OF UNEMPLOYED...
BUT NOT AN OCEAN...
Y'SEE.....
...AND LOOK AT THIS 'H' BOMB DRIVEL... DON'T THEY REALISE ITS A DETERRENT IN THE RIGHT HANDS.....
NIXON? LATIN AMERICA? I MEAN LOTTSA CATS 'RE SOON GONNA BE ABLE T'MAKE 'EM-- Y'SEE.....
THE TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS..
BUT..... Y'SEE...
...IS THAT THEY WON'T LISTEN TO THE OTHER SIDES ARGUMENT....
GASPO!
...ERK ALORS! I'VE HAD IT! SOBBO,...I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE!....
UH!? TYPICAL, THAT'S WHAT THE WELFARE STATE PRODUCES, NO DAMN BACKBONE!
.....OF COURSE ITS NOT WORTH SOMEONE NORMAL LIKE ME SAYING ANYTHING...
NO ONE EVER LISTENS!
THAT'S TH' PROBLEM, MAN, WE HAVE TO..... SOBBO!

STEVE WINWOOD

NOW OUT

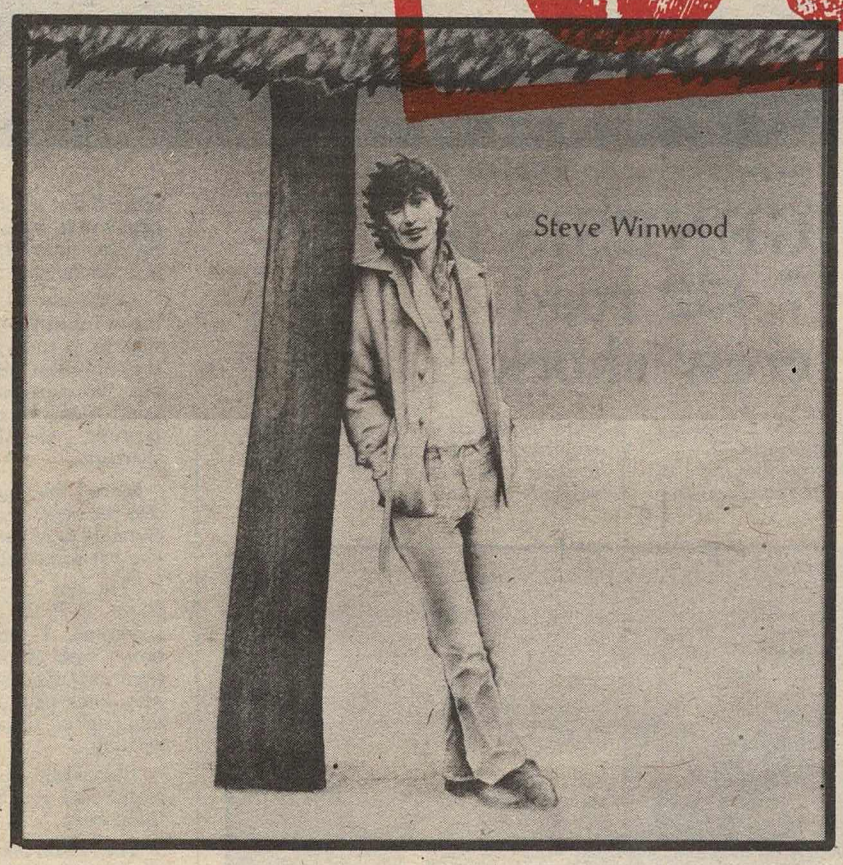
Thirteen years ago the **Spencer Davis Group** emerged out of Birmingham and in very short order crafted a series of classic records, among which songs like "Keep on Running," "I'm a Man" and "Gimme Some Lovin'" have never even *begun* to sound dated.

Ten years ago **Traffic** came out of a Berkshire cottage and recorded the first of ten albums which have stood the test of time. Albums which have defined the British sound in rock and given it universal appeal. And from their first single, "Paper Sun," Traffic has made radio more worth the listening.

In June 1969 thousands of people witnessed the birth of **Blind Faith** in a free Hyde Park concert; the quartet went on to attain legendary status, even though the pressure of being the world's first "supergroup" caused it to splinter after only one album.

Three titanic groups in the history of rock, each sharing a common element in

Steve Winwood



From the very beginning of his career, Winwood has been regarded as an essential artist. If you want to hear *that* voice, *that* sound, and *that* feel in music, then there is only one place you can go to get it.

Through all those 13 years, there has been the promise of a Steve Winwood solo album. A record with Winwood's inspiration at its purest, and with him in control all the way.

On June 24th, that promise will be delivered in full.

It's called "Steve Winwood." On Island Records.

Produced by Steve Winwood and Chris Blackwell in association with Mark Miller Mundy.

ISLAND

ILPS 9494. ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE AND CARTRIDGE

IT HELPS YOU MAKE IT ON THE NIGHT

IT'S a far cry from The Damned, who use one roadie and the cheapest PA they can rent. For their three Earls Court concerts at the end of last week Genesis required the following personnel to help them make it through the night:

Four onstage roadies, two laser beam operators, six Rainbow (brand name) lights men, two ShowCo (further brand name) lights men, four ShowCo sound men, plus one ShowCo rigger.

And this is their permanent crew.

The Genesis operation has been this size for the whole of the world tour they are now close to completing — and which has taken in gigs in the States, South America and, now, Europe. In addition, at each of these gigs tour manager Dick Fraser, who lives in New York even though the band live in England "because it's more central for the rock'n'roll business", takes on an extra ten to 15 humpers.

Five truck drivers are also required to drive the four articulated lorries that Genesis use to haul all their equipment plus a spare generator.

Quite an armful, eh?

The question is, is all this really necessary?

The answer is, almost certainly, yes.

From the floor of Earls Court, four hours before the band is due onstage, Genesis don't really look to have that much gear. Everything that is actually on stage (which, of course, rolls backwards and forwards on rails to facilitate movement of any support group's equipment) is owned by the band — including the covered-up "box of tricks" on which the two drum kits sit . . . the secret of much of the Genesis electronic wizardry. Everything above it is rented by the band.

In addition to the £300,000 PA this includes the laser system and the £100,000 lighting system, both of which, it is claimed, are unique to the band (a claim which, having seen the show, one fully accepts).

"They just have the amount of equipment they need to use," says promoter Harvey Goldsmith, wiping his hay fever-swollen nostrils with a Mansize Kleenex. "The secret is not to overdo it when you can get a good sound . . . The trick is not to just have as much junk as possible but to keep it as clean and neat as possible."

Manager Tony Smith does not feel there is any hint of a hardware OD here whatsoever. "We spend," he says, "most of the money on the lighting because it enhances the music. With a band like Genesis who don't have a Jagger or a Mercury or a Rotten you need to make it visually as well as aurally entertaining."

Accordingly, before they take off on a major tour — the band reckon to work six months on the road and six months off — the amount of money Genesis think they will gross is worked out and a stage show is devised that will eat up virtually every penny of it. Most major bands, Smith maintains, operate their tour finances in a similar manner.

Of the use of lasers, which for some major bands have little more function than as pure hyperbole, Smith feels they offer just another source of lighting. "We use them very sparingly," he says. "They have to be used very tactfully, very tastefully and very sparingly."

Indeed this appears to be the way that the band *does* use them. Genesis certainly have the tastiest laser show I've yet witnessed.

"I'm anti," continues Smith," the ELO, ELP 25 trucks on the road syndrome. I think people become bored with all that very quickly. I think that Genesis could go out and play some club dates, which we are thinking of doing, and be just as exciting.

"But when you're playing a 15,000 seater hall you have to have something extra."

The reason that so much equipment is rented from companies like ShowCo and Rainbow lights is because the very nature of rock'n'roll technical theatre implies a built-in obsolescence. Owning your own laser set-up or PA is not, therefore, the sound investment it might appear superficially to be.

"We sit down with the rental company before the start of a tour," says Smith, "And tell them what effects we're looking for and they design it accordingly."

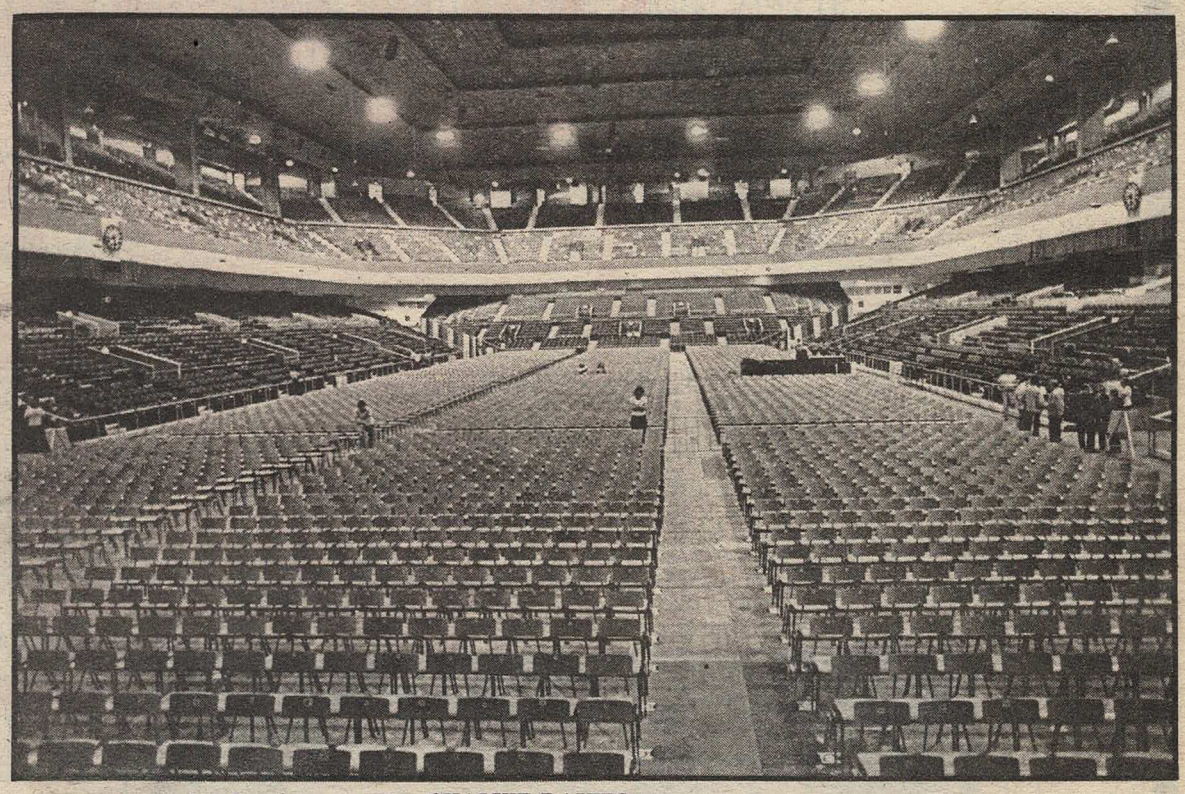
"All we do," he concludes, "is to take it from the lowest level — as in a club — and if you want to maintain that level of power in a big venue you need to be able to do certain things with the stage show."

Is all this really necessary?

Yeah, if you're playing at Earls Court it really probably is.

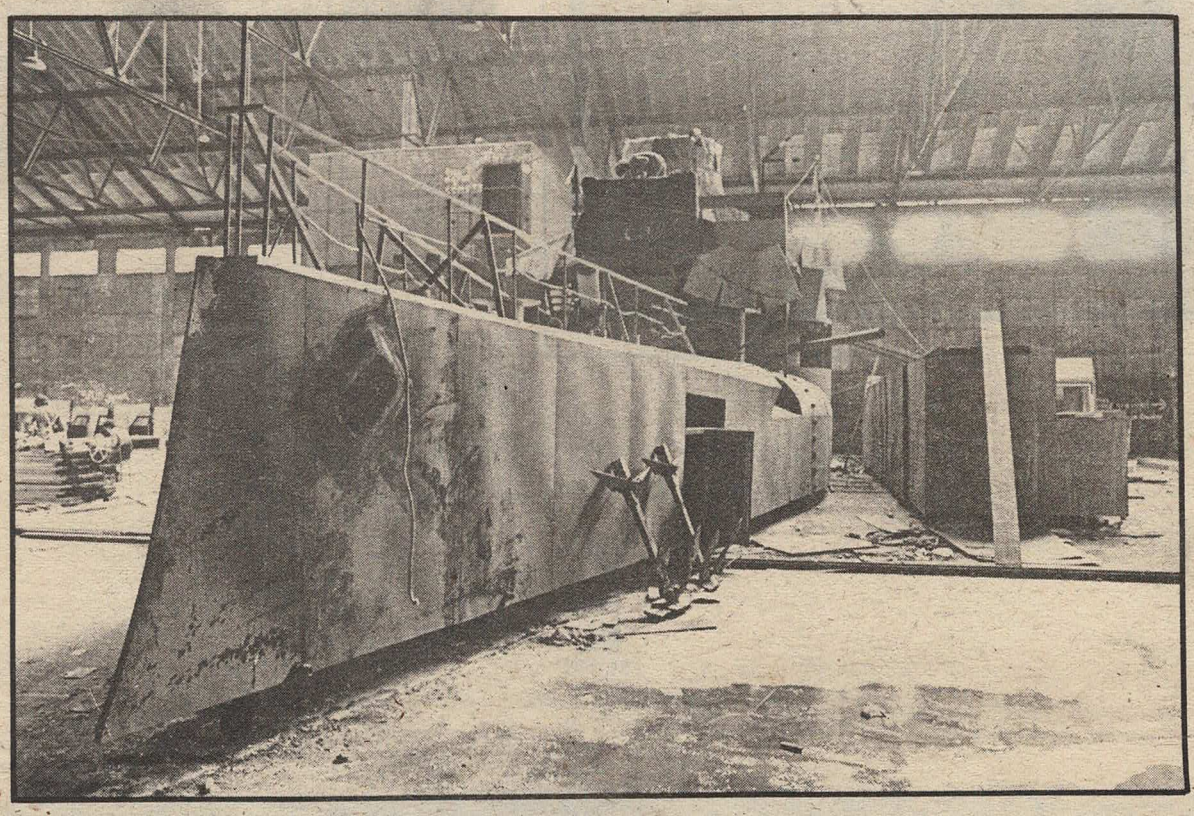
□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

Right lads, let's get started . . .



. . . we gotta fill this place by seven. Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

GENESIS in 7,432 road crew shock



Good grief!

LEARN ALL YOUR KISSES FROM ME . . .

LOOKING FOR a kiss? So were the 3,225 chicklets who recently snuggled up to Jesse Coronado of California, making him Champion Kisser Of The World in a pearly-cool eight-hour session!

Laurels for the longest single kiss on record go to a pair of Brazilians who caused a traffic jam in 1964 when enmeshed in a passionate embrace while motoring. When apprehended by police, the unfortunate couple revealed that their teeth braces were intertwined!

Talk about a "love tangle", eh kids?

But the best of the "bad taste" stakes just must be the latest course laid on by the Open University of Washington D.C. where Adults Only may get clued up on Social Kissing — Puckering and Protocol.

Instigated by dance master Joe-Jeff Goldblatt, the course comprises the knack of smackeroos such as The Dart and Dodge Kiss, The Inhalation Kiss, The Air Kiss and Fending Off The French Kiss.

Says Joe-Jeff with a smutty smirk: "These days, you have to look as if you enjoy it no matter what!"

For your edification, a *resume;*

The Dart And Dodge Kiss: "Aim directly for the lips of your partner and, a split second before contact, dart around the cheek to the left or right. This is very difficult to master and can lead to an Ear Kiss if the timing is off. If you've ever been kissed unexpectedly in the ear, you know that's pretty serious."

The Inhalation Kiss: "This one is for oil millionaires with bad breath. Take a deep breath before contact and hold it till you have a chance to back away. Be certain to smile before doing it, and if you should happen to turn blue the jig is up — that's a dead giveaway on what you're up to."

The Air Kiss: "The most useful of all social kisses. It is executed by placing your cheek next to that of your partner and kissing the air. This gives snoops the impression that the two of you are intimate, but it can be done almost without physical contact."

Fending Off The French Kiss: "Sometimes a friend or enemy will place his tongue in your mouth while kissing. This is called the French kiss. If the kiss is not wanted, don't shriek or faint; just give a quick, sharp bite to the end of his tongue!"

Thanks, Joe-Jeff!

Next week we hope to bring you details of a new American course concerning Fending Off Unwanted Handshakes By Slitting Your Partner's Artery.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

INSIDE DOPE

ONE OF Italy's smaller political parties, the *Partite Radicale,* has recommended that marijuana and hashish be completely legalised, a proposal that could be adopted should the party join in a coalition government. The reasons behind the recommendation are simple. They point out that the use of cannabis has taken on a social role similar to that of alcohol, and that from the scientific point of view, the general international consensus is that the short and long term consequences of cannabis are less harmful than tobacco or alcohol.

Further they point out, the same channels of distribution are used for cannabis and heroin. They reckon that if the production and distribution of cannabis were under state control, the heroin market would be detached from the cannabis market, quality and prices could be controlled, and narcotic squads could turn their attention to eliminating heroin. UK lawmakers, take note.

ACCORDING TO the *Latin American Commodity Newsletter,* cocaine and other illegal drugs are the biggest hard currency earner for the state of Colombia mounting to $3 billion worth of orders in 1976 alone. The *Newsletter* also reports that government scientists are believed to have developed special high-yield strains of marijuana in anticipation of legalisation moves in the US.

AN UNUSUAL discovery came to light when scientists at the Musee de l'Homme in Paris were conducting an examination of the mummy of the Egyptian Pharoah Rameses II. Inside the abdominal cavity of the body, tobacco leaves were found, a fact which could substantially alter drug history. It was always believed that tobacco was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards who had found the Indians smoking it. If this latest discovery is correct, tobacco would now appear to have been known of more than 2000 years before. Not everyone is going along with this theory, however, including Dr Maurice Bueaille, one of the surgeons who worked on the team repairing the mummy. He thought that the tobacco came from a cigarette end that someone had dropped into it at some time since its discovery.

THE, WHO, George Harrison and Robert Stigwood are just some of the many people who have given financial support to a new charity called FREE. The charity is trying to raise funds to establish a treatment and rehabilitation centre for drug addicts, where a new technique developed from Chinese acupuncture would be used. Popularised by Dr Meg Patterson, it involves passing an electric current through the addict's ears via metal clips connected to a battery-operated control box. The technique, it is claimed, eliminates withdrawal symptoms completely, and works for heroin, cocaine, barbiturate, speed, alcohol and nicotine addiction.

A MAJOR investigation is underway in Scotland Yard following information that drugs stored in the Yard's narcotics' store have been resold onto the black market. This came to light after a bust in North London where 80 pounds of cannabis were seized. When regional forensic scientists examined the haul, they discovered traces of fingerprint powder different to their own and this, combined with the fact that the cannabis was of an unusual type, enabled it to be traced back to Scotland Yard. It had been examined there a year before. Whoops.

□ DICK TRACY

DEFACE THE DAMNED

FOR PHUN AND PHROFIT...

IT'S OWT FER NOWT TIME AGAIN — well almost!!

To celebrate their first anniversary as undesirables, The Damned are playing four nights at the London Marquee July 3 to 6. Each evening, those extremely nice people at Stiff Records will be giving away copies of "Stretcher Case Baby"/"Sick Of Being Sick" — a brand new Damned single (complete with picture sleeve) which will ***never*** *be available at you local record store.*

A one-off collectors' item that money can't buy.

Now, we're quite aware that a lotta you young proles living way outta London won't be able to shuffle along to the Marquee. With this in mind, we've done a bit o'arm twistin', hinted at blackmail and even gone so far to infer that we'll never ever write about 'em again unless ... such nice understanding lads The Damned turned out to be! Would you believe they've been so generous as to send over 250 copies of their single, 250 badges and 25 copies of their debut album with their fondest regards.

We've decided not to put 'em up for auction in the small ads, but instead put 'em up for grabs. Now all that you've gotta do is graffiti the virgin white T'shirts being so tastefully modelled by young Brian, The Captain, Dave and scurrilous Monsieur Scabies with appropriate slogans and smart-ass oneliners.

The most imaginative 25 entries will each receive a copy of "Stretcher Case Baby"/"Sick Of Being Sick" ***plus*** *an album,* ***plus*** *a badge.*

The next best 225 runners-up will each receive a copy of the single and a badge.

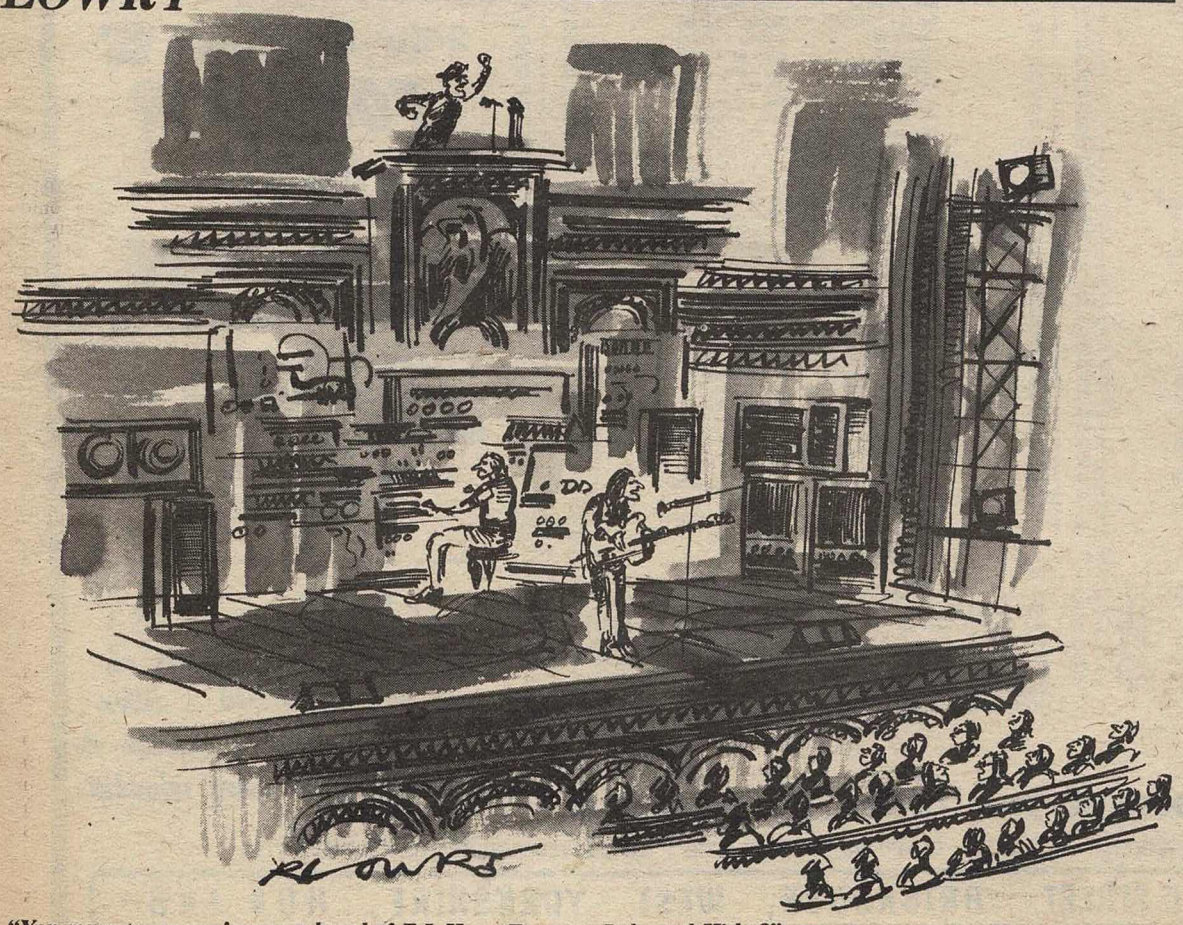
All entries will be judged by some stiff from Stiff, anyone caught skiving around the NME offices, and all the members of The Damned. So out with your ball-points and the felt-tips, switch your brain to "Inspiration" and start scrawling.

All entries must be accompanied by your full name and address and posted to; "I'll Be Damned" — NME Competition, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP... ...and be received by no later than July 8, 1977.

(Remember: entries from members of The Damned, employees of Stiff Records, their families, friends of Hideous Bill Gangrene, or the employees of IPC magazines are NOT eligible.)

P.S. Try and keep 'em reasonably clean 'cos we'd like to print the best!

LOWRY



"You mean to say you've never heard of E.L.H. — Emerson, Lake and Hitler?"

THE MAN WHO KILLED MICK JAGGER

WHAT SPECTRE haunts Mick's dreams after Bianca delivers the mug of Horlicks and the goodnight kiss?

Cocaine? Corinthia West? A gig with The Sex Pistols?

No!

The thing on Mick's mind is horrid homicide!

This ferocious fear was paraded when Jagger attempted to veto the publication of *The Man Who Killed Mick Jagger* by David Littlejohn, Associate Dean of the University of California, on the grounds that some loony might be fired to put the theory into practice!

Mr. Littlejohn asked none other than Jann Wenner himself (lose ten safety-pins, you little spike-haired monster who said "Who?"), editor of *Rolling Stone* and self-confessed "Jagger's friend," whether he should clear the title with M.J. himself.

Smirked blabbermouth Jann: "No. I know him. He is continually fantasising and in dread about being shot and killed by some nut at a rock concert."

Jagger — in terror?

Mouthed Mr. Littlejohn (great name, eh kidz?) smugly: "It seems he would have liked to stop publication. But he couldn't do that so I got a strong letter of protest from his lawyers."

Tee hee hee.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

For Dylanologists Only (otherwise v. boring)

LAST YEAR Thrills *ran a transcript of Bob Dylan's first interview. It was done by Billy James of Columbia Records in October 1961 to get information for the sleeve notes of "Bob Dylan." The tape I transcribed the article from had a number of breaks in it, but earlier this year in New York City I was able to find one of the important missing sections — the one which is the origin of all the myths and stories about Dylan running away from home and living in New Mexico and the South West United States . . .*

DYLAN: "Well let me say that I was born in Duluth, Minnesota — give that a little plug. That's where I was born and uh, out in the midwest most of my life.

Well, about three-quarters of my life around the midwest and one quarter around the southwest — New Mexico. But then I lived in Kansas — Marysville, Kansas, and, uh, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I bounced around a lot as a kid."

Was that your choice?

"It was my choice partly. Partly it wasn't. I ran away a lot — stuff like that. I'd rather say just that."

When was the first time you ran away, as you put it?

"I took off when I was in New Mexico. I lived in Gallup, New Mexico."

How old were you then?

"Seven. Seven — eight — something like that. For the most part my base has been in upper — way upper — Minnesota. Almost to the border. Can I mention the town? Hibbing, Minnesota — that's a mining town — lumber town. I was there off and on ever since I was about seven to seventeen."

You were in Gallup when you were seven and you took off? Were you alone?

"Yeah, well, I was with a carnival when I was about thirteen and I used to travel with a carnival — all kinds of shows."

Where did you go with the carnivals?

"All round the mid-west. Uh, Gallup, New Mexico, then to Texas, and then . . . lived in Gallup, New Mexico, and . . ."

How far did you get when you were seven and left Gallup?

"Oh . . . Well, I was with an uncle and, uh, I was in Texas, then Kansas. But this stuff you see, I can't really remember so hot. All I remember is basic — base things. Where I could, uh, just base things, sort of like . . ."

Did you go to school much?

"Yeah, I went to school. I graduated. I graduated from high school — that's where I graduated — Hibbing."

I see. Did you go to high school for four years in Hibbing?

"Well. I graduated. I skipped a grade."

How long were you with the carnival?

"I was with the carnival for a long time every year. I was with the carnival summers and even part-ways into the winters."

What did you do?

"Uh, roustabout. I sung around. I didn't sing for any money but I learned a lot of songs in the carnival. That's why I know all these songs they do now and I'm only 20. I hear a song now — at least a folk song — I've heard a version of it or something like it before."

And you have a good memory?

"Yeah. I guess I've memorised a lot of what I've heard — things I can remember back. Well, I write a lot of songs and I forget them. As soon as after I write them or sing them out loud — to myself or something — and them I forget 'em. But a lot of times when I take the time to write them down I usually sing 'em once in a while. I just wrote a new song, about, oh, last week about New York. I wish I would have recorded it. Some people are singing it now at the Blue Angel: Ian and Sylvia. I taught it to Ian."

What are your earliest memories of singing?

"Well, I've been singing for an awful long time. First guitar I ever had was a very old guitar and the strings were about an inch from the keyboard. That's why I use a flat pick when I play now — and I never got unused to using that flat pick — because I could never *get* those strings. They were heavy strings and my fingers hurt.

How old were you?

"About ten."

Who gave it to you?

"Down at, uh, uh . . . I got it in Chicago on the South Side. I think from a street singer — I didn't get it from him, I get it from a friend of his — Aravella Grey. He was the singer and, uh, let's see — there's Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I learned a lot of songs there. I learned — not a *lot*, but I learned. I didn't learn songs, I just learned ways of singing. I learned the *way* of singing I do. I didn't really learn so many songs.

"There was this fella there on a farm right in Sioux Falls, South Dakota — a little bit out — played autoharp. And he was just a farmhand there. He was from Kansas. I learned just ways of singing from people like that. But I never really heard any other way.

"I played piano when I was seventeen, I played piano for this rock and roll singer. His name is Bobby Vee and he's a big star now, I guess."

Now where was this?

"That was in Fargo, North Dakota. Then we went all around the midwest. Went to Wisconsin, Iowa, toured around there and then I left."

How long were you with him?

"I was with him for about, uh, every night — just about every night —for about a month or two. And then as soon as I left him he got on another recording label and then I saw his picture in big picture magazines and that kind of stuff not too long after that. So that was sort of a disappointment. But I always figured that — I just like to feel that I know where I'm at. Because if I know where I'm at, then I figure I got anybody beat. Because then if nothing happens that I expect to, then if I don't get some girl that I like, or if I don't get something like that, I always just figure that if I know where I'm at, then nothing will hurt me and then I'll never be disappointed. Then if something comes up, you know, then it's for the good. I mean, it's not really pessimistic or anything like that, but

"Would you believe me and Bobby worked as coconuts together?"

OZONE RECORDS — THE COMPLETE ROCK SERVICE!

"FOR US, IT'S MORE THAN A JOB — IT'S A WAY OF LIFE"

up to 80p OFF SINGLE LPs RRP

up to 135p OFF RRP DOUBLES

POSTAGE

up to 5 lps — 20p each

6 lps & over — FREE!

EXPORT PLEASE WRITE FOR DETAILS!

THIS MONTHS TOP SELLERS

The LEFT-HAND price column is the NORMAL SELLING PRICE (NSP)

The RIGHT-HAND price column is the OZONE PRICE (OP)

Artist	Title	NSP	OP
Alessi	First LP	3.60	2.95
American Flyer	Spirit of a Woman	3.25	2.55
Joan Armatrading	Back to the Night	3.60	2.95
Ashra	New Age of Earth	3.49	2.85
Beach Boys	Love You	3.29	2.70
Beatles	Live at Star Club	4.50	3.75
Bee Gees	Live	4.95	4.25
George Benson	In Flight	3.29	2.70
	White Rabbit	3.59	2.95
Blondie	First LP	3.35	2.65
David Bowie	Low	3.69	2.90
Brand X	Moroccan Roll	3.25	2.70
Paul Brett	Earth Birth	3.49	2.75
David Bromberg	How Late?	4.99	4.10
Elkie Brooks	Two Days Away	3.60	2.95
John Cale	Guts	3.50	2.70
Carwash	Best Of	3.35	2.65
Crazy Cavan	Own Way of Rockin'	3.49	2.85
CCS	Best Of	3.35	2.65
Blondie Chaplin	Same	3.49	2.85
City Boy	Dinner at the Ritz	3.25	2.70
Gene Clark	Two Sides	3.59	2.95
Stanley Clarke	Schooldays	3.29	2.70
The Clash	First LP	3.39	2.80
Colosseum II	Electric Savage	3.35	2.65
Alice Cooper	Lace and Whiskey	3.29	2.70
David Coverdale	White Snake	3.35	2.65
Crusaders	Free as the Wind	3.39	2.80
Roger Daltry	One of the Boys	3.95	3.20
Deep Purple	Shades of	2.25	1.85
Sandy Denny	Rendezvous	3.50	2.70
Detective	Same	3.49	2.85
Dictators	Manifest Destiny	3.49	2.85
Eagles	Greatest Hits	3.99	3.25
	Hotel California	3.99	3.25
Dave Edmunds	Get It	3.49	2.85
E.L.O	New World Record	3.49	2.75
Emerson Lake + Palmer	Works	6.99	5.95
Eno	Tiger Mountain	3.95	3.20
Faces	Best Of	5.49	4.65
Dr. Feelgood	Sneakin' Suspicion	3.25	2.55
Brian Ferry	In Your Mind	3.95	3.20
Five Hand Reel	For A That	3.49	2.75
Fleetwood Mac	Rumours	3.49	2.85
	Vintage Years	4.49	3.90
Dan Fogelburg	Nether Lands	3.39	2.80

Artist	Title	NSP	OP
Peter Frampton	I'm In You	3.60	2.95
Four Seasons	Helicon	3.49	2.85
Peter Gabriel	First LP	3.50	2.85
Eric Gale	Ginseng Woman	3.39	2.80
Philip Glass	North Star	3.49	2.85
Andrew Gold	What's Wrong	3.49	2.85
Gryphon	Treason	3.35	2.85
Herbie Hancock	V.S.O.P.	4.49	3.90
Sensational Alex Harvey Band	Big Hits and Close Shaves	3.25	2.70
George Hatcher	Talkin' Turkey	3.25	2.55
Hawkwind	Quark, Strangers	3.50	2.85
Horslips	Book of Invasions	3.25	2.70
Hudson-Ford	Daylight	3.39	2.80
Ian Hunter	Overnight Angels	3.39	2.80
Iggy Pop	The Idiot	3.49	2.75
Al Jarreau	Live in Europe	5.49	4.65
The Jam	In The City	3.59	2.95
Jefferson Airplane	Flightlog	6.98	5.60
Judas Priest	Sin After Sin	3.39	2.80
Kingfish	Live N Kickin'	3.49	2.75
Kris Kristofferson	Songs of	3.39	2.80
Little Feat	Time Loves a Hero	3.49	2.85
Nils Lofgren	I Came To Dance	3.60	2.95
Bob Marley	Exodus	3.50	2.70
Dave Mason	Let It Flow	3.39	2.80
Ian Matthews	Hit and Run	3.39	2.80
MC5	Kick out the Jams	3.49	2.85
Roger McGuinn	Thunderbyrd	3.39	2.80
Meal Ticket	Code of the Road	3.35	2.85
Frankie Miller	Full House	3.50	2.70
Steve Miller Band	Book of Dreams	3.50	2.85
Moon	Turning the Tides	3.39	2.80
Van Morrison	Transition	3.49	2.85
Pablo Moses	Revolutionary Dream	3.49	2.75
Nasty Pop	Mistaken I.D.	3.59	2.95
Ted Nugent	Cat Scratch Fever	3.39	2.80
Ohio Players	Angel	3.25	2.70
Parliament	Live	5.25	4.30
Tom Petty + Heartbreakers	First LP	3.50	2.70
Pink Floyd	Animals	3.60	2.85
Bonnie Raitt	Sweet Forgiveness	3.49	2.85
Ramones	Leave Home	3.25	2.70
Helen Reddy	Ear Candy	3.35	2.85
Rock Follies	of 77	3.59	2.95
Rush	All the World's A Stage	4.75	4.10
Saints	I'm Stranded	3.35	2.85
Boz Scaggs	Silk Degrees	3.39	2.80
Rod Stewart	Best of	3.50	2.85
Cat Stevens	Izitso	3.50	2.70
Stranglers	Rattus Norv	3.49	2.75
Weather Report	H. Weather	3.39	2.80
Steve Winwood	Solo	3.50	2.70
Wishbone Ash	Classic	3.35	2.65
Dave Swerbrick	2	3.50	2.75
10CC	Deceptive	3.50	2.85
P. Tosh	Equal Right	3.49	2.85
Tubes	Now	3.60	2.95
Vibrators	Pure Mania	3.39	2.80
Yellow Dog	First	3.49	2.85
Yes	With Wakeman	3.99	3.25
Neil Young	Amer.St.	3.49	2.85

EXTRA DISCOUNT?

deduct 10p per album if you order 12 or more

WRITE NOW OR PHONE 0484 710660

24hr Ansafone

FOR YOUR FREE CATALOGUE

listing almost 4000 rock albums, and giving details of imports, offers, new releases, & tape discounts!

PLEASE NOTE

Goods ordered from this ad. will be despatched within 7 days of our receipt of your order, or money refunded.

SEND YOUR ORDER WITH YOUR NAME & ADDRESS (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND CHEQUE/P.O./CASH TO:

OZONE RECORDS, P.O. BOX 21, 37 BETHEL STREET, BRIGHOUSE, WEST YORKSHIRE, HD6 1AB

it's just that I like to feel that I know where I'm at."

Do you?

"Yeah. Pretty sure I do. I'm at the stage now where I never thought I could sort of look back and see something but I knew I could sing better than all those people that are singing now. And I knew that I could sing the same songs much better if only I had the chance to and I'm just getting that chance to in New York. I had the chance to around the country — but I can't reach as many people around the country. And I've had the chance just breaking for me now in New York.

"Because my idol is really — like when I'm even on the stage — and not even on stage — my biggest idol goin' all through my head all the time is Charlie Chaplin. This takes a while to explain, but he's one of the *men.*"

(Now make a New Testament outa that—Ed.)

□ MILES

Lou Reizner dies at 44

LOU REIZNER, who died of stomach cancer in England in the early hours of Sunday June 26th, and will always be remembered for his rather bombastic productions of "Tommy" and "All This And World War Two", also played an important part in the formative careers of Rod Stewart and David Bowie.

He was born in Chicago in 1933 and spent his teens singing with The Skyliners, a Pittsburg based vocal group best remembered for their original hit version of the evergreen song, "Since I Don't Have You". In later years, he was to pursue a career as a solo artist (Harold Robbins penned the liner notes for his debut album), but quickly learned to apply his talents in the studio. He worked as an engineer and then graduated to produce a whole string of Stateside hits for Duane Eddy's guitarist Al Casey — "Jivin' Around", "Surfin' Hootenanny", *et al.*

1962 saw Reizner appointed Head of Mercury Records International Operations and in this capacity not only guided the careers of such artists as The Singing Nun ("Dominique"), Paul Mauriat ("Love Is Blue") and Horst Jankowski ("A Walk In The Black Forest"), but continued to pursue his career as producer.

After working closely with Manfred Mann, he signed David Bowie to a U.S. contract and promoted "Space Oddity"; probably Reizner's greatest achievements, however, were his subtle productions of Rod Stewart's first two solo albums, "An Old Raincoat Will Never Let You Down" and "Gasoline Alley".

A familiar and lofty figure on the British scene, Reizner assembled an all-star cast in 1972 that included The Who, Rod Stewart, Stevie Winwood, Maggie Bell, Ringo Starr, Richie Havens, Merry Clayton, Richard Harris and the London Symphony Orchestra and produced a multi-million selling adaptation of Pete Townshend's rock opera "Tommy", which he also staged at The Rainbow Theatre in London.

While also working on the possibilities of getting Christopher Lee and perhaps David Bowie to co-star in a Mephistophelian album-/movie/concert, Reizner spent most of last year attempting to repeat the success of "Tommy" when yet again he convened diverse talents such as Bryan Ferry, Leo Sayer, Frankie Laine, Rod Stewart, Helen Reddy, The Bee Gees, Peter Gabriel, Jeff Lynne, Elton John and The Four Seasons to record a selection of Lennon and McCartney songs for the soundtrack of an anti-war documentary, "All This And World War II". It was a project greeted with a mixed critical reaction.

Lou Reizner is survived by a wife and daughter.

Lou Reizner

IS YOUR WAR AN UNHOLY MESS? GET NEW FAST-ACTING NEUTRON BOMBS!

SINCE British law frequently appears to place more emphasis on the preservation of property than on the lives of its human owners, it should come as no surprise to inhabitants of America's very own stationary aircraft-carrier that our transatlantic proprietors have ploughed this cute notion from the Old Country back into their favourite hobby: warfare.

Ordinary nuclear barneys are entertaining enough as far as they go — nice big bangs, splendid quantities of casualties — but they do have the drawback of spoiling the tourist trade in those parts of the world where they happen. Ideally, what we need — decided the mad scientists of the Pentagon — is an explosion that removes people without knocking over the amenities and scorching the lawn.

On Friday, June 24, the *Washington Post* blew the gaff on the subject-matter of a closed-door session of the United States Senate Appropriations Committee, called at the urgent request of NATO commanders in Europe. (Maybe they'd read about the Russian Proton Beam Weapon in *NME*?)

Said session, it turned out, was concerned with giving the final go-ahead on production of that long-predicted S F nightmare the Neutron Bomb, a weapon capable of the mass-destruction of human beings but which leaves buildings intact.

Known to U.S. forces in Europe as the "Cookie-Cutter", the nasty little thingy will shortly replace "conventional" nuke warheads in the controversial Lance missiles (see last week's Gasbag) which are deployed in West Germany under ordinary field-commanders. *(This could be "dangerous" — Military Ed.)*

Neutron bombs are ultra-handy and economical. When they go off, they release a deadly spray of invisible radioactive neutrons which pass through walls without hurting *them*, but do fatal damage to animal and human cell-structures in the nervous-system.

Creatures within the "kill-radius" of such a device will be affected within seconds. They will then start throwing up and contracting muscular spasms. A little while later, they will begin to disintegrate.

After an hour or two the radioactivity dissipates and the occupying force moves in.

So enthusiastic are the NATO generals about this idea (after all, the only equipment ground-troops will need will be dustpans and vacuum-cleaners) that the Pentagon is pushing Washington to OK the even more practical Neutron Shell.

With this you don't even need short-range missiles. You just shove it down your howitzer or anti-tank gun and pull the trigger. Anyone can do it!

Order your own doomsday weapon today. It's what's happening, baby.

□ CASS ANDRA

An Exceptional New Album

RENDEZVOUS

..."Sandy can outsing any female artiste and move an audience to a point that is beyond tears."

M.W. The Guardian

★★★★ Sounds. Hugh Fielder

Sandy Denny

ISLAND

ILPS 9433 Available on Cassette

SINGLES

Another SEX PISTOLS record

. . . turns out to be the future of rock 'n' roll

Spotted by ROY CARR

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE SEX PISTOLS: Pretty Vacant (Virgin) "In 1962, nobody really wanted a band looking like us and playing what we wanted to play, because the people running the music business couldn't understand anyone wanting to hear it!" — Mick Jagger.

In case anyone's forgotten, 15 years have elapsed since then and things really haven't changed that much, eh kidz!!

There are certain all-too-rare occasions when, without prior warning, a record comes hurtling out of left field . . . stops you dead in your tracks, floors your expectations, simply SHOCKS you, and promptly sets the adrenalin pumping around your system at ten times the normal speed.

It happened to me (and I'm certain I'm speaking for countless others), the very first time I heard Little Richard frantically scream "Awopbopaloobop — Alopbamboom", Chuck Berry motorvatin' through "Johnny B. Goode", The Kinks brutalizing "You Really Got Me", Keith Richard's fuzz-guitar intro to "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", the psychotic delirium of Hendrix's "Purple Haze", the we-ain't-gonna-take-no-more-of-this-crap angst of The Who's "My Generation", The Velvets' cacophonic "Sister Ray", the contempt with which Dylan spat out "Like A Rolling Stone", hearing The Stooges "1969" being played immediately after CS&N's "Marrakesh Express" one humid morning over a New York radio station a couple of week's after "Woodstock", Television's surreal "Marquee Moon" . . .

I experienced the same feelings this Friday when I received an acetate of The Sex Pistols' third single, "Pretty Vacant".

With few exceptions, up until now the 70s have been a concept: take an idea and then build a band (like Kiss or Aerosmith) around it and coldbloodedly exploit it for every dollar it's worth. That's, of course, if you have a taste for yesterday's warmed-up leftovers!

The Sex Pistols are an exception — quite probably the only rock band currently living and working in the present. Not last month, not next year, but NOW — whilst all around them their immediate competitors, especially those embraced by New Wave-ism, are lost in various half-cocked fantasies of what a 1977 rock 'n' roll band should be like.

Contrary to expectations, The Sex Pistols turn out to be not merely somebody's idea of a band called The Sex Pistols, but the genuine article. What The Sex Pistols have in common with the likes of Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Keith Richard, Townshend, Dylan and Iggy — I'll even throw in Wayne Kramer — was that when they stood on the threshold of their respective careers — for a brief moment — not only were they devoid of illusion and pretension but they had their finger firmly on the pulse of a generation.

We have that situation recurring at this very minute.

Picture yourself trying to *describe* the sheer overwhelming impact of "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", "My Generation", "Raw Power" of even "Dancing In The Street". Truthfully, there aren't any appropriate words. And, unless you're terminally insensitive, you can't possibly fail to recognise the numbing shock of reality when, on such rare occasions as these, it presents itself with all the subtlety of an earthquake.

The Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" is one such instance.

With this disc, The Pistols positively cream their closest competitors with muscle to spare.

Forget about the acceptable face of outlaw chic. The Sex Pistols are a band virtually unable to perform before a public who helped to create them. It's a vacuum in which no other band has, until now, found itself thrust.

As a result of this dilemma, the only positive outlet for their frustrations is the comparative isolation of the recording studio and it's from there that "Pretty Vacant" — the music, the noise, the intense atmosphere — boils over in sheer anger and desperation.

People have been trying to get back to this pitch of intensity throughout the 70s and the cumulative desperation seems finally to erupt on this seminal single.

Apart from anything else, "Pretty Vacant" establishes that The Sex Pistols are not one-and-a-half hit-wonders, and there's nothing about this record that should prevent any shop from stocking it, any radio station from keeping it off the playlist except bloody-minded bigotry.

However, I'm sure that someone will find a "suitable" excuse for, as we have all been made aware (during this Jubilee Year), both The Establishment and a good number of citizens of this Sceptred Isle are riddled with prejudice and hypocrisy to the extent that The Sex Pistols have been virtually branded the Niggers of Rock 'n' Roll.

In the face of a media backlash, which has had quite the opposite effect than that intended, The Sex Pistols continue to gain momentum. In fact, if the heat were suddenly switched off, perhaps the desperation with which they approach their vocation might dissipate.

You see, The Sex Pistols are so much a part of the present social climate that next year they may be a spent force, maybe the Old Farts of The New Wave, maybe (if some people have their way) *dead*. However, let the future take care of itself. Whatever the outcome, we'll never ever forget 1977 in the same way we forgot 1973, 1974, 1975 and most of 1976!

For the time being, I long for that Thursday evening when I switch on BBC-1 and see Savile gawp into the camera: " 'Err-eh-err-err, howzabout that then guys 'n' gals, it's Number One . . . it's Top Of The Pops . . . it's 'err-eh-err-err, them Sex Pistols lads with 'Pretty Vacant'. . . 'err-eh-err-err'."

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Teenage Head/Headin' For The Texas Border (Kama Sutra); THE NEW YORK DOLLS: Jet Boy/Babylon-/Who Are The Mystery Girls? (Mercury); JONATHAN RICHMAN/THE MODERN LOVERS: Roadrunner — Once/Roadrunner — Twice (Beserkley).

None of these records were hits the first time around, yet two of the three — The Flamin' Groovies "Teenage Head" and Jonathan Richman's "Roadrunner" — are firmly established in rock subculture as bona fide 70s Teen Anthems — as important as "Summertime Blues", "Satisfaction", "My Generation", "Search & Destroy", "Kick Out The Jams" and "All The Young Dudes".

I assume that every self-respecting Groovies freak will already possess these two prime-cuts on any one of half-a-dozen repackages, but anyone who has often seen The Groovies name mentioned (with respect) in this paper and has yet to discover what all the fuss is about will find this single (and a recent UA Records EP) an illuminating introduction.

"Teenage Head", which features Roy Loney exercising his most menacing and demented snarl, was recorded in '71 and emanates from an album of the same name. "Headin' For The Texas Border", which has Tim Lynch on vocal lead, was recorded a year earlier and has been lifted from "Flamingo". Two sides from two Richard Robinson-produced LPs which not only captured The Groovies at their zenith, but still sound as relevant as anything currently being pounded out in the name of rock.

Allegedly, all that Johnny Thunders receives in terms of royalties for his contributions to both New York Dolls albums is a pittance of eight dollars annually. Like the Groovies' single, these three Dolls tracks positively beg for a spiffy pic sleeve — but what the hell! As an appetizer for the re-packaging of both Dolls albums as a double, it illustrates the influence Les Dollies not only exerted on The Pistols but on innumerable late-70s sleaze bands.

According to rocklore, when Thunders' Heartbreakers played the ill-fated "Anarchy In The UK" tour, Thunders is reported to have said to drummer Paul Cook that he could detect a strong Dolls influence in the Pistols' songs. Cook is supposed to have replied that The Pistols, in the very beginning, ripped The Dolls off somethin' rotten. (No pun intended.)

Now back to the music.

"Jet Boy" is a seminal high-wired 70' riff, a loose-hipped song which acted as The Grand Finale for their first album. "Babylon" was the lead-off track for their final statement "Too Much, Too Soon". For the third track, I'd have preferred either "Personality Crisis" or "Looking For A Kiss".

In retrospect, it can be seen that the Dolls are to the 70s, what the MC5 were to the 60s: an archetypal star-crossed Amerikan rock band who, through circumstances often beyond their control, allowed later bands to capitalize on their stance. An appreciation of the Groovies and the Dolls is just as important as that of Iggy and The MC5 when understanding the present musical climate.

One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . .

"Roadrunner" is arguably one of the three best rock songs of the 70s and by the same token comes close to eclipsing both "Fun Fun Fun" and "I Get Around" as the ultimate cruisin' anthem. Re-released by public demand, "Roadrunner" was, up until the appearance of the Pistols' "God Save The Queen", the only record that received a standing ovation when spun between live sets at The Roundhouse and Hammersmith Odeon.

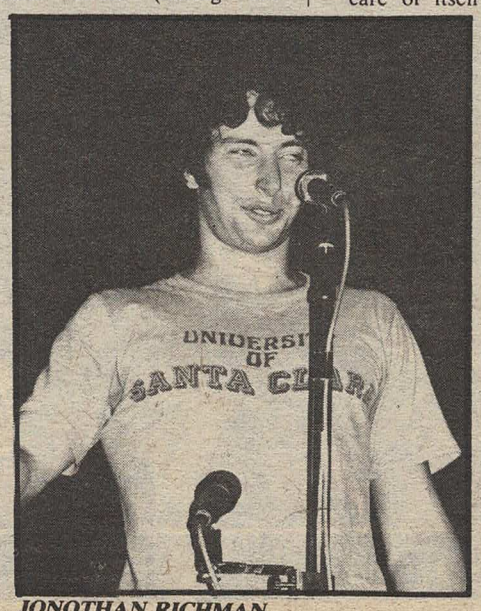
"Roadrunner — Once" is the same cut that first appeared on "Beserkley Chartbusters Vol. 1" and also as a now-deleted UA single (UP.36006), whilst "Roadrunner — Twice" is the earlier, much speedier prototype which John Cale produced in 1971 and found on "The Modern Lovers" LP. That's right, the version that features an organ piping out the "Sister Ray" riff which sounds more like Cale than Jerry Harrison. It also reveals Richman still obsessed with Lou Reed.

The Keeper Of The Great American Teen Dream and a terminal romantic, the idiosyncratic Clean-But-Never-Mean Jonathan Richman has apparently disowned his former glories and emerged as The Good Humour Man. Refusing to whine "Pablo Picasso" in his endearing adenoidal monotone, Richman only condescends to sing "Roadrunner" if allowed to perform three versions of "Ice Cream Man".

In the incessant demented braying of Johnny Rotten and the wide-eyed innocence of Jonathan Richman rock 'n' roll is in very safe hands.

Could be, the clarion call on the streets during the Summer of '77 will be "We're pretty — Pretty Vacant" and "Roadrunner . . . Roadrunner" — hopefully with the Radio On and On Every Radio!

O.K. — all out on Route 128!



JONOTHAN RICHMAN

THE NEW YORK DOLLS

COLOSSEUM II

DON AIREY GARY MOORE JON HISEMAN JOHN MOLE

DON AIREY GARY MOORE JON HISEMAN JOHN MOLE

A TOUGH EUROPEAN TOUR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY
SEVEN DAYS PLAYING LIVE IN THE STUDIO, HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A KILLER ALBUM.
"ELECRIC SAVAGE," THEIR FIRST ALBUM ON MCA.

ELECTRIC SAVAGE

MCF 2800

ALSO AVAILABLE ON TAPE

MCA RECORDS

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W.1.

JAZZ

Father of the Free

Sunny Murray, founder of free drumming, talks about Taylor, Ayler, and Terry-Thomas down Ali's Alley

ON THE STAND, Oliver Lake is whacking a Touareg drum with a curved beater while Fred Hopkins, head bent, intent, unleashes a string-bass run that comes on like a company of archers. Sound with a strange insignia, this, fits starts and St. Louis' Tibet. Oliver ducks to his alto, screams and tongue-slaps for a chorus over the snorting and snapping bass, unstoppers and yells "Put all my food on the same plate" which has the waiters guessing somewhere short of the unitarianism of music.

"I'm a very good cook — gourmet even," says Sunny Murray at the bar. "I had a cafe in the Village when I was about 20. I don't do it any more, but it's been my livelihood in New York a lotta times when I had to support my family."

The father of free drumming and most significant drum innovator since Kenny Clarke and Max Roach has hardly been showered with wealth. A huge bear of a man all in black but for white buckskin shoes, Sunny is amiable and very very articulate. Born James Murray, 1937, he studied at the Schillinger School in Philadelphia and the Manhattan School of Music after his move to New York in 1955. He comes from a musical family with a stepbrother who'd played with Dizzy and Lionel Hampton and written for Quincy Jones.

"I was playing bongos and congas when I was very young, and dancing, I had a dancing team, you know — hoofing, as they say. Boxing, sports, swimming for medals and all that, then at about 17 I started to get more devoted to traps."

Still in his teens, he was playing pick-up gigs with Jackie McLean and Ted Curson, and was accepted as an up-and-coming drummer. "I've been a Hard Bopper and I can still play that way when I want. But there was a way that I wanted to play that I really couldn't play at sessions. I mean, you couldn't play 'Just Friends' in 3/4 at that time, or anything. I used to do it and I used to get bugged.

"I wanted to play with Cecil when I was about 22 — I just fell in love with Cecil. It was an opportunity to explore. At that time, I was playing a little like Elvin Jones — I'd never heard him, and he'd never heard me.

"After playing a year with Cecil at his home — no gigs! — Doug Watkins, the bass player from Detroit, says, 'Go down to the Half Note and hear who you're playing like', so I huffs and puffs way down to the Half Note and hears for the first time John's in town with his band, Elvin and McCoy. I sat there and drank wine after wine, and it's true, Elvin is playing like me and I can never make money at it because Elvin is with John.

So, Cecil says 'Well, now you can just play.' I said, what do you mean, just play? 'Like, anything — just play.' So I did everything and anything, got very depressed, and finally I just started playing free."

What Sunny did for rhythm was to dispense with time-keeping, already reduced to a sideshow under the polyrhythmic assaults of Roach, Blakey, Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones and Ed Blackwell, but still sacrosanct enough to stir up a raging controversy.

Using a very basic kit, cymbals, snare, bass drum and hi-hat, and concentrating mainly on the first two, Sunny constructed layers of rhythm that ebbed and flowed and moved in and out of focus in an unconfining momentum. It was an intensely dramatic style, ominous in its continuous hissing top-cymbal and tripping snare runs, and it fitted Cecil to a T, and Albert to an A. Taylor's and Ayler's tightrope.

"What you learn to accept with any innovator, I guess, is that no one really approaches creativity in a premeditated way, so you are just the guy walking down the street when it happens to you. You have to learn how to deal with that and make some money, because you know that all your life people will take from that, because it's some very special gift that you have.

"So, this is something that weighs upon you — to live and to survive — because no-one wants to pay you. They know you haven't enough power socially or economically to defend yourself, so in your music you must reach a certain point of love and understanding and beauty and strength and power.

"Personally, for me, I don't really want that much from the planet but to play my music and try to find, like John said, 'A Love Supreme' in being an artist."

A sensitive man, Sunny split for Europe in 1968, leaving the sneers and put-downs behind. They left their scars, though. His conversation is a battlefield between bitterness and optimism, a good man sorely hurt.

"I've had hundreds of articles, brochures so big." He pitches his palm a foot above the bar counter. "A big agency said, 'Well, shit — if you're not rich now, what can we do for you?' I've had agencies tell me I've been around too long to make any money, and at the same time I've had guys offer me record dates for pebbles. I can always give, but never have, you know.

"I'm not giving you a sad story, I'm only saying that this has run its gauntlet. You finally get your nuts out of the sand, because your music is so powerful and strong, it revives you like nothing else. Then you're really able to pass on something to people more than just your problems, an achievement above your problems."

He turned and looked at me very directly. "What do you think about New Music?"

"What I think is obvious. I mean, here I am at Rashied's place copping Oliver Lake. The problem is the people who stay away because New Music gives them a headache, too unrelenting, can't hum it in the dressing room, too far out."

Sunny nodded. "Yeah, it does happen like that. Cecil is an exceptional person. He will never moderate and it isn't necessary because he is the core. I don't really moderate, all I tend to do lately is to reach a higher transcendation of my ego in realising that in order for me to survive, face on face and back to back, I have to have enough creativeness in me NOW, at 40 — just like I'd never played with Cecil, never played with Albert."

He sighs heavily. "I'm getting old. I'm in damn good shape. I jump rope, I do barbells. I'm just beginning to lose weight because I've stopped eating. Don't make sense if you keep eating. No — tired in the sense that there's so much to be done yet. When you're young and you do something kinda surprising and a little aggressive, it's considered the anger of youth, but as you get older, those labels lie like a weight upon you if you're not creative enough to bring a new

Beserkley "Home of the Hits"

"Hi There!

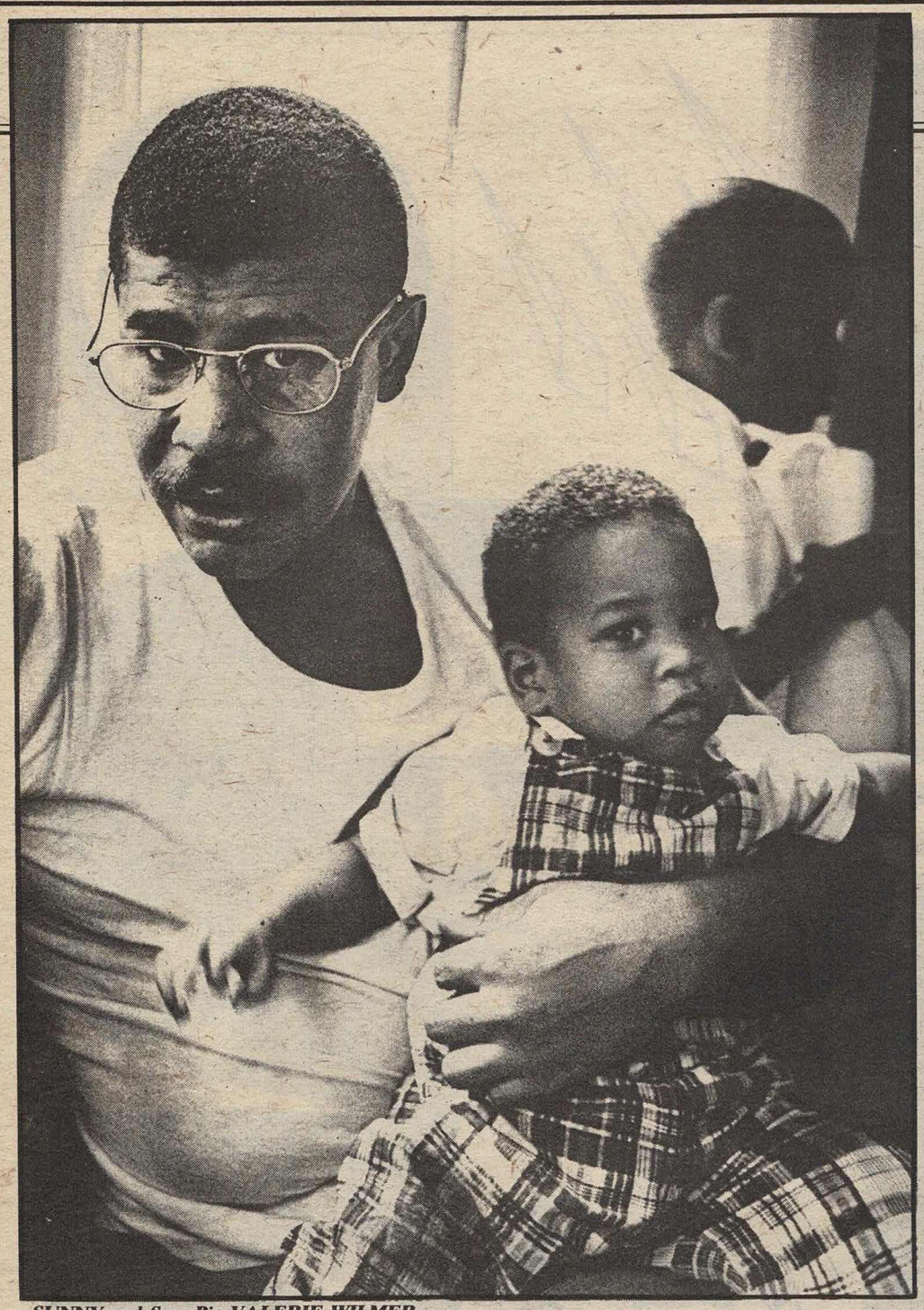
I'm Jonathan Richman and I'd just like to tell you that after all these months of waiting you can buy a record of me singing one of my favourite songs, "Roadrunner". In fact I sing it twice; once on my own, and once with my group, The Modern Lovers..... and if you're real quick you can get a copy in an attractive picture sleeve.

Neat, Huh? JJ

Roadrunner

BY JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS

NEW LONG PLAYER **"ROCK 'N' ROLL WITH THE MODERN LOVERS"**
BY JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS **OUT REAL SOON!** (BSERK 9)



SUNNY and Son. Pic VALERIE WILMER.

By BRIAN CASE

image, a new profile about. I used to be just thrashing it out. trying to survive. I could do that again, but there's a time for everything, as the Bible says.

"You can't change anything that's already happened, so what you do, you change your philosophy. When you reach a certain age, you should do that anyway, because you get sorta stylized, stereotyped, and in this business that's a killer."

WE talked about the difficulties in New Music in England, the lack of airplay, the commercial stranglehold. "The English like theatres," said Sunny. "Clubs kinda turn them off. The English are misdirected. They have all these mixed emotions living in that country with an old reigning body that's killing it. Until they stop all this Queen shit — pardon the expression — until they come across with a new philosophy, it's gonna be a fruitless situation. When you're too complicated, too unique, then you're crooked.

"The House of Commons, all them dudes, various millionaires, that's a ball, that's a gas — they're really saying, 'Let us never stop meeting here'. See all the personalities that're stifled in England because they never get out of that same groove. I'm getting ridiculous — but, like Terry-Thomas."

On this showing, I thought, Sunny could also be the father of punk rock — if he'd have them, stomach the drumming and that. We were laughing about that when Rashied Ali happened by. His loft, Ali's Alley, has really come on since he first chanced his arm three years ago. His own record label, own distribution, own club for the New Music he believes in.

"Long time no see," I tell him. "I'm over here to cover the millionaire, George Benson. How do you feel about that?" Self, seeking absolution, as usual.

"I'm so busy dealing with what I'm dealing with, I haven't got time to get jealous or to resent," said Rashied, one fortunate man.

"C'est la vie," said Sunny. I think it's wonderful. Hey man, if I come up with a hit record, I hope they feel the same way, because I'm not swearing to do anything but make a hit record. See, a lotta times an artist is confused by playing what people want him to play, and he blows his whole life in that confusion.

"George has decided to go ahead and do what he wants. He got tired of the joints, tired of the booze, tired of the hanky-panky and the honky-tonky and tired of the vicious circle of playing to four walls. I can dig that. I think everybody needs a way out. I hope he's benevolent and beautiful with it, that's all I can do on that."

AFTER quite a gap, Sunny is recording again, two albums out in July, one in the winter, and impressive showings on the Wildflowers Loft Sessions. He's back on the New York scene, and they're happy to have him.

"I'm working. I wouldn't say regularly, but at a rising moderate pace. Things are looking better, not in a rush, but better."

His band, Sunny Murray and the Untouchable Factor, boast veteran sidemen like Byard Lancaster, as well as Khan Jamal, David Murray and Fred Hopkins. And tunes like Harold Arlen's 'Over The Rainbow'!

"That's what I've been doing lately with musicians like Grachan, Don Pullen and David Murray. I've been having boot camp training. After having so much freedom, then we dive into a harsh tune. I think they need that training because no-one's gonna give them that, being as how they're geniuses in freedom.

"If they're willing to want that, it's fun, and I know how to be a good drummer there too. See, the avant-garde for youngsters is what I call the short-cut show. If they work out, then they'll still be around. At least it's a better way of getting new talent in than going through all the Bebop clique things. We're playing freedom and we're playing Miles tunes like 'Seven Steps' which we've fixed real crazy, all kinds of things.

"There's a chemistry between all musics. Freedom is a development from the original and it's the ultimate of one's talent.

"Older drummers like Art and Max get fiendishly mad at me because I continue to play my music and I won't stop, they knowing I can play the other.

"I try to explain that if we all play the same thing, then there's nothing to play. They shouldn't ostracize, they should listen because it wasn't sloppy, it wasn't missing, it was THERE."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

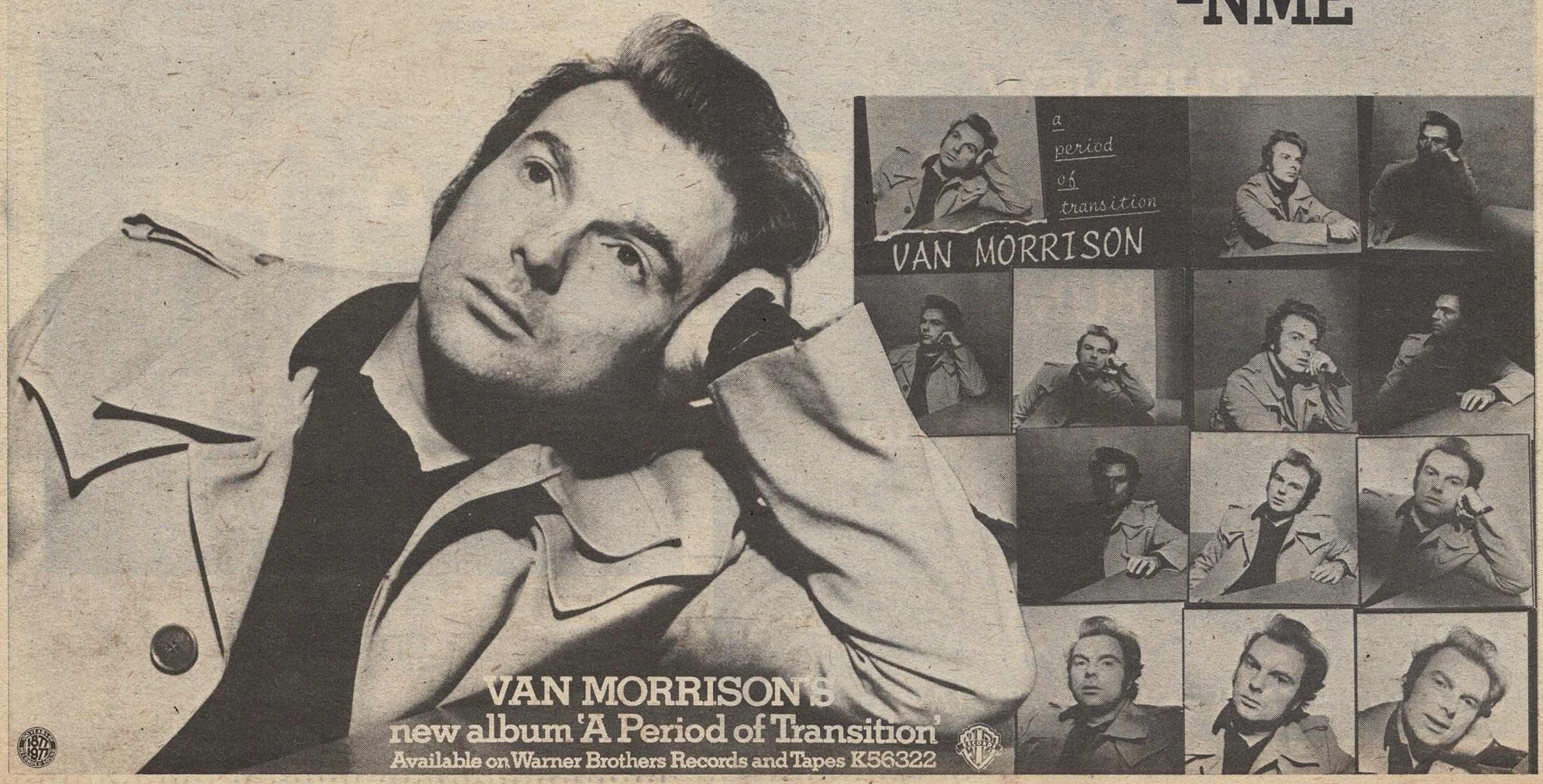
Albert Ayler: Spiritual Unity (ESP), Prophecy (ESP), Vibrations (Arista-Freedom), Witches & Devils (Arista-Freedom), Spirits Rejoice (ESP), Bells (ESP), New York Eye & Ear Control (ESP).

Cecil Taylor: Into The Hot (Impulse), Live At The Cafe Montmartre (Fantasy), Nefertiti (Arista Freedom).

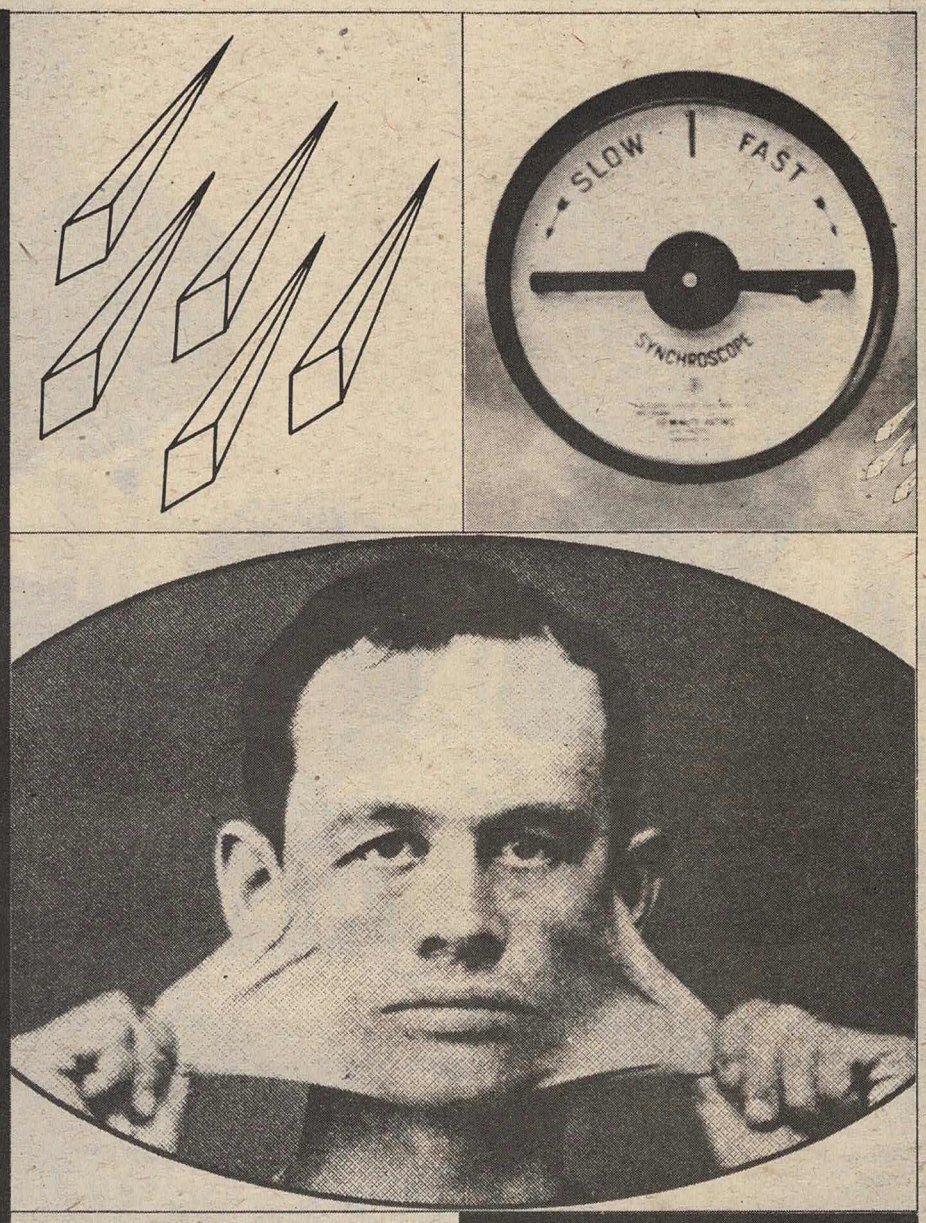
Sunny Murray: Sunny Murray (ESP), Sunny's Time Now (Jihad), Big Chief (Pathe), Homage To Africa (BYG), An Even Break (BYG), The New York Loft Jazz Sessions, Wildflowers, Vols 1 & 5 (Douglas).

"Van Morrison remains one of the truly great figures of his generation...an innovator whose influence has never been more strong."

-NME


a period of transition
VAN MORRISON
VAN MORRISON'S
new album 'A Period of Transition'
Available on Warner Brothers Records and Tapes K56322

QUARK, STRANGENESS & CHARM



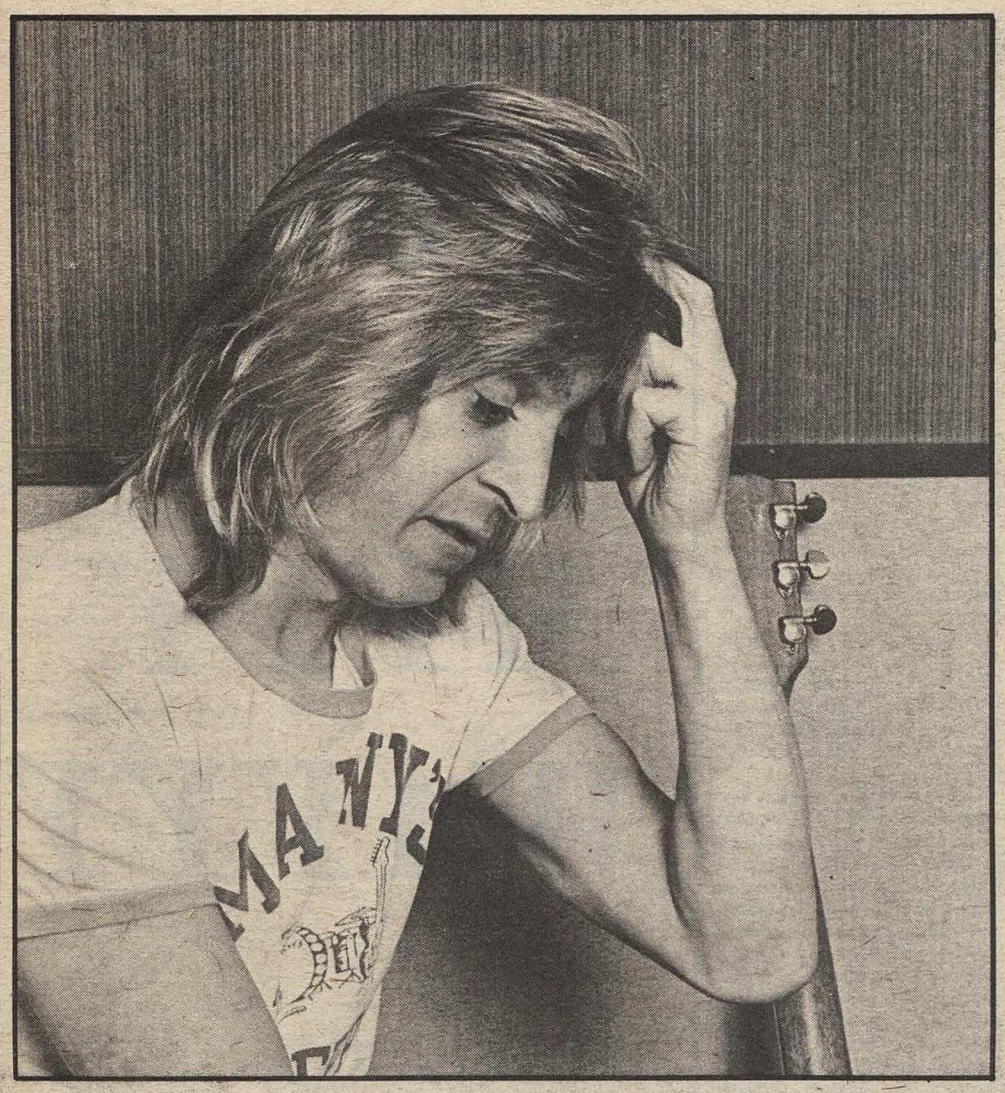
THE NEW
HAWKWIND
ALBUM

'It's the spirit of the age'

ON CHARISMA RECORDS, NATURALLY

CHARISMA

CDS 4008



Now who am I playing with these days?

RONNO REMEMBERS THAT HE FORGETS . . .

"IT'S ALL BEEN different experiences . . . and each one's been as valuable as the next one. It's all good experience. Whether it was a good situation or not, it doesn't make much difference because it's all just something that you go through.

"It's just part of livin', or somethin', and you learn from every little thing. After doin' all them things, I learned a whole lot about what I think I want and what I think I *don't* want . . .

"I want to avoid the media stuff. I want to avoid the possibility of me getting the hots to be the headlining act and *then maybe by August I can play Madison Square Garden and then all the girls'll be screamin'*. . .

"I'm sure I could be real famous if I wanted to, but it's only if you really put your mind to it and decide that that's what you want and really work at it, and I don't want to get into strategy too much.

"I can go anywhere and I can get gigs and I can get paid and I can live. If I had to go back to Yorkshire I could make a good living there. It doesn't matter where I am, I can do something that'd pay for a night's sleep and something to eat . . ."

I FIRST met Mick Ronson in 1972 at a Bowie press binge at the Dorchester Hotel. Iggy was there, and Lou Reed . . . did you see the suits and the platform boots?

Oh dear, oh gawd, oh my oh my. Everyone was done up to the proverbial goddam nines and beyond in silver jackets and nail varnish and all the other jive that was worn by the Cool Four Hundred in the year of — what was it again? — *Glam Rock*.

Ronson had dazzlingly peroxided hair and glittery clothes and someone had invested a good hour's hard work in doing his eye make-up.

It was only when you got a bit closer that it became apparent that this dazzling apparition was thoroughly ill at ease amongst all the rent-a-faggots and heavy-duty poseurs and that he spoke with the thickest down-home Hull accent this side of a BBC Yorkshire TV sitcom and that he was about as pretentious as a pint of light ale. *(Pass the reefer, man. — Ed.)*

He played interstellar rough trade guitar hero opposite Bowie's twilite zone schitzoglitzo phantasm, tried his hand at a solo career and fell off the tightrope because of a lack of direction and confidence — if you're trying that schtick you can never *ever* afford to look down or lose your nerve — reappeared to replace Ariel Bender in Mott The Hoople, broke away with Ian to do the shortlived Hunter-Ronson Show, moved to New York and showed up as one of the cast of thousands in Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, produced and guitared Roger McGuinn's "Cardiff Rose" album, was rumoured to be forming a band with

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

David Cassidy, came to London to play on Roger Daltrey's "One Of The Boys" album — though that didn't work out — and suddenly popped up yet again playing lead guitar on Van Morrison's sort - of - mini - tour - that - wasn't alongside Dr John . . .

PLUS HE and his longtime girlfriend Sue Fussey got married last year in a Chinese restaurant and they're expecting a baby in August.

These days Mick Ronson wears a baggy T-shirt and old blue jeans and he doesn't wear make-up any more and his hair has lost its old metallic glint. He's no longer A MainMan Artiste and he no longer has a contract with RCA or any other record company and he's happier than a pig in shit.

So Mick, y'wanna account for your movements since splitting with Mr 'Untah in the autumn of '75?

"Me account for my movements? Half the time I didn't even know what I was doin' . . . it started out with Bobby Neuwirth" — Dylan's long-term road manager, all-purpose buddy and eminence grise — "the night I got thrown out of the Other End. I was standing around having a look and I was kinda stood in the aisle and this guy kept on at me to move.

"In the end I was thrown out and I was standing outside and Neuwirth came out and started talkin' to me. I didn't even know him, either.

"A few minutes later *Dylan* came out. Anyway, we went for a drink and Dylan says, 'Ah hey, y'gotta come play with us,' and I says, 'Awright, yeah' — and didn't think no more about it and then a couple months later Neuwirth comes back into town and calls me up and says, 'Are you ready?' There'd been no publicity for the tour, nobody knew anything about it and I thought someone was pulling my leg.

"Finally I thought, 'Okay, let's take a chance and jump into it,' and it finally came off. We all went down to this rehearsal place. Neuwirth was there and Rob Stoner and T-Bone Burnette and David Mansfield, and we were there about an hour and Dylan comes in.

"I thought, 'Oh wow, this is *really happening*.' There was tape machines and everything getting set up and Dylan starts singin' all these songs. He must've played about three hundred songs one after the other.

"I didn't know *any* of 'em.

"I'd never heard any of those songs — even the old ones — because I was brought up on The Rolling Stones.

"I was never one of them people who sit around and play records. I never buy any records and I don't even listen to the radio too much. One of the few people whose records I buy is Roy Harper.

"Anyway, we just started rehearsing and carried on from there. We did that tour. It was kind of free-for-all at first until Dylan found out exactly what he wanted, who he wants to use on each tune. Some people can play certain tunes, some people can't . . . I can play any of 'em. But it was no kind of real *organised* thing.

"Look, you got a hundred tunes and you're going to end up playing thirty-five of them. You may have to play two hundred tunes to find the best thirty-five, the ones that'll work real good.

"You don't just pick thirty-five and rehearse them to death, 'cause some of them'll work out when you play 'em. So you just keep playing different ones all the time and then think, 'Well, *that* one was good and *that* one was good and *that* one was good.' Gradually you find out which numbers really work and which ones don't.

"I was just a guitar player that was hangin' around. I wasn't playing no major part in the whole thing. Bobby Neuwirth was keeping most things together, but the basic direction had to be found by everybody for themselves rather than really organising exactly what everybody plays.

"If what somebody was playing didn't fit then they were told, 'Well, don't you play on this number.'

"Remember there was a lot of musicians there and you can't have that many musicians playing on every number. It can get a little bit borin' or a little bit unnecessary. It was nice to have people doing things acoustically without the drums now and then . . ."

"McGUINN WAS in on all of that, and he had to do an album, his last one for CBS. It was going to be his last one, but then he re-signed with them.

"We weren't really doing anything much at the time, so we all agreed that we'd play on Roger's album and I oversaw the production on that. We just did it because we was friends.

"We didn't do it by way of calling up managers and agents and negotiating royalties and percentages. We just did it and got paid a bit of money and that was it; on a friendship basis rather than getting into it on a business level or anything like that.

"I'm not with Tony deFries any more. We parted company last July. This guy called Barry Imhoff who did all the promotion stuff for the Dylan tours is looking after me now. He used to work with Bill Graham as his partner. I don't need much looking after though, especially when I'm just hangin' around and not doin' too much, because I'm not with a record company either."

Most rock stars get nervous and hysterical and insecure when they're — ummm — *between deals*, but Ronson looks inordinately happy and healthy.

"Most record companies don't like me at the moment. They don't like the songs I'm writing, but I ain't bothered. I'm writing with Ricky Fataar who used to be in The Beach Boys. I met him through David Cassidy."

Ah, the Cassidy Connection. For about a week it was noised about that Cassidy and Ronson were Getting A Band Together.

"On the last date of the Rolling Thunder Revue, we was up in Colorado and David was recording up in Caribou, which was three or four miles up the road from the hotel where we were staying and some friends of ours from California invited us up there, so after the last gig I went up there to stay for a few days. I got to know him and he became a good friend and we wondered whether it might be a good idea to have a band because I like him.

"He's a good guitar player. Nobody knows that, but he really plays good guitar: blues, the regular blues stuff, like me.

"We was jamming away and I'd do a couple of solos and then he'd do a couple of solos. He plays real good, sings real good, looks real good and I thought it might be a nice thing to do. It doesn't matter what people think and you can't be in *The Partridge Family* all your life.

"When someone gets known for something, they go through a hell of a trip trying to do something a bit different. Whether they're actually good enough to do something else doesn't really matter. The thing is that people grow up and change their minds about things.

"I USED TO BE a gardener, right? But look where I've been since then! Look at where I've lived and the people I've met since then and the things I've got involved with.

"But it's really hard for people who've become well-known for one thing to get taken seriously about doing something else, but that's just the way the business is, I suppose."

Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

So if the Cassidy-Ronson band was such a good idea how come it didn't happen?

"Because I . . . uhhhh . . . never know what I want.

"It's very hard to form a band. You've got to play together and be able to depend on each other, and some days I wake up and I just ain't interested in what knocked me out last week. I don't want to be in a band and treat it like some kind of a job, thinking, 'This a real pain in the ass, but at least I'm making some money'. I don't want to play like that.

"I want to play for *fun*. I don't want to play just because it's a good business project. Most of these bands must go *nuts*, right? They need the record company's money to keep paying for their apartment and the more money they get the more money they want. I don't know that much about the business and how other people deal with it, because I ain't *interested* in how other people deal with it."

At one point, Ronson was heavily in debt; in debt to the tune of sums that most people never see in a lifetime.

"I still am!"

He sprawls back on the rumpled hotel bed, laughing like a drain.

"I can't even *think* about how much I owe because then I would *worry*. *(Whatever you do, don't do that. — Ed.)* I'd really panic and I'd get down on me hands and knees and *grovel* for some record contract and put out this record that didn't mean anything and watch it get slagged and watch people say *'Ahhhhhh, he's over the hill now'* just because I was worried about going in the red.

"I can't do it that way. I don't care *how* much money I owe.

"What are they gonna do if I go and work on a building site, take two quid a week off me for the rest of me life? It's a gamble. People put money in fruit machines, or put ten pounds on a horse hoping to win a hundred. People put £100,000 into some rock act.

"And sometimes they lose it. I ain't one for worryin' whether they get it back or not. They're *investing*.

"I'll probably earn a real lot of money one day. I'll do something to make everybody go 'Yeah, great!' and buy all me records. I'll earn all this money and everybody'll get their money back.

"But for now, as long as I'm payin' me rent and I can afford to buy a few beers or sommat and take someone out for a meal now and again and buy a packet of fags, that's all I need.

"I ain't bought any clothes for two years. I gave all them other clothes away and I've hardly got any clothes now, but I don't need 'em. I got two or

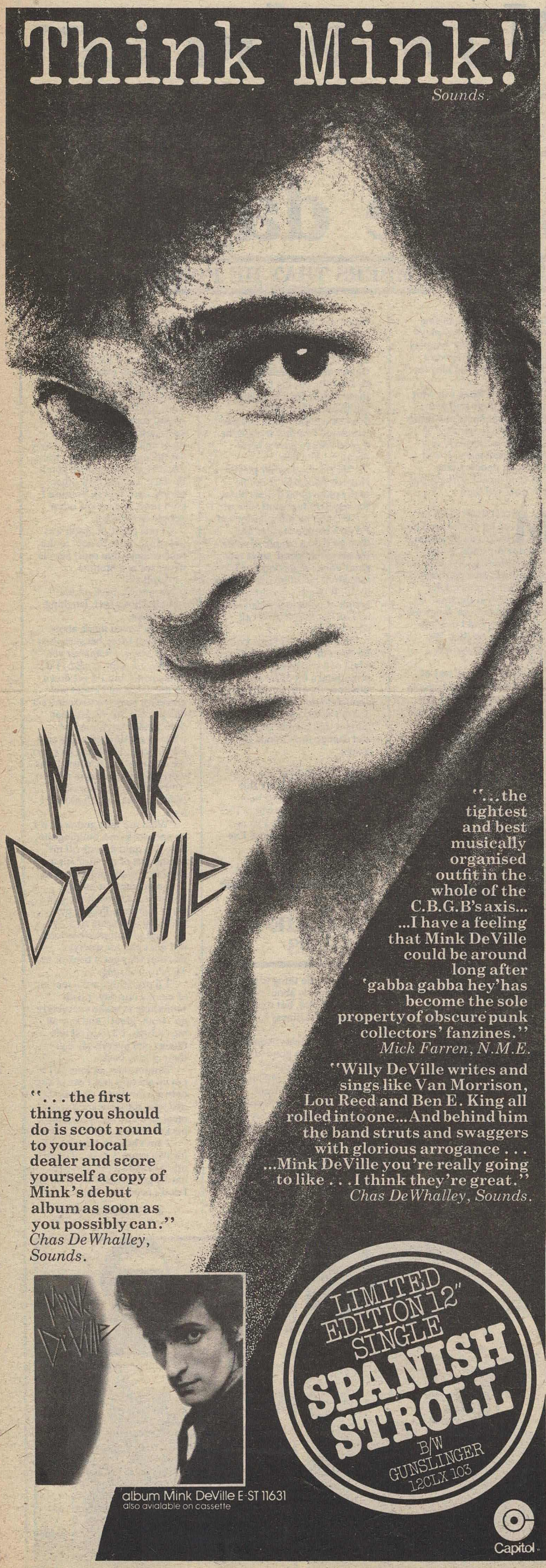
● *Continued page 36*

"Oh yeah — with him."

"Keep turnin' . . ."

Think Mink!

Sounds.



MINK DEVILLE

"...the tightest and best musically organised outfit in the whole of the C.B.G.B's axis... ...I have a feeling that Mink DeVille could be around long after 'gabba gabba hey' has become the sole property of obscure punk collectors' fanzines."
Mick Farren, N.M.E.

"Willy DeVille writes and sings like Van Morrison, Lou Reed and Ben E. King all rolled into one... And behind him the band struts and swaggers with glorious arrogance . . . ...Mink DeVille you're really going to like . . . I think they're great."
Chas DeWhalley, Sounds.

"... the first thing you should do is scoot round to your local dealer and score yourself a copy of Mink's debut album as soon as you possibly can."
Chas DeWhalley, Sounds.

LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE
SPANISH STROLL
B/W
GUNSLINGER
12CLX 103

album Mink DeVille E-ST 11631
also avialable on cassette

Capitol

I DID IT MYYY WAYYY

STEVE WINWOOD, former 15-year-old musical prodigy who invented the expression 'Getting it together in the country', wipes the soil off his boots on this page.

'SCENES CHANGE, don't they?" Steve Winwood stresses a favourite aphorism with a vague sweep of the right hand.

Slightly built, quietly spoken and deferential, Winwood has finally undertaken his own great leap forward and, at 28, made a solo album.

Finally? The distinction's almost academic; Winwood's been very much the musical mainman throughout his career.

A precocious 15 in 1964, he was singing, player guitar and keyboards with the Spencer Davis Group. Three years later he formed Traffic with Dave Mason, Chris Wood and Jim Capaldi.

In '69 Traffic broke up. Winwood joined Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Rick Grech in Blind Faith, the ill-starred proto-supergroup that collapsed after a rushed album and strained American tour.

Winwood started work on a solo album, calling in Wood and Capaldi. Traffic reformed, a close, nuclear trio; "Mad Shadows" became "John Barleycorn Must Die."

Often inconsistent, always idiosyncratic, Traffic were to expand their line-up and make a further five albums before their demise in early '75.

"I suppose I just split the group," Winwood recalls. "We were half way through an American tour and — well, I couldn't handle it anymore. I've never felt there was much point in doing something unless you can really put your heart into it."

The break up was certainly sudden, in its way reminiscent of bassist Rick Grech and drummer Jim Gordon's abrupt departure from Traffic in late '71. Here today, gone tomorrow.

"Maybe I am a little impulsive about these things, maybe I don't always give proper notice of my intentions. But no, I wouldn't say what I did was irresponsible. I had my reasons.

"After we reformed Traffic I made it clear that I was going to be the group's leader. And groups have to have leaders, I think, otherwise they lose sight of their objectives.

"The final decision was mine to make and I made it. We couldn't have gone on for much longer anyway. There were various personal problens, which are best forgotten; there wasn't the cohesion to keep it together.

"Traffic had been going for such a long time. I wasn't committed anymore and sometimes you need to get away, to make the break. Anyway, I felt we'd achieved as much as we were going to musically with that version of the group. So that was it really."

SINCE WHEN Winwood has participated in various "projects". He played guitar with the Fania All Stars at their London debut and later contributed to their "Delicate And Jumpy" album, an uncharacteristically restrained affair, I thought, marred by arranger Gene Page's lavish string scores.

"The All Stars were going through changes, tackling their music in a more sophisticated way, if you like. It was a transitional album.

"Salsa, you see, is a very energetic, contemporary music, constantly evolving and still trying to stay on the street. I know the idea was to blend in some aspects from current American music, make it all more cosmopolitan in a way.

"As it happened the album didn't quite work — it's often like that when you're trying to widen your audience without changing things too drastically."

Winwood also recorded with drummer Remi Kebaka. In '73 they had worked with reedsman 'Loughty' Amao as Third World to make "Aiye Keta", a set with proud Afro-jazz leanings and perhaps one of the more successful and innovative furrows ploughed through its field.

The second album followed similar outlines, but transpired to be "more European in feel". The last songs to be included were rushed as Winwood was scheduled to start work with Japanese percussionist Stomu Yamashta.

"And they weren't so hot as the rest, I suppose. The record company — understandably enough — rejected the album. I hadn't done anything for some time and they insisted that whatever I came up with was to be consistently strong. It was a shame really, but one of the prices you pay.

"That particular area we were working in, all those African rhythms, it has yet to be adapted really sympathetically, I feel."

And so to "Go", Yamashta's ambitious project that involved Winwood alongside, among others, Mike Shrieve, Klaus Schulze, Al Di Meola, Rosko Gee and Reebop Kwaku Bah.

At the outset a multi-media concept, "Go" seemed to flirt uneasily with the earth-space-earth voyage and cycle implicit in Michal Quartermain's lyrics.

Personally I found the 'space' theme misplaced, little more than an excuse for Schulze to ramble around his cosmic keyboard, also both the album and London concert presentation chaotically directionless.

Yamashta may be an accomplished modern and classical percussionist (cf. his unaccompanied score for Robert Altman's disturbing film *Images*), but his eclectic ventures into jazzfunkrock haven't been so convincing.

I did like some of the song structures in "Go" however, especially Winwood's "Winner/Loser".

"I think you're being a little harsh," Winwood protests, "though in many respects the album wasn't a success. Stomu somehow couldn't gather up all his strands. In fact I wrote several of the other tunes as well, but they were credited to him — something to do with the legal aspects of composing rights.

"But, you see, I'd never worked like that before. 'Go' entailed a lot of discussion — and disagreement. Whereas I suspect I'm often quite an (pause) organised sort of player. I prefer things to be clear cut as possible, within reason.

"Stomu's very impulsive that way. He's good at getting people around him to contribute and express themselves musically, but then he'd suddenly delete a passage we'd all been rehearsing for weeks. Which is fine up to a point but confusing, frustrating even.

"I learnt a lot though and I don't regret taking part at all. I just let things be most of the time and let others do most of the arguing.

"It was 'Go' that eventually sold me on the idea of doing a solo album. It suddenly seemed like it'd be such a good thing to do. I could have the luxury of working on my own most of the time without having to argue — just straight

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

in and do it. I prefer to work by myself if I can; I sometimes find it a little difficult to communicate musical ideas.

"Traffic was different of course since we knew each other so well. But yeah, I need things like 'Go' to happen to me occasionally. They're stimulating . . . it's very hard to write music, you know, or at least I find it hard.

"Before 'Go' I lacked the confidence to make a solo album. I had a lot of material ready and waiting but couldn't force myself any further. I couldn't see any reason, any real justification for doing it. I wasn't at all sure where I was musically. Things are more certain now."

"STEVE WINWOOD" is released this week. Four of its six songs were written by Winwood with Traffic lyricist Capaldi, one with erstwhile Bonzo and grand eccentric Viv Stanshall and one by Winwood alone.

"Why did I use Jim's words? Well, like I said, I write very slowly. There was a deadline to be met and I had to work with someone to organise what I had, all of which I'd written since last August. Jim was the obvious choice and we completed things very quickly.

"I think it's a (long pause) good album, or at any rate the best album I was capable of making when I recorded it. I did 'Midland Maniac' all by myself simply 'cos I couldn't teach anybody the song's changes; it's also a sort of personal thing, with words about someone I knew."

I level with Winwood, admit that many of Capaldi's recent pontifications have struck me as somewhat gauche, despite their worthy topicality (the slaughter of whales, the ecology, etc.).

A line from "Walking In The Wind" off "When The Eagles Flies" comes to mind — something about politicians not having *"ever paid their dues"*.

Specifics aside, I'm curious about a commanding singer like Winwood's attitude to lyrics in general.

"Are you sure you're not too aware of the issue?" Winwood counters, "you feel that line about politicians is a meaningless cliche. Well, one man's cliche is another man's . . ."

Brave new world?

"Yeah (laughs), all right. I think that lyric takes the sense away from any spoken frame of reference by virtue of the fact it's sung."

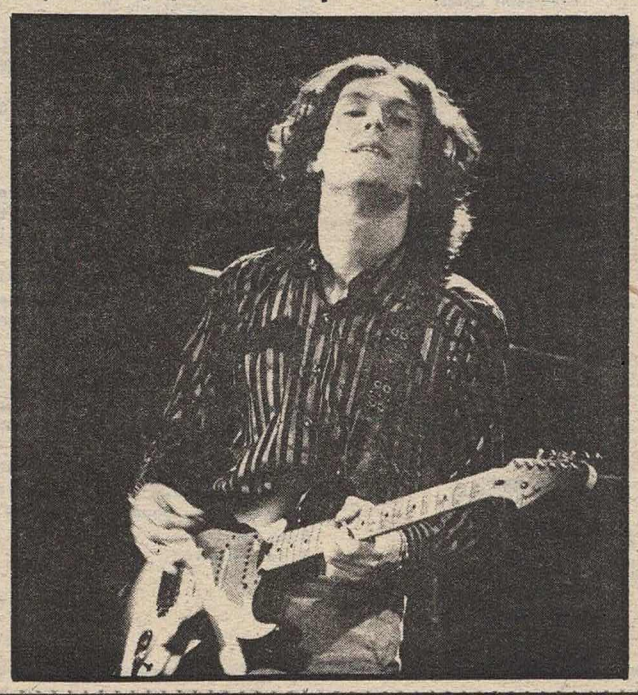
So presumably you could sing graffiti and make it stick?

"You could indeed. A song is a summary though, a point in time, whatever it's about. It's something different to everyone who hears it.

"I sing lyrics as such because I've got a voice to sing them with, because songs need singing.

"You simply can't calculate the *effect* of a lyric — and anyway I don't do things to have any desired effect. You mentioned Roll Right Stones', a song we wrote about a particular place, a ring of standing stones.

"As it happens, you know the place well; others won't and might even wonder what on earth the song's about. That can't be helped. We wanted to record that song, so we did."



TALK OF Rollright brings us to consider country living in general. Winwood reveals himself to be knowledgeable about ley lines, astro-archeology and associated subjects. Unlike so many rock musicians in rural retreat, he seems to be a countryman at heart.

"People like myself who've been brought up in towns often move to the country. I'm well aware that I'm lucky to be able to live there. If you're prepared to take an active interest in what's going on around you there, you've almost got yourself a full time occupation.

"Although it takes time to establish yourself in a small, close community; country people are a bit suspicious of you at first. But there's a lot more to it all than jolly people tearing around on horses.

"I have my dogs, go for walks, like to look and listen. It's very therapeutic. I suppose I've come to depend on the peace and quiet there quite a lot in recent years.

In the beginning Traffic moved to Berkshire because — well, I'd been with Spencer Davis and it had all become rather confusing. After those records like 'Gimme Some Lovin' it was time for me to think about exactly what I was doing and why."

Too much too soon?

"That's more or less how it was getting ridiculous. I'd been pushed into responsibilities I just wasn't ready for — or maybe I'd pushed myself there.

"I probably demanded too much — that's how it can go. But in a way I was fortunate; I learnt about coping with pressures and not coping before I could do too much damage.

"With Traffic though — all four of us had definite ideas of what we wanted to do; we just had to go somewhere and practise it. We were all leaving home and found the cottage, somewhere we could live.

"The music and the country living were separate at first. But I know that living out there had its effect on how the music came out before long, as well as on the way we wanted it to be.

"We were after a blend, our own blend of things. That's why Dave Mason introduced the sitar; it was another possible combination of sound and texture. We had very natural acoustics at the cottage, very clean, clear and useful for assessing sound qualities.

"And yes, being at the cottage, away from London certainly allowed us to make music in a fairly unhurried way. Pacing is important. When musicians start working at different paces, groups break up.

"Every musician has his own pace. Unless he recognises and arrives at it, he's not going to develop. I've often had to take things leisurely to be able to carry on at all.

"The record company have helped a lot there. I may have spent what seemed like long periods without coming up with concrete results, but then I honestly don't think I've wasted too much of my time either. Anyway, I've been ill more often than I'd have liked."

WITH GLIB predictability, I mention Blind Faith. To the detached observer, the experience seemed to deliver Winwood's already marked reserve another dolorous blow. No, it didn't help much. The group started off with good intentions but before we knew it we had to rely on — for want of another phrase — rock and roll tactics.

"Tight contracts, the works, even drum solos onstage, and so many other things that were detrimental to the music. We were mishandled or allowed ourselves to be mishandled.

"It was all rather unfortunate," Winwood postscripts ruefully.

All the same, "Barleycorn" appeared a strong assertion of all things so essential Traffic.

"It had to be. I really needed a solid base to be able to work from again and you tend to make strong music when you're,er, desperate.

"Why did we do 'John Barleycorn' itself? Because it's such a great song. It seemed to embody the way we felt, seemed like a psalm to us or something. We didn't do it as an anti-alcohol song, as some people have thought — well, nobody knows what it's about. It's simply a very mysterious, very fortifying song."

Traffic as contempoarary folk music, I wonder? Not in the strict revivalist sense, but as musicians collecting this and that into some sort of harvest home.

"That's exactly how we saw it. We didn't do 'Barleycorn' as a straight folk song but as one sung by people creating their own traditions as they went along. We were still at the cottage; it was a period of real closeness for us."

Whereupon Traffic seemed to founder aimlessly for a time. Winwood insisted that a bassist be brought in to ease the load. apaldi lost confidence in his drumming, tried to move up front as vocalist/writer/tambourine shaker. Dave Mason even returned for a few weeks through the recording of the live "Welcome To The Canteen Album".

"The trio format suddenly seemed very restrictive. We tried various people. The Grech/Gordon rhythm section had its share of problems and Dave coming back for the second time didn't really work either; we'd sort of drifted apart over the years."

TRAFFIC RECORDED "The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys" and consolidated their status in America before Grech and Gordon left.

Along with percussionist Reebop the trio joined forces with Muscle Shoals sessioneers bassist David Hood and drummer Roger Hawkins to make "Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory" (to my mind perhaps Traffic's best album, on a par with their second) at Strawberry Studios, Jamaica in three days. Another Shoals man, Barry Beckett, was added later on keyboards, allowing Winwood to play more guitar.

"Although in some ways the larger group did dilute the intimacy of Traffic, I felt it had a lot going for it. We came to terms more with performing live. The Shoals players were very dedicated and superb accompanists — exactly what I'd had in mind.

"Some people think they ruined us for 'Shoot Out' and after. I really can't agree with that and think that 'On The Road', the live album, refutes their view.

"Of course we eventually reverted to being a small group with Rosko on bass and Jim drumming again for 'Eagle'. We turned full circle if you like."

Winwood's opinion of Traffic's legacy?

"Well," he shrugs, "we achieved a certain amount. Traffic was intended to be a musicianly group. We set ourselves certain standards and did our best to stick to them.

"I don't mind talking about it, but past is past, you know. I think I'm more excited about what I'm doing now than I've been for a long time."

So I tell Winwood that I'd expected him to be rather less forthcoming, After all, we've been told often enough that the man's some kind of (sic) enigmatic super-recluse.

"Well, I do go through phases of not wanting to talk. But everybody does, don't they? I mean, I'm a musician first and foremost. Yeah (broad grin), I suppose I am a fairly private person."

And the starmaker machinery, the mantle of semi-divine rockbeing status that Winwood, to all outward appearances, declines to accept?

"The less you think about it, the better. There was a time when I was ambitious in that sense, but not now. I try my hardest not to let it affect me, you know.

"It can mess you up," Winwood adds emphatically, "I somehow doubt it ever did anyone any good in the long run.

"What it all comes down to in the end is that you do something, write some music and hope for the best. If people like what you've done, then all right."

WINWOOD'S PRESS office inform me he intends to have another album released by mid-autumn. In the past his "I'm gonna do an album a week" enthusing has proved shortlived.

"But this time," Winwood protests, "I really think I've got it all together."

□ ANGUS MacKINNON

THE LONDON (Jan LIVE

Slaughter & The Dogs

The Unwanted

Wire

The Adverts

Between January and April this year, the Roxy There was nowhere else for the groups

Get your album from

London

Way Inn,
Trevor Square,
London, S.W.7.

Turntable,
Hammersmith,
W.6.

HMV,
Notting Hill Gate,
W.11.

Cloud 7,
Ealing,
W.5.

Venus,
Victoria,
S.W.1.

Town,
Chelsea,
S.W.10.

Virgin,
Notting Hill,
W.11.

Recordsville,
Victoria,
S.W.1.

Harum Records,
99, High Road,
East Finchley,
London, N.2.

Austins,
153, Kilburn High Road
London N.W.6.

HMV Records,
365, Holloway Road,
London, N.7.

James Asman,
63, Cannon Street,
London, EC4.

Lightning,
Harrow Road,
London N.W.10.

Beggars Banquet,
Hogarth Road,
London S.W.5.

Beggars Banquet,
North End Road,
London S.W.6.

Beggars Banquet,
Ealing,
London, W.5.

Harlequin,
Strutton Ground,
London S.W.1.

Harlequin,
125, Kings Road,
London, S.W.3.

Centaville,
Rye Lane,
Peckham,
London, S.E.15.

City Centre,
St. Johns Road,
London, S.W.11.

Our Price Records
Croydon,
Charing Cross Road,
Finchley Road,

Costless,
126, High Road,
Wood Green,
London N.22.

England (South)

L.H.Cloake
High Street
CROYDON

Langleys
Walton Road
WEST MOLESEY

HMV
Clarence Street
KINGSTON

HMV
High Street
SUTTON

Bonaparte,Records,
101, George Street,
Croydon.

Dehehhams,
Station Road,
Harrow.

Sellanby,
Northolt Road,
South Harrow.

Goodness Records,
Godstone Road,
Caterham,
Surrey.

A. Des,
58, Guildford Street,
Chertsey,
Surrey.

Runnymede Hi-Fi,
High Street,
Egham,
Surrey.

Generation Gap,
823, Wimbourne Road,
Moordown,
Bournemouth

Setchfields Records,
High Street,
Poole.

Brunel News,
Brunel Plaza,
Swindon.

Tape and Record Centre,
Fredrick Place,
Weymouth.

Acorn Records,
3, Glovers Walk,
Yeovil.

T.W. Records,
88, The Broadway,
Bexleyheath,
Kent.

EMI Records and Tapes,
Broadmead,
Bristol.

Virgin Records,
The Haymarket,
Bristol.

EMI Records and Tapes,
Kings Walk,
Gloucester.

Lewis's,
The Haymarket,
Bristol.

Kays,
Stapleton Road,
Bristol.

Revolver Records,
Berkeley Crescent,
Bristol.

Tony's Records,
Princess Victoria St
Bristol.

Virgin Records,
Cornwall Street,
Plymouth.

HMV,
New George Street,
Plymouth.

Lawes Radio,
Rolle Street,
Exmouth,
Devon.

K-Two,
Pentagon Centre,
Chatam.

Longplayer,
St. Peters Street,
Canterbury.

Startrack,
High Street,
Gillingham.

HMV,
Queen Street,
Gravesend.

Spinning Disc,
High Street,
Orpington.

Cheriton Record Centre,
Cheriton Road,
Folkstone.

Stroud Record Centre,
High Street,
Strood.

Bonaparte,
Market Square,
Bromley.

HMV,
Chruchill Square,
Brighton.

Fine Records,
Brighton Square,
Brighton.

Henry's Records,
St. Mary Street,
Southampton.

Jack Hobbs,
High Street,
Eastley.

Lamports Department
Store, Commercial Road,
Portsmouth.

Whitwams,
High Street,
Winchester.

Mardy Gras,
Fawcett Road,
Southsea.

Virgin,
Above Bar,
Southampton.

HMV,
Above Bar,
Southamtpon.

HMV,
Commercial Road,
Portsmouth.

Music Room,
Monson Road,
Tunbridge Wells.

Sunshine Records,
Little Clarendon St
Oxford.

Music Box,
High Street,
Oxford

England (Midlands)

Boots,
38-42, Corporation St.
Coventry.

HMV,
24/25, Hertford Street
Coventry.

W.H. Smith,
62, Hertford Street,
Coventry.

Virgin Records,
11, City Arcade,
Coventry.

W.H. Smith,
Union Street,
Birmingham.

Martins,
46, High Street,
Dudley.

Sounds Around,
King Charles Square,
Swan Centre,
Kidderminster.

W.H. Smith,
High Street,
Stratford-on-Avon.

Graduate Records,
Townsend Square,
Walsall.

Graduate Records,
Union Street,
Dudley.

Disberey,
Bromsgrove Street,
Birmingham.

Wombat Records,
Student Union,
Warwick University,
Coventry,

Comet,
Healey Road,
Selly Oak,
Birmingham.

Berwicks,
Sheep Street,
Rugby.

Chapter Two,
Castle Street,
Hinchley.

Gooses,
Wood Street,
Northampton.

Richards,
Market Street,
Ashby.

Revolver,
Gold Street,
Kettering.

Spinadisc,
Abington Street,
Northampton.

Willys,
The Kiosk,
Hereward Arcade,
Peterborough.

Discovery,
Coventry Road,
Market Harborough.

Abbey,
Market Place,
Burton-on-Trent.

R.E. Cords,
High Street,
Burton-on-Trent.

Sound Experience,
50, Narborough Road,
Leicester.

St, Martins,
7, St. Martins,
Leicester.

Revolver,
59, Market Place,
Leicester.

Mawer & Collingham,
High Street,
Lincoln,
Lincs.

Ainley,
Charles Street,
Leicester.

W.H. Smith,
High Street,
West Bromwich.

Robins Records,
12, Pottergate,
Norwich.

Bayes,
26, Broad Street,
Kings Lynn,
Norfolk.

Goose & Son,
Davey Place,
Norwich,

Morlings,
London Road North,
Lowestoft.

John Menzies,
King Street,
Gt. Yarmouth.

Top Deck,
Market Place,
Norwich.

Boots
Four Seasons Centre
MANSFIELD

Boots
Victoria Centre
NOTTINGHAM

ROXY WC2 - Apr 77)

ALBUM

SHSP 4069
available on cassette

Club devoted itself entirely to new wave music.
to play. This is the album of the club.

Johnny Moped
Eater
X-Ray Spex
Buzzcocks

Pendulum Records
NOTTINGHAM

The Co-op
LONG EATON

Some Kind of Mushroom
New Bould Road
CHESTERFIELD

Brian Selby
NOTTINGHAM

Terry Blood
Federation Road
Burslem
STOKE-ON-TRENT

England (North)

Javelin Records,
Bentley Avenue,
Middleton,
Manchester.

Wynd-up Records,
Sedgley Park,
Prestwich,
Manchester.

Virgin Records,
9, Lever Street,
Manchester.

F & D Cummings,
Sale Road,
Northern Moor,
Manchester.

W.H. Smith,
Arndale Centre,
Manchester,

Black Sedan,
University Precinct,
Oxford Road,
Manchester.

Gordons,
University Precinct,
Oxford Road,
Manchester.

Paperchase,
Exchange Street,
Manchester.

Bradleys,
14, Yorkshire Street,
Rochdale,

Rare Records,
John Dalton Street,
Manchester.

Scene & Heard,
1 /12 Kirkgate,
Leeds.

EMI Record & Tape Centre
9/11, Trinity Street,
Leeds.

Virgin Records,
Queen Victoria Street,
Leeds.

Kennedy's Record Shop,
28, George Street,
Leeds 2.

Music Machine,
23, Albion Place,
Leeds.

Feelgood Records,
39, Goodramgate,
York.

Scene & Heard,
10/11, Grand Arcade,
Leeds.

E.J. Bradley & Co. Ltd.
Fargate,
Sheffield.

Bradley's,
44, Chapel Walk,
Sheffield.

Virgin Records,
137, The Moor,
Sheffield.

Revolution Record Shop,
19, South Gallery,
Exchange Street,
Sheffield 1.

W.H. Smith,
The Broadway,
Bradford 1.

Vallance & Davison,
Market Street,
Bradford.

Thomas Joseph Pearson,
29 Rawson Place,
Bradford.

Virgin Records,
5, Mill Street,
Prospect Centre,
Hull.

Sidney Scarborough,
Undercity Hall,
Hull.

Clevelands,
430/432, Hessle Road,
Hull.

Shakespeare Brothers,
Paragon Station,
Hull.

Scene & Heard,
2, George Square,
Halifax.

E.J. Bradley & Co. Ltd.
22, Market Street,
Halifax.

Tracks,
10-12 Meal House Lane,
Bolton.

Bargin Box,
Greenfield Way,
Wallasey.

Record Village,
133, High Street,
Scunthorpe.

Whitleys,
Bethel Street,
Brighouse.

Sound of Music,
Howard Street,
Rotherham.

Scene & Heard,
3, Queen Street,
Barnsley.

Bradleys,
79, New Street,
Huddersfield.

Harrogate Co-op,
5, Alvert Street,
Harrogate.

Radiovision,
47, King Street,
Bridlington.

Kiosk,
Micklegate House,
Horsefair,
Pontefract.

The Record Shop,
39, Bridge Street,
Castleford.

Rox Records,
Market Street,
Birkenhead.

Yeoman & Russell,
Hawthorn Lane,
Wilmslow.

Sykes,
George Street,
Altingham.

Bradley's Records,
2/4, South Mall,
St. Sepulchre Gate,
Doncaster.

Smiths,
41, Mesnes Street,
Wigan,

W & R Openshaw,
3, Princess Parade,
New Precinct,
Bury.

Malcolm's Musicland,
9, Market Place,
Chorley.

Ear-Ere Records,
Market Hall,
Lancaster.

J.E. Blackshaw Ltd.,
80, Dalton Road,
Barrow-in-Furness.

Virgin Records,
High Eviavs,
Eldon Square,
Newcastle.

Listen Ear Records,
Reilley Place,
Newcastle.

HMV,
Northumberland Street,
Newcastle.

HMV,
High Street West,
Sunderland.

HMV,
Corporation Road,
Middlesborough.

Scotland

Road Runner,
High Street,
Elgin.

Other Record Shop,
224, Union Street,
Aberdeen.

Boots Audio,
133, Union Street,
Aberdeen.

C. Bruce Miller,
George Street,
Aberdeen.

Other Record Shop,
3, Market Brae,
Inverness.

C. Bruce Miller,
2, Queensgate Arcade,
Inverness.

B.G. Forbes,
2, Commercial Street,
Dundee.

Chalman & Joy,
Seagate,
Dundee.

Boots Audio,
Reform Street,
Dundee.

Cathy McCabe,
Reform Street,
Dundee.

Bruce's Record Shop,
33, Reform Street,
Dundee.

A. Muir & Son,
45, Queen Anne Street,
Dunfermline.

Motion Record Shop,
St. Johns Road,
Edinburgh.

Katies Record Bar,
275, Morrison Street,
Edinburgh.

Bruce's Record Shop,
45, Shawdwick Place,
Edinburgh.

Sweet Inspiration,
7, Morrison Street,
Edinburgh.

EMI Record Shop,
St. James Centre,
Edinburgh.

Other Record Shop,
17, St. Mary's Street,
Edinburgh.

Phoenix Records,
Royal Mile High Street,
Edinburgh.

Sound Centre,
South Bridge,
Edinburgh.

Grooves,
Gt. Western Road,
Aberdeen.

Tempo Records,
18, Finkle Street,
Thirsk.

Hot Licks,
Cockburn Street,
Edinburgh.

John Menzies,
107, Princes Street,
Edinburgh

Virgin Records,
18a, Fredrick Street,
Edinburgh.

Elena Mae,
Princes Street,
Edinburgh.

Ard Radio,
Great Junction Street,
Edinburgh.

Orbit,
14, Lumley Street,
Grangemouth.

Orbit,
High Street,
Falkirk.

Speed Records,
4, Parkhouse Street,
Ayr.

Brian Finlay,
Falkirk.

Sounds New,
Port Street,
Stirling.

HMV,
72 Union Street,
Glasgow.

Listen,
Cambridge Street,
Glasgow.

Glorias Record Bar,
Battlefield Road,
Glasgow.

Bruce,
Union Street,
Glasgow.

Listen,
Renfield Street,
Glasgow.

Bloggs,
St. Vincent Street,
Glasgow.

Graffiti,
63, Queen Street,
Glasgow.

Wales

Rainbow Records,
The Precinct,
Pontypridd,
Mid Glamorgan.

Oasis Records,
Llantwit Major,
Mid Glamorgan.

Hot Rocks,
Stow Hill,
Newport,
Gwent.

Virgin,
Union Street,
Swansea.

HARVEST

Marketed by EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

Harvey Goldsmith presents

BOXER · CRAWLER · MOON

HEAT ON THE STREETS

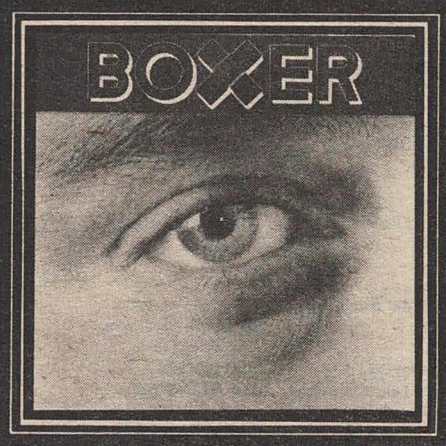
on tour

July

2nd Southend, Kursaal
3rd Bristol, Colston Hall
4th Torquay, Town Hall
5th Hastings, Pier Pavilion
6th Portsmouth, Guild Hall
8th Bridlington Spa, Pavilion
9th Sheffield, City Hall
10th Bradford, St. Georges
11th Manchester, Free Trade Hall
12th Liverpool, Empire

TICKETS £1 ONLY

13th Glasgow, City Hall
14th Aberdeen, Music Hall
15th Edinburgh, Usher Hall
16th Newcastle, City Hall
18th Swansea, Brangwyn Hall
19th Wolverhampton, Civic Hall
20th Hanley, Victoria Hall
21st Leicester, De Montfort Hall
22nd Birmingham, Town Hall
23rd London, Rainbow



Boxer new album 'Absolutely' available soon on EPC 82151
Producer Jeff Glixman

Mike Patto - Lead vocals, Keyboards
Chris Stainton - Keyboard
Tim Bogart - Bass
Adrian Fisher - Lead Guitar
Ed Tuduri - Drums

'Crawler' new album available soon on EPC 82083
Producers Alan Callan & Crawler

Terry Wilson-Slesser - Vocals
Terry Wilson - Bass
Tony Braunagel - Drums
John 'Rabbit' - Guitar
Jeff Whitehorn - Guitar

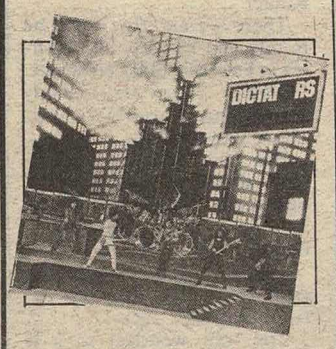
Moon new album 'Turning The Tides' available soon on EPC 82084
Producer Barry Blue

Doug Bainbridge - Alto Sax/Flute
Noel McCalla - Vocals
Loz Netto - Lead Guitar
Graham Collyer - Guitar
Nicky Payn - Saxophone
John Shearer - Drums
Ron Lawrence - Bass

on Epic Records & Tapes

FREE E.P.
(a track from each of the bands' new albums)
IF YOU ARE IN YOUR SEATS BY 7.30pm

PLATTERS



THE DICTATORS
Manifest Destiny
(Asylum)

THIS RECORD puts the sub-human back into Heavy Metal with a cursed attention to mechanistics that is going to make The 'Tators New York's most feared band.

"Manifest Destiny" is just the works, kids. It's funny, it's ultra-fast, it is actually the year's most potent breeze over the realms of culture shock rock, with more brainstorming riffed insanity than this writer has witnessed since the pinnacle of intellectual H.M. that we call "Tyranny And Mutation".

It isn't just that I'm hung up on the Sandy Pearlman and Murray Krugman master plan for total world domination by next Wednesday (though of course I am), merely that hearing is believing is knowing. The Dictators must, by definition, rule.

For people who like to think about the metaphysical properties of ruining cerebal jelly, then this is for you. I put my boot through my Stooges and MC5 records when I plugged in this one because second best is not enough. The last time The Dictators set foot in the studio the, and Messrs Memphis Sam Pearlman and Murray 'the Y' Krugman, the world's most fanatical tag team production, only succeeded in hinting at the mayhem to come.

Frankly, "Manifest Destiny" makes "Go Girl Crazy" hugely irrelevant. This time they got it absolutely right.

Rather than concentrate on an outre cabaret trip whereby the pastiche element sucked them into sacrificing their own heavy duty offerings for the sake of laughs, Andy Sherhoft and his crew have goosestepped into the more serious twilight zone of original menace.

Given time they might even take on the pioneers of planet collision psychedelia, Blue Oyster Cult, and score equal marks on the Richter scale; God knows they've busted the needle with aplomb and deserve to be immensely famous.

It needs to be said that Pearlman's Cult technique is in operation here. The cover harks back to the "On Your Feet" opus and the harmonics exist within the same stratosphere as Buck's boys.

Handsome Dick Manitoba and The Dictators may not be as sophisticated with the imagery, but musically they both tread that lion's cage where dementia is executed with brilliance. Not surprising that this echoes the Diz Busters either, they're all stable mates, tour sharers and dream of getting that call from Jerry Garcia.

The difference is that The Dictators are intrinsically East Coast while BOC flit from 'Frisco to New York and keep the listener guessing. Songwriter Andy Shernoff bombs down the main drag, satirising rock excess and utilising all available material for his lyrical fantasies. His style has put much of the Big Apple new wave on their guard.

Ross 'The Boss' Funichello is the hottest new guitarist on the scene bar none. His sense of construction and his empathy with the dynamics of soloing cut the competition to shreds. Alongside him Scott 'Top Ten' Kempner bristles fire, motivating his rhythm guitar with the propellent force of a Saturn launch.

Sherhoff himself is a texture merchant, massive keyboard experimentation which keeps one paw on the melodies while Ross astounds. Stage right, ex-car mechanic Mark 'The Animal' Mendoza' bam bams his bass across yer skull. He looks like Eric Bloom's big brother and when he walks through the village, people scurry for cover.

New drummer Ritchie Teeter switches from panel beating to soft touch cymbals and vocalises on cue. Like Albert Bouchard he can sing and play drums at the same time. Can you do that?

But out front The Dictators have 1977's deadly weapon, the incorrigible Handsome Dick Manitoba, a man who doesn't know the meaning of outrage, he defines overkill. On paper they had it all. "Go Girl Crazy", despite the hilarious cover, kinda blew it. So no more mistakes.

"Exposed" unveils the promise in trumps. Pocket wonder Ross steals away from the tune with a sonic bridge that recalls Dharma hisself. Superb vocal arrangement by Shernoff jerks off standard love schtick rubbish like

"I've been deceived by a girl who was close to me/I'm on my knees cause I don't think I'll get a reprieve/They'll tell my wife, then I wouldn't bet a nickel on my life".

Not even Richard and the Young Lions could offer up a song of such overwhelming corn and make you choke to death in lustful acquiescence.

Inverted sex rears its head again on "Heartache", a lambasting lament taken at manic speed courtesy of Funichello's exacting lead break. It's a stunning balance of double guitar backdrop and petulant drumming from Teeter and hovers on the brink of early volume saturation until they redress the danger of giving away too much too soon by sliding into Shernoff's classic dirge "Sleepin' With The T.V. On", an opportunity for Teeter to show off his range and timbre.

This is very Pearlman, very Meltzer. A lifetime watching old William Powell, Myrna Loy movies inspired this Thin Man ditty and it certainly does justice to the subject matter, utilising a beautiful melody offset by restrained middle eight picking.

Manitoba makes his first appearance on side one's *piece de resistance,* a six minute sickie called "Disease". Shernoff and Handsome combine with horrific results. Seems like the victim has come to regret a flirtation with a chick carrying a hideous form of mutated syphilis and turned into a monster akin to the Incredible Hulk, sprouting scales and worse.

The pacing reminds me of "Anarchy In The UK" and suggests that the Pistols might made a better living if they developed a sense of humour.

The song has all the energy and nastiness of the best punks in rock'n'roll history except that you can hear the words. Funichello's guitar vomits out the remains with cacaphonic intensity, like someone taking the plug out of a sewage farm.

Part of the reason why "Manifest Destiny" hangs together like it does is that Shernoff's material, apart from its obvious quality, has a single minded attention to subtle progression that the plethora of new American metal league outfits never manage.

The more endearing punksters go the other extreme of keeping everything short and fast, which may be more welcome than indulgent suites and banks of hardware, but is equally limiting.

Side two builds you up to the crunch. "Hey Boys" packs in the high school cliques, although an expertly crafted work. You can take it on any level, snicker knowingly or shed a cynical tear into a sopping handkerchief.

Surprisingly, there are no Richard Meltzer songs included, neither "Tits To You" or "Tender Was The Night" got in but he may have a hand here. His influence is detectable on lines like: *"So pass the beer while I shed a tear/My heart was tossed again"* Shernoff and Teeter simulate a lovely Beatlesque ending, soaring harmonies and neat presise chords.

"Steppin' Out" is the album's potential single, a dynamite cruiser with The Boss delivering four (count 'em) simultaneous solos as in "Harvester Of Eyes" before leading off into a mammoth overdrive assault on "Science Gone Too Far!".

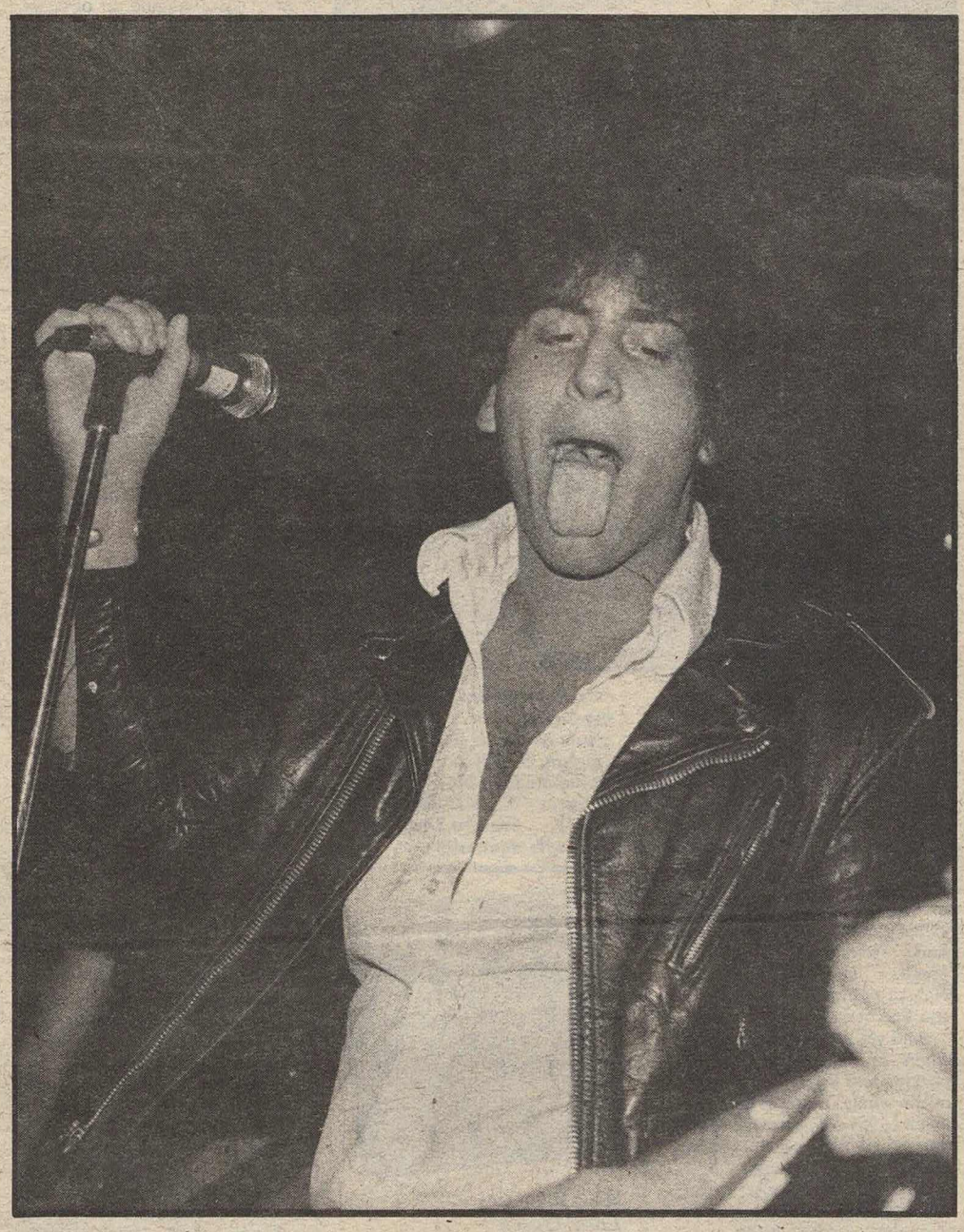
Things start getting a little damaged here. Manitoba lurches back to the mike to spout forth on the dangers of insane professors concocting devious experiments with rock-'n'roll victims.

They sequence into "Young, Fast, Scientific" with the force of a nuclear head coming for your stomach, Mendoza's bass runs regurgitate the message, high supertuning and a crescendo of Funichello and Kempner in locked combat, trading riffs that ooze Newpaltz muscle power.

The album closes with a rendition (recorded live) of the Ig's "Search And Destroy"—a fitting finale seeing as how the opening line sums up the Tators' *raison d'etre.* Look out honey, they're using technology. Judy Blue Eyes will love it. Besides anyone who can tackle a Stooges number and make a monkey out of James Williamson can't be all bad.

Lester Bangs reckons Pearlman and Krugman have never produced a decent record. Actually I make this their tenth chestnut in a row. Metal Mike Saunders was right though. We've got to get off that doom thing for a bit before rock-'n'roll disappears up its own ass. Stop moaning you scumbags and buy this record! Your manifest destiny is at stake. God bless The Dictators and all they stand for.

Max Bell



Rare shot of HANDSOME DICK'S tongue. Pic JOE STEVENS

Handsome Dick makes world redundant

STEVE WINWOOD
Steve Winwood (Island)

IN THE three years since Traffic's swansong "When The Eagle Flies", Steve Winwood has only featured prominently on one album, Stomu Yamashta's "Go."

The sabbatical is over. "Steve Winwood" is a dependable and, you suspect, durable set of songs. It offers few if any surprises, nonetheless catches Winwood in typically commanding form.

Like Van Morrison, Winwood has succinctly harnessed black vocal styles to white rock. His phrasing and pitching still acknowledge their debt to Sixties rhythm and blues, soul and jazz as they run the length and breadth of an extensive emotional range.

Winwood remains underrated — not as a soloist but as a chordal player. His finely turned chords on piano and guitar carry at least as much weight as his breaks.

The album opens unassumingly with "Hold On", a cautious ebb and flow swayed by Winwood's electric piano. It's another of his compact, direct melodies, in the vein of "Something New" off "Eagle."

However "Hold On" immediately reveals what might be a tactical error on Windwood's part in recruiting bassist Willie Weeks and drummer Andy Newmark for four of the album's six songs.

The pair have logged up innumerable credits, including Bowie's "Young Americans." They're essentially *reliable* and as such conform to Winwood's customary back-up requirements.

Here they often display an alarming lack of commitment. Their offhand stomp through "Hold On" damn near cuts the ground from under Winwood, especially his sharp solos on mini-Moog and guitar. You can predict Newmark's every inflection.

"Time Is Running Out", a potentially raging hunk of funk with crisp rhythm guitar and clavinet fills from Winwood, stumbles for similar reasons. Whither Rosko Gee's taut, elastic bass or Jim Capaldi's precision?

Meanwhile Winwood struggles bravely with the crabbed awkwardness of Capaldi's lyric; he deserves much better than *"Business men . . . frown / everybody does their best to put them down / it seems to me they've got something going / if you don't make the effort you've got no way of knowing / that time is running out."*

"Time" almost crumples as Capaldi and one Nicole lay the heavy (*maann*) verbiage over its central riff: *"Mother Nature's on the run / everybody's got a gun / soldiers in the street / giving off a lotta heat".* And so on — not so much futureshock as unforgiveable hipjive.

Winwood saves the day with his stirring call and response to this inane chorus and eerie synthesiser backdrop.

Capaldi's lyrics for "Luck's In" and "Let Me Make Something In Your Life" are merely forgettable, automatic writing and rhyming. Small matter though.

"Luck's In" loops from neat latin intro through brisk song section and back to latin instrumental outro. Always the consummate eclectic and "blender", Winwood carves a fiery guitar break over Reebop's congas, these more or less compensating for the rhythm axis' continued lethargy.

"Let Me Make Something" is the album's "(Sometimes I Feel So) Uninspired", a poignant ballad. Winwood's keening vocal and terse guitar second the emotion.

So far, so incompletely excellent. "Vacant Chair" resolves the rhythmic fix, thanks to the enthusiastic spark of bassist Alan Spenner and drummer John Susswell, both late of Kokomo. Junior Marvin, on loan from The Wailers, adds guitar.

"Chair" just rolls, undulates through a heady chorus, benefits greatly from Viv Stanshall's curious lyric about the Western world's obsession with death and grief for the dear departed.

Which leaves the centrepiece. "Midland Maniac" is all Winwood's work — music, words and playing. Its complete success makes you wish he'd made the whole album by himself.

Structurally similar to "Roll Right Stones" from Traffic's "Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory", "Maniac" somehow recaptures the elusive yearning of "No Time To Live" from the earlier "Traffic."

An intimate, serene song, it unfolds leisurely. Winwood layers acoustic and electric guitars, organ and piano yet avoids any clutter. His own bass and drums are more than adequate.

A deceptively understated and thoroughly masterful achievement. If only the other material matched its intensity and conviction.

Although flawed, "Steve Winwood" is a propitious return. Winwood's overwhelming presence outweighs the album's weaknesses, brushes away the vague sense of disappointment born of high expectations.

Angus MacKinnon.

A bluer shade of whale

DEEP VOICES
The Second Whale Record (Capitol)

Entry from Captain Nemo's Log Book, 21st June, 1897:
AT LAST! I have captured on my phonograph machine the songs of the mightiest creature on earth! The whale!

Though *The Nautilus* has for long possessed the necessary hydrophonic equipment to allow me to listen to the profound and haunting melodies of the titans of the deep, yet until now I could only eavesdrop while crouched in the tiny for'ard laboratory in the bow, my head pinioned between my earset, my skull reverberating to those tremendous vibrations.

Now I have transferred the whale songs to wax cylinder, henceforth I may experience the awesome and cavernous symphonies of the Blue Whale, the vast concertos of the Right Whale, or the thrilling overtures of the White Whale, as I recline in my study after dinner with a port and cigar. The better to ponder this awesome music!

Words are unable to convey the might of the whale's songs, just as the human mind cannot fathom their intricacy and purpose. For who can doubt the existance of beauty and intelligence in their mournful messages?

Indeed, my own dissection of a sperm whale which we came across while rounding Tierra Del Fuego, riddled with harpoons and not yet fallen prey to the sharks, has determined its brain to be six times the size of *Homo Sapiens*. That themes and thoughts of unimaginable complexity and profundity play in that giant brain seems, to me at least, a certainty.

And yet there is a profound sadness to their music, as if they know that their race is doomed to extinction at the bloody hands of the impious ape man, who harries these leviathans to their doom so that idle society woman may nip in her waist with their bones and rouge her foolish cheeks with oil.

Already the fools who clatter above me in their primitive steamships and ironclads confuse with their threshing engines the whales' vibrations — which I believe may travel across whole oceans — a theory shared by good Dr. Kotzwinkle of the United States — and remain ignorant of their celestial music.

Is it into the hands of such barbarians that I must deliver the secrets of *The Nautilus* and my awesome knowledge?

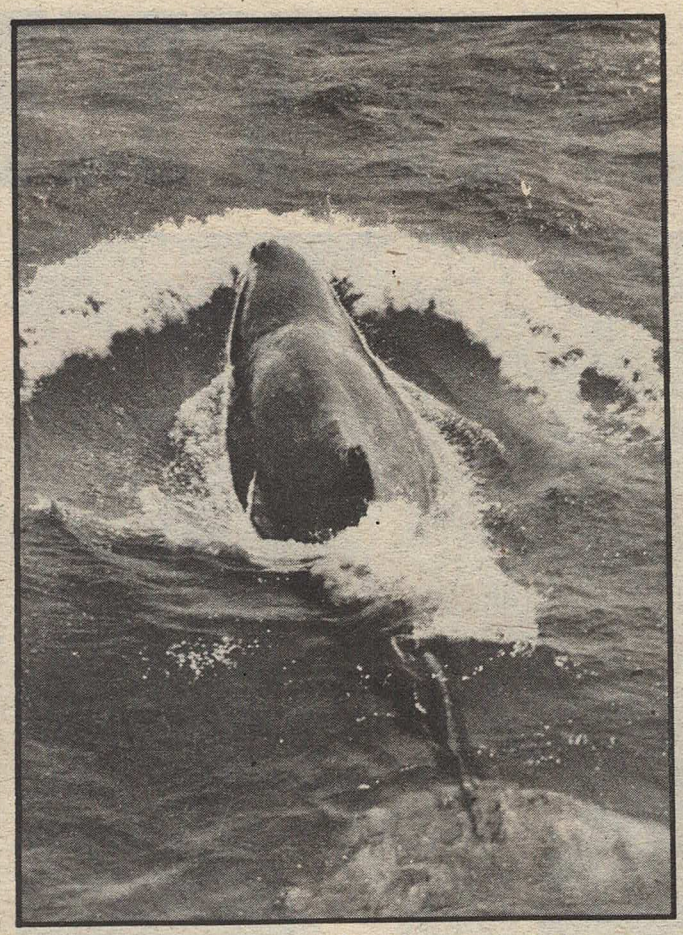
Never!

For I foresee that Science will soon enough learn of the energy locked in the very fabric of the matter, the power of the sun itself that I have called Atomic. Would that the tame scientists and their greedy masters respected Nature as much as they seek to use her body.

And yet I also foresee a time when a man will sit in his parlour and listen to the songs of the whale, much as he might listen to his wife play the latest music hall ditty on the piano. A confounding vision!

But hark, the Deep Voices call once more. Listen now to their dark secrets, listen...

Captain Nemo.



"I'm so bored with the Whaling Commission . . ." A sperm whale spouts his shout off Durban, S. Africa. (Pic courtesy of the Institute of Ocean Sciences / World Wild Life Fund) . . . See also Thrills for the unpleasant stuff . . .

HEART
Little Queen (Portrait)

FOR A bunch of fashion models, Heart play convincing heavyweight hard rock.

The Wilson sisters and their band crank up enough energy at times to melt the glue on your eyelashes, make your hair-piece stand on end, blow the caps off your teeth, peel the paint from your toe-nails, and fry the Chanel behind your ears.

No matter that some of their music sounds a little off the peg. On some tracks, the shape of their foundation garments is apparent through the thin, heaving silk.

"Barracuda", the opening track, clearly owes its abrasive bass riff to Nazareth's version of "This Flight Tonight", but Ann Wilson's tough vocal freshens it up better than a dab of cologne.

"Dream Of The Archer" is almost a straight lift from Led Zep's "The Battle Of Evermore". Similiar mythical nonsense in the lyrics, same primeval atmosphere created through swirling electrons and scraping mandolins.

Ann Wilson even sounds somewhat like Sandy Denny, who duetted with Mr. Plant on the original. Only the melody has been tinkered with to protect the innocent.

The least likely source of inspiration for these ladies is surely Cat Stevens. But with "Say Hello", tucked away on side two, they've written the perfect Stevens song. Howard Leese plays more mandolin on this track, makes it sound like a bouzouki at a booze-up.

The rest of the album, though, is somewhat more self-reliant. The title cut is a ferocious, strutting rocker that deserves to become a highlight on stage.

"Kick It Out" is high-grade booogie. The sort of thing that Suzi Quatro strives for, sometimes achieves.

Among the most impressive songs on the set are, paradoxically, some of the slower ones. "Treat Me Well", written snd performed by Nancy Wilson, yearns nicely, without being mawkish.

"Love Alive" builds with alarming force, thanks to some muscular drum work from Michael Derosier. "Cry to Me" has a languid air of desperation.

All in all, it's no great surprise that "Little Queen" is moving up the American charts at a healthy pace; there's no reason why it shouldn't do the same here.

Bob Edmands

HELEN REDDY
Ear Candy (Capitol)

YOU KNOW Helen Reddy — that angular Australian with the mousy boy's haircut, flat chest, thin lips and gritty physical appeal? She's got a new album out and there's some odd things about it.

First odd thing: there's someone else's picture on the cover, some boring, squinky-sophisticated woman with dark, sculptured hair, shaped lips and eyebrows, shaded cheeks and . . . Hold on, I've just realised that's Helen Reddy underneath all the mascara and eyebrow pencil and lipstick and all-purpose facial crap. It's a sad sight, but I guess it matches the noxious lavender pink colour of the sleeve she's sitting on.

Second odd thing: this album was produced by Kim Fowley. You know Kim Fowley — "Nut Rocker" and all that. All what? All that weird stuff like well, he once wrote a song for REO Speedwagon. And Helen Reddy. He's a cult figure. Produced The Runaways' first album. A genius.

So it must be good.

Reviewed last week in *Sounds*.

By one of its more recently acquired writers (but just as desperate a name-dropper as most of the rest), "Ear Candy" was labelled "the most perfectly formed manifestation of California consciousness yet heard", and one track was even compared to John Cale's "Endless Plain Of Fortune".

I guess Kim Fowley must have that effect on people.

For the person who produced "The Runaways" this is surprisingly good, in fact — though it's no more than you'd expect of a singer of Reddy's status. After all, there's really only her and Karen Carpenter keeping the white female pop singer's image alive since Dusty Springfield's last release ("Cameo" way back in 1973).

For what it's worth, this is one of the best albums of its kind to come my way since "Cameo". But then, I don't have any other Helen Reddy albums. She's always impressed me, and I don't imagine this one is very different from the others.

The album's greatest asset is Reddy's inexplicable vocal magic — that dry Aussie accent and oddly matter-of-fact tone have an appeal that is as baffling as it is constant.

The material is superficially wide-ranging — "You're My World" done pretty similar to Cilla Black's (which wasn't a big hit Stateside, so the song's probably fresher to American ears); the close-harmony '50s trash style single, "Long Distance Love", written by one Becky Hobbs; pleasant ballads by Stephen Bishop ("One More Night") and Stevie Wonder ("If It's Magic"); a token fiddle-sawing yeehaw Cajun stomp called "Laissez Les Bontemps Rouler".

There are also five works by Reddy and Fowley, all featuring at least one other co-writer. Of these, three are amiably ingratiating, several classes above Guys'n'Dolls.

But none of them are any more than just good pop. It's okay, but nothing to cream your jeans about. She could do better.

The supposed Fowley influence comes into play on the remaining two tracks.

The, uh, weirdest song is "Baby I'm A Star". Reddy sneers smugly about being a star — a stance whose spitting-at-the-audience offensiveness would probably work better on a straight Helen Reddy platform than it does here, ensnared in Kim Fowley's novice-like psychedelia. What could have been a real affront just sounds childish.

Finally "The Happy Girls" is a twist on "You Always Hurt The One You Love" - *"Lonely women of the world were the happy girls"*. It's a slow song with nice hints of Beatles acid recorder music floating around.

Despite the inconsequential material, none of it comes across as filler. The entire album is impressively crafted and excellently played, the trees tending to disguise the insubstantiality of the wood. High class candyfloss, but no hint of passion, commitment, emotion, no soul.

You know Kim Fowley. Worked with everyone from Zappa to The Hollywood Argylls. Did that fantastic Helen Reddy album — well, I never really got into it, but one review I read said it was "the vindication of Western culture".

So he must be a genius. He even managed to hide her pointed nose.

Phil McNeill

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett (Extracked)

HAVING BEEN blown out by Track Records, (but not until Pete Townshend had produced some tracks for them), Otway & Barrett named their record label "Extracked" and proceeded to release an album including the four Townshend-produced tracks amongst its eleven.

Rumour has it that Polydor are now interested in/have signed the duo. I can't really imagine why either company bothered in the first place.

Never having seen Otway & Barrett live — they seem to be forever gigging down south, rarely (if ever) taking the plunge and exploring north of Watford — perhaps I'm not in the best position to criticise them.

Still, outside of a live context, all the material is weak and flaccid, the production — be it by Barrett, Townshend or Barron Anthony — is about as thin as consomme and half as appealing, and any instrumental skills not obliterated by the production are at most unexceptional.

The only non-Otway or Otway/Barrett song on the album, Bob Lind's "Cheryl's Going Home", has a pleasant train-like rhythm, but is spoilt by Otway's voice, a falsely-emotive croak of an instrument, rather like an absurd Buddy Holly imitation.

I mean, I'm quite partial to a curious voice, but only when it's used carefully, the way that David Ackles and Ed Askew used theirs, for instance; Otway seems to have about as much control over his voice as EMI had over the Pistols.

This album's only importance is as an example of how an average talent (or talents) can be overrated by mere proximity to the capital. London obviously has more than its fair share of cloth-ears.

Tragic.

(Extracked Records may be obtained from 6 Ash Grove, Aylesbury, Bucks. HP21 7PU).

Andy Gill

DID YOU KNOW . . .

. . . that Humpback whales sing a different song each year? Be the first one in your tank to latch onto the Cetacean New Wave! (Blubber blubber hey?)

ROD ARGENT
'GYMNOPÉDIES NO.1'
& 'LIGHT FANTASTIC'
MCA 294
"Irresistible and enchanting. A hit"
– MELODY MAKER
HURRY! First 10,000 copies Supplied in full colour bags
MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pulteney Street, London W.1.

OUT NOW
THE SAINTS
E.P. OUT JULY 26
IMPORTANT NOTICE
Due to an administrative error, this Limited Edition 12" Pressing of the Saints' 'This Perfect Day' c/w 'L-I-E-S' single contains a third, additional title not available on the normal 7" pressing. Due to the pressure of rush-release commitments, EMI Records Ltd. has been unable to re-press this edition and has decided to issue it in this form. The additional title, 'Do The Robot', has consequently been withdrawn from future release consideration and will now be available only on this 12" pressing.

LIMITED EDITION 12" PRESSING
12,000 COPIES!!!

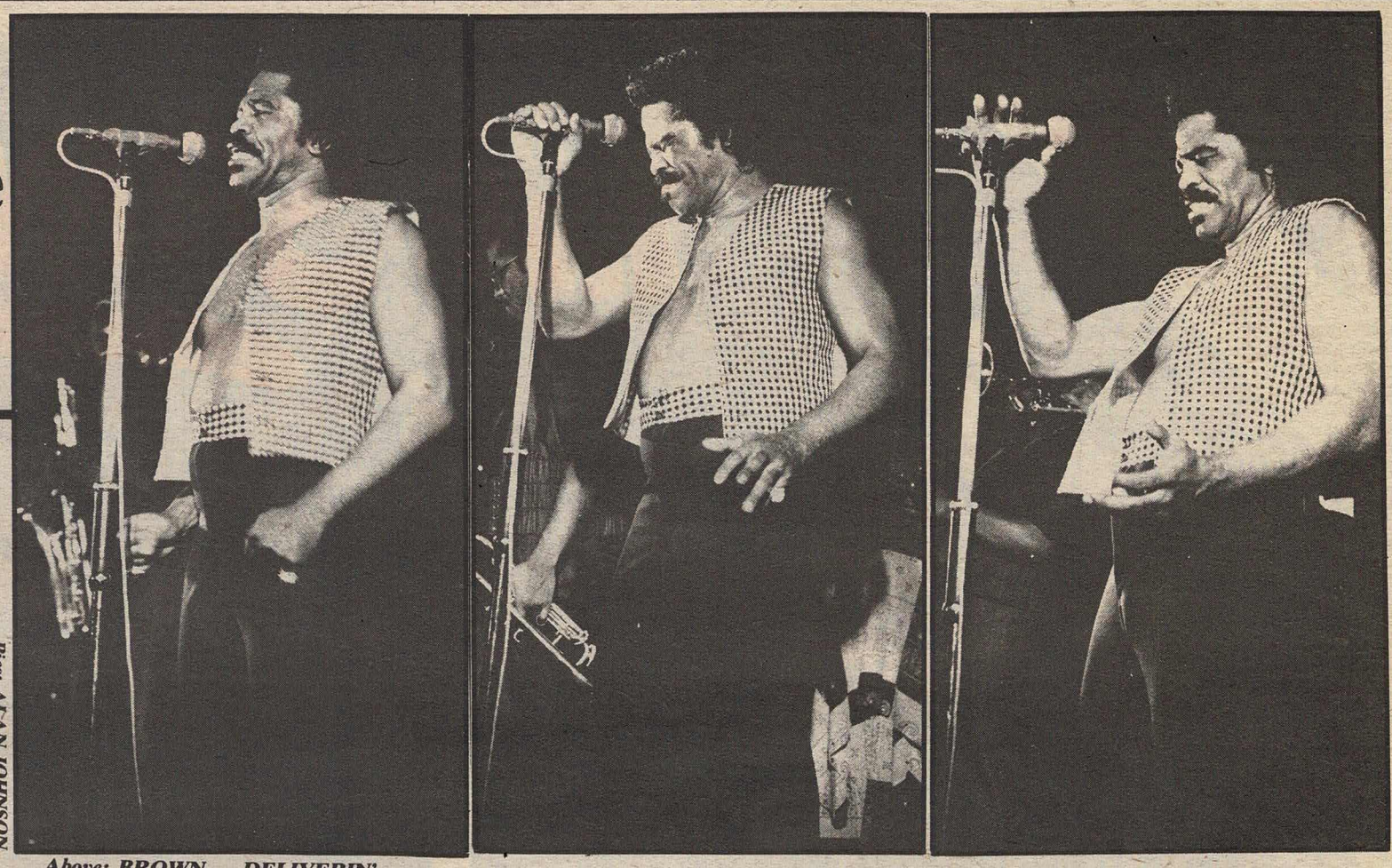
'THIS PERFECT DAY'
C/W
'L-I-E-S'

R.R.P. 70p

ON TOUR: JB Club, Dudley, 2nd July Electric Circus, Manchester, 3rd July Outlook Club, Doncaster, 4th July
Rebeccas, Birmingham, 7th July Erics, Liverpool, 9th July Tiffanys, Edinburgh, 11th July Marquee, London, 13th July.

HAR 5130 HARVEST

Now let's see. Where did this all begin?



Pics: ALAN JOHNSON

Above: BROWN — DELIVERIN'

JAMES BROWN
Solid Gold (Polydor)
ONE! TWO! THREE! HUNNGHHHHH!!!!
James Brown's been making records for twenty-one years aaahhhhhhh hot pants!!! — a fact celebrated by this superbaaad double album.

"30 Golden Hits / 21 Golden Years" proclaims the sleeve. Through the rise and fall of Stax records and Sly Stone and other soul trendsetters, James Brown's been out in front, alternately (and simultaneously) awsome and absurd, inspired and cliched, exhilarating and frustrating.

Time telescopes as the album gets closer and closer to 1977 (but then doesn't everything): the first side covers the period 1956-1966, the second side goes 1966-1970, the third 1970-1974 and the fourth 1974-1976. Since the earliest phase of Brown's career is the least familiar to me, I would've dug to hear those first ten years more fully represented.

See, what those early sides ram home is that all the various spiels about J.B. in his multifarious guises as Prime spokesman For Black America, Hardest Working Man In Show-Biz, Ace Organiser Of Killer Rydims, Master Of The Splits and Funky Pirouette Artist Supreme, Soul Brother Number One, Minister Of the New New Super Heavy Funk and Mr Superbad. All the rest obscure the simple, basic reality that Brown was/is/ever shall be (whatever) a screamin' night hog of a bleedin' great singer.

Brown does most of his *singing* (in the semi-orthodox sense of the word) on the first side, starting out with "Please Please Please" and "Try Me (I Need You)" in which JB transforms mid-to-late-'50s doowop song-situations into extraordinary soul/blues forays, rampaging straight through all the cool distancing devices to break down the barriers and get right through to the listener.

You'd have to be seriously comatose and a bleeding imbecile into the bargain not to realise that you're in the presence of something / someone extra special.

The side roars through clean, tight and raucously energetic showpieces of good-time screwed-down dance classics like "Good Good Lovin'", "I'll Go Crazy", "Night Train", "I Got You (I Feel Good)", "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" and the Ultimo Coup De Grace of "It's A Man's Man's Man's World", with Brown singing his ass off. Throughout.

"Man's Man's Man's World" is as flat-out impassioned and emotionally obsessive a piece of vocalising as anybody in rock or any of its related fields has ever laid down. In front of a string arrangement that would seem absurdly overheated and melodramatic on anybody else's record, Brown turns himself inside out and sings from places in his body and soul that most people don't even know they have. Or maybe they don't have at all.

From there on in it's a dizzying sequence of ever more lunatic riffing, weird-ass grunts and interjections and enough rhythmic whip-cracking to keep even the most frenetic dance-floor acrobats working out for the duration of the three remaining sides. After a while it all tends to blur into one extended groove-in with only the odd masterpiece like "Cold Sweat", "Say It Loud I'm Black and I'm Proud", "(Get Up I Feel Like Being A) Sex Machine", "Superbad", "Soul Power", "Hot Pants", "Make It Funky", "Get On The Hot Foot" and "Get Up Offa That Thing" standing out.

If anything, it reinforces the accuracy of Franklin Ajaye's brilliant parody of J.B. on "Don't Smoke Dope, Fry Your Hair": "James Brown, he kill me, boy. He put out a record be nuthin' but grunts then he say 'Hit me' on the B-side and call it 'Instrumental' . . . then he attach a lyric sheet."

What the funk, James Brown is still ahead of the game and if you don't have a any of his other records then his collection is enuf to be going on with, specially as it comes with a lulu of a liner note by Barry White's little brother Cliff.

Personally I'd've like to have heard a bit more of Brown's first decade and a few less gruntcake workouts but nevertheless . . GOTTA HAVE IT ! ! ! ! HUNNNGNHHHH ! ! ! !

Charles Shaar Murray

THE NEW YORK LOFT JAZZ SESSIONS
Wildflowers Vols. 1-5 (Douglas)
ONE OF the more lasting results of black political consciousness in the '60s was the self-reliance programme.

Jazzmen like Ornette Coleman, Sam Rivers, Rashied Ali and Joe Lee Wilson set up their own workshops in the Soho area of downtown Manhattan, far from the ear of commerce, and devoted themselves to the untrammelled exploration of improvised music.

Not surprisingly, most of America's best jazz and hippest audiences can be found along that stretch of converted warehouses that flanks the Bowery: wildflowers indeed.

This five-album set was recorded over a week at Studio Rivbea, Sam Rivers' place, and gives a pretty comprehensive idea of the range and standard of playing from the Sonic Colony.

The current challengers, tenorman David Murray, the trio Air and the Hamiet Bluiett band, are represented, though Murray's two and a half minutes hardly shows what all the noise is about — try "Low Class Conspiracy" on Adelphi for the authentic Aylerish impact.

"USO Dance" by Air — altoist Henry Threadgill, THE bassist Fred Hopkins, drummer Steve McCall — buttonholes from the off, with Hopkins snarling line hauling out a hawser for the tightrope constructions of Threadgill, a player of considered brilliance.

A Japanese album is in the works — them hip nips — so with distribution the way it is, cop this performance to tide you over: Volume One.

Bluiett's "Tranquil Beauty" opens with a bluesy interplay between his clarinet, Olu Dara's trumpet and ex-Tyner bassist Juney Booth's walking line. The tension and tonalities and emotional sincerity make what's basically a rootie old number come across like the brink of discovery.

St. Louis wave innovators like Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake get generous exposure, Hemphill's "Pensive" floating his lyrical alto over the pizzicatto cello of Abdul Wadud — images of punting and drowsy afternoons, Lake's "Zaki" all tigerish lunges and abrupt rests.

Both altoists use the great AACM drummer, Phillip Wilson, ex-Art Ensemble, ex-Butterfield Blues Band, and currently legend-in-residence around the lofts. Guitarist Michael Jackson, a pretty player with strange Tibetan overtones, appears as sideman and leader with Oliver Lake, fronting a performance of "Clarity" which he has subsequently recorded at greater length for Bija Records.

Ex-or-current Cecil Taylorites Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons and Sunny Murray display monogrammed class, Lyons in particular able to show and unfamiliar side away from the old unrelenter.

Cyrille's band, Maono, features Taylor's current tenorman, David Ware, and trumpeter Ted Daniel, and follows a question-and-answer pattern over the leader's driving-seat drums. "Short Short" also boasts a masterly drum solo which triggers collision course tunnelling from the horns.

Andrew Cyrille's recent albums on the IPS label, "Celebration" and "Junction", are available from P.O. Box 329 Lincolnton Station, New York, N.Y.10037, and give convincing testimony to his fitness for leadership.

Drummer Sunny Murray, hardly overexposed in recent years, heads The Untouchable Factor, a group including David Murray and the veteran altoist, Byard Lancaster, on an eerily plaintive version of Harold Arlen's "Over The Rainbow": 'I'm a kinda boot-camp for these young players' Sunny told me, explaining the choice of tune.

The 17 minute "Something's Cookin' " from Volume 5 is more typically Murray, with the line moaning over rushes and rests from the trap set.

Chicagoans Anthony Braxton, Leo Smith and Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre take fine, compact outings, but Roscoe Mitchell's

Got no pride on the flat foot hustle

LEROY SMART
Superstar (Third World)
GET SMART! — it's a ballistic affair, tell you my brothers and sisters!

It's taken seven years' semi-obscure strife for this debut LP from Leroy Smart to reach your record racks. Hardly surprising, then, that "Superstar" should deal a dominant theme of protracted endeavour — it's the singer's single recurrent cry . . .

Seven years is how long Leroy's been working the downtown Kingston recording scene. It's as much as any Jamaican act must endure for recognition; and considerably more kudos than the majority will ever achieve. Such is the expectation of a career in reggae.

In this period, Smart has issued an even sequence of sides, royally maintaining a superior-quality output. As such, his music has always been revered by sound-system sponsorship, and achieved the acclaim of its rebel-idren attendees.

By the beginning of the year, he had released a total twenty-three titles, for twelve different producers: many of which enjoyed strong local success. Nevertheless, Smart's genius never seemed to demand an album's duration.

Such is the expectation of a r in reggae! 'Flat-foot dling,' coined Dillinger recently — an evocation of the frantic scramble consistent with downtown Kingston's redoubtable music circuit.

Flat-foot hustling connoting regular activity for the majority of hopefuls and hasbeens' day-to-day dawdle along King Street and North Parade. Else, a sad recompense of exchanged dreams with compatriot idren on Idler's Rest. Such the expectation . . .

Leroy got lucky! Currently, he's front-running the JA popularity stakes: the hottest act a-yard.

Last year, he came forward with "Ballistic Affair" (UK-Island). Contrasting strife-wracked modern Jamaica with the balmier climate and camaraderie of his youth, Smart recalled: *"We used to lick chalice, cook ital stew together; play football and cricket as one brother . . ."*

A nostalgic plaint, the lyric evoked instant response — and was *the* JA summer hit! Since when, Leroy hasn't looked back.

Well, hardly . . . Discounting that "Superstar" is mostly reworked territory, material-wise, it seems likely that Mr. Smart's flat-foot hustle is of historic existence. Right now, the bretheren's strictly a high-steppin' dreadee in this man's town.

Early Spring, he conquered Britain. Facing audiences of traditional impassivity, he mashed-up the UK during his first visit here; stood the bewildered scene on its head, and shook it some.

Ever since, Mr. Smart has been a fixation of local *labrish* loquacity. His whimsical — to say the least — behaviour an indefatigable topic of conversation and, natch, controversy . . .

He fully justifies the accolade of the LP title. Eyes glinting behind gold-frame welding shades; flashing a 22-carat gold-capped grin; Mr. Smart certainly emulates his name. He sports chunky gold rings per finger; a gold necklace, gleaming an array of gold trinkets; a solid-gold identity band on one wrist, and a timepiece of similar metal t'other.

In addition, he struts the keenest, most dazzling, sharpest-creased bandalou-style strides *of all time.* **Not to mention . . . diamond socks . . . and brand new leopard-skin homburg hat . . .**

"Hey, hey people my name is Mister Smart; some of the girls say, 'I'm a man with a great heart. Everywhere I go, I gotta put on a show to let you all know — I am Mister Smart."

Nowadays, Leroy reserves his hustling hours jetting between London, New York and Kingston — hanging-out, looking good, and sidling the good-lookingest dolls in circulation. Flaunting like Jack the Lad, Mr. Smart's swiftly built a rep that mayn't be too conducive to his good health.

Many a swell-head has come swaggering the reggae scene before; but I-man cannot remember anyone creating as much enmity — in so brief an emergence — as the startling Mr. Smart.

As to his muse . . .

Like I said, "Superstar" is mostly a Striker Lee recut session. Of the ten tracks, only four are new originals; and — "Bad Minded People" excepted — these prove the set's least interesting moments.

Prime cut is "Shame And

Cock Sparra
pronounced Cock Sparra Got it?

"Chant", an endlessly repeated fanfare over a flarepath of rhythm from Jerome Cooper and Don Moye, somehow fails to mesmerize and one comes to the excellent middle and final sections with a jaded sensibility.

Most punters won't be able to afford the set, but Volumes One and Four contain arguably more highlights than the others, so get the breadknife in the piggy bank. Interviews with Sunny Murray, Julius Hemphill, Phillip Wilson, Don Pullen and David Murray will be appearing on the Jazz Page, book now to avoid disappointment.

Brian Case

VARIOUS
Live At The Roxy (EMI)

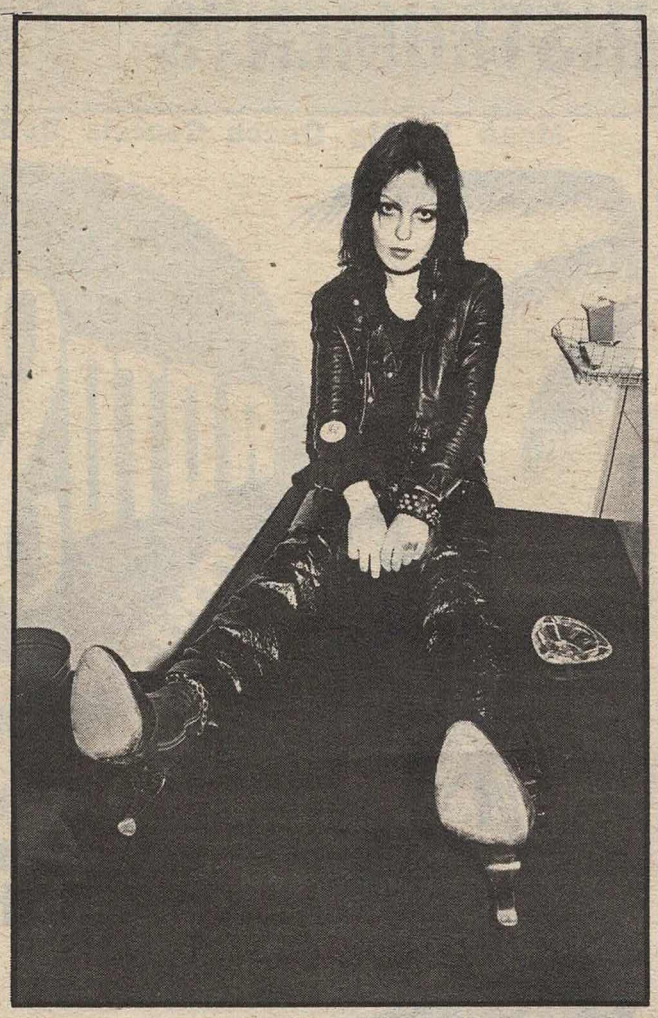
REMEMBER THE Roxy? Rising in that cramped cage of the Covent Garden subway lift, down Neal Street and inside to the uneasy camaraderie of that splintered scene?

The cast was Mark P, Sue Catwoman, Leee Black Childers and Suzy Funnyhair. The soundtrack was The Adverts, Eater and The Damned. The drinks were expensive and the ambience was nasty.

We were being bored for posterity; the Roxy was bugged from head to toe. The chit-chat from this sunken hideaway which links these tracks could have come from a playground, dispelling the myths of Roxy regulars as Nazis with a needle in their arm and a tube up their nose.

"Good evening everybody. We're Slaughter And The Dogs — not Murder And The Cats. This number's called 'Runaway'. 1,2,3,4!"

Stunningly professional, driving along in a frighteningly expert manner which only serves to highlight the incompetence of a few other acts included, Slaughter display the nervous luxury of uptight self-indulgence that only the best bands can get away with.



Above: GAYE ADVERT — we're so pretty, we're so pretty . . .

Same goes for "Boston Baby", faster and faster down the helter-skelter of Wayne Barret's manic laughter and Eric Grantham's blitzkrieg bashing recalling all those best Roxy nights: too much amphetamine and elbow-space homicide, making believe everything was justified.

The Unwanted have the definitive pogo song in "Freedom", Boris the Spider spinning a 45 rpm web. Listen to this track to discover how they were named. No, despite the "raw nihilism" spiel (how can nihilism be raw?), they're more than all right here though live they're probably grisly.

Wire's "Lowdown" starts off like Talking Heads-type smooth soul; the sinister bassline soon shakes you into comprehension: *"Another cigarette, another day, from A to B again, avoiding C,D,E."*

Yes, it's the In 1977 We Hope We Go To Heaven blues again, the hypnotically dumb repeated riff putting your back up and ending far too soon. "1.2.X.U" is prototype frustrated power-drive — *"Saw you in a van kissing a man"* — with an edge of genuine desperation.

The Adverts singing "Bored Teenagers" are vastly more palatable than they ever were for real. But without little Gaye's wide, frightened eyes, luscious lips and Batman ring, what are The Adverts but a gaggle of noise-merchants, no worse, no better than all the others?

The sound of splintering glass and a girl's plaintive plea: "Is Sid Vicious here tonight?"

"It's real hot in this joint. I'd prefer a sauna meself. We should be pogoing and boozing — it's Saturday night, innit? We wanna see you get it together, you know what I mean? Pogo to this number — basically it's called 'Hard Loving Man'." Those cuddly misogynists Johnny Moped — minus the beautiful and much-missed Sissy Bar — tout their trash with some neat notes but a truly abysmal vocal performance from El Mope himself.

They're followed by Eater (first band I ever saw down the Roxy) singing "Don't Need It" (a song about school) and "15" (a truncation of Mr Cooper's "I'm 18") whose considerable energy seems for once to possess a soupcon of direction.

"You ain't allowed to pose at the Roxy anymore, you know!" — vocalist Andy Blade always did seem to be living on a different planet from the rest of his boys.

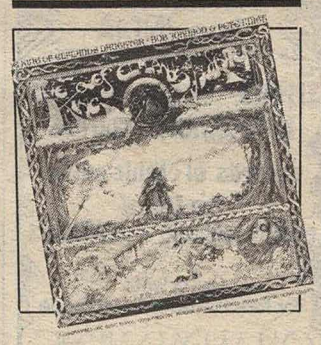
Summing up life with extraordinary succinctness came X-Ray Spex with "Oh Bondage! Up Yours!". Lead singer and composer Poly Styrene shrieks with horrific relish.

I can only suppose that this track was intended as a spoof on the whole New Wave movement; if taken seriously, it would totally annihilate one's faith in the youth of this country, though Laura Logic can really blow that saxophone.

Back up Credibility Creek for Clash support act The Buzzcocks, whose "Breakdown" and "Love Battery" inflict terminal GBH with their own brand of maximum speed kamikaze conflict. Their mindless tightness personifies the essential *frustration* of this album, much more of a theme than aggression or social conscience.

A frustration cutting much deeper than anything a recording contract and a front cover will ever heal. A sign of the times, reflected in the final moments of sad squabbling which close "Live At The Roxy."

Julie Burchill



BOB JOHNSON & PETE KNIGHT
King of Elfland's Daughter (Chrysalis)

I'VE ALWAYS regarded albums featuring a narrator with suspicion. I mean, if the thing is going to go up on its own, it should be able to manage on the merits of music and lyrics, without the intrusion of the spoken voice.

"King Of Elfland's Daughter" has all the above and more. So it's two strikes down and a quick shuffle down to the

● *Continued over*

Pride" — a particularly venomous snarl of unrequited infatuation.

"If I should hate any other girl, and forgive her," **he scorns,** *"you I will never forget. You do me the same thing over and over; then you're looking another man."* **Meanwhile, a pronounced Agrovators rhythm drives the song through, the bass rumbling its discontent.**

"But you've got no pride," **the accusation continues,** *"you've got no mind; you've got no shame . . . and no ambition."*

Other outstanding tracks are: "I Don't Like It" (a recut of his first record, circa 1970, and originally called "Wreck Up My Life); "Jah Helps The Man" (formerly "God Helps The Man" — '72); and "Let Your Heart Be Pure" (aka "The Road Is Rough" — '75). "Mr. Richman" is another tremendous song — but it pales considerably beside the original cut from Observer last year.

In fact, the main thing wrong with "Superstar" is that none of the sides do match their original incarnations; but then, you won't find the former too easily locatable.

As such, I'd nominate "Superstar" *the* **essential reggae set of '77 thus far. Not merely is Leroy Smart one of the world's finest voaclists; he's also a very gifted songwriter. This is one smart personality — his character oozes out of his music — emphatically!**

With his new found fame, Leroy is now completing four new sets for various producers; as well as issuing a pre-release effort of his own production already — having a gold-sovereign standard and various wives to maintain.

"Superstar" might be your last chance to sample Leroy's undoubted gifts before he manages to dissipate them in ego-ridden fealty to metals yellow.

Get smart — it's a golden opportunity.

Penny Reel

IMPORTS

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

STEVE MILLER'S always employed a good line in mouth-harp players.

Certainly they don't come much better than Charlie McCoy and James Cotton. More recently, the name of **Norton Buffalo** has been getting pencilled in to fill the Hohner spot on Miller gigs — which indicates the kind of talent possessed by the blue-blowin' bison.

Further evidence can now be gathered via a solo offering titled "Lovin' In The Valley Of The Moon" (Capitol), which features Miller in the role of executive producer on all Buffalo's vocal tracks, with ex-Dead head Micky Hart being listed as production engineer on the instrumentals.

The result is a thoroughly likeable elpee which runs the gamut from light candyfloss funk through to western swing and even a touch of the Frankie Laine's on his self-penned "Hanging Tree", a number reminiscent of the hit Marty Robbins sang in Gary Cooper's 1959 movie of that title.

Listeners who detect more than a touch of **Clover** along the way also gain ten points, for John McFee, John Cambiotti and Sean Hopper from that outfit form part of Buffalo's resident Stampede band here.

Cliff White's been trying to snuck my copy of "Walter Jackson's Greatest Hits" (CBS) from outa the locker room for much of the past week. Now if you haven't heard of **Walter Jackson,** I'll relate that he logged half-a-dozen fair size winners for Okeh during the 1964-67 soul season, the most successful of these being "It's All Over", the last being "Suddenly I'm All Alone".

Though Jackson, who more recently has been cutting sides for Chi-sound, is hardly a heavyweight in terms of sales, he was a potential stylist whose

NYRO — new live album sneaks in . . .

grits on velvet vocals often provided quite ordinary ballads with a degree of listenability they hardly deserved.

There seems to be plenty of soundtrack items in evidence right about now, **Tangerine Dream** providing the score to "Sorcerer" (MCA), **George Benson** and **Mandrill** appearing upon "The Greatest" (Arista) and **John Barry** doing his best to keep the fleapit fraternity happy with his music to "The Deep" (Casablanca), a follow-up to "Jaws" that stars Robert Shaw and Jacqueline Bisset and features **Donna Summer** in the role of theme song provider.

One of the week's biggies has been "Season Of Light" (CBS), **Laura Nyro's** live effort, which is not due for British release until August, along with Berserkley offerings — **Earthquake's** "Leveled" and **Jonathan Richman's** "Rock'n'Roll".

Dan Fogelburg's back-up band, **Fools Gold,** are hoping that a bit of the kudos scrapes off on "Mr Luck" (CBS), their latest album, produced by Keith Olsen, whose past credits include encounters with the Grateful Dead and Fleetwood Mac.

What else? Well, **The Emotions** — whose "Flowers" still hasn't been issued here (I hear it's now scheduled for August release) — have another newie out called "Rejoice" (CBS), while **The Section** (Russ Kunkel, Leland Sklar, etc) seemed to have indulged in a label switch, "Fork It Out", their latest arriving on Capitol instead of Warner Bros.

You can also take your pick from **Jessi Colter's** "Miriam" (Capitol), which happens to be Mrs Jennings' true Christian name; **Eddie Holman's** "A Night To Remember" (Salsoul), a Tom Moulton disco-mix item; **Burton Cummings'** "On My Way To Rock" (Portrait), fashioned, shaped and made aware by Richard Perry; **Willie Nelson's** "To Lefty From Willie" (RCA), a tribute to Lefty Frizzell, one of country music's more underpublicised greats; "Monkey Island" (Atlantic) by **Geils,** which seems to be the new, abbreviated, name for the J. Geils Band; **Funkadelic's** "Best Of The Early Years" (Westbound), another that should have Cliff White buying pints all round"; **Shirley Ceasar's** "First Lady (UA) on which soul, Jesus and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra all take a hand; **Roland Prince's** "Free Spirit" (Vanguard), the second album from the Antiguan guitarist; plus **Nancy Wilson's** "I've Never Been To Me" (Capitol); **Chi-Lites'** "Fantastics" (Mercury); **Charlie Daniels'** "Whiskey" (Epic); **Hot Blood's** "Disco Dracula" (Dynamo); **Roy Ayers'** "Ubiquity/Lifeline" (Polydor); **Keelee Patterson's** "Turn On The Light — Be Happy" (Shady Brook) and **Roberta Kelly's** "Zodiac Lady" (Durium), an Italian release, cut in Germany with the aid of The Music Machine.

Fred Dellar

SIRE
PASSPORT RECORDS
PACIFIC
JEM RECORDS

ALL AT PACIFIC/JEM WISH A HAPPY INDEPENDENTS DAY TO

CHISWICK
NEW HORMONE
RAW RECORDS
RONGEESIN
THE LABEL
STIFF
REFILL
INCUS
RABID
ROUGH TRADE
STEP FORWARD
ILLEGAL
OGUN
RAT
EXTRACTED

"Keep 'em Coming"

From page 33

Elephants' graveyard, where concept albums go home to die, unnoticed and unheard.

But not so with this Elvish "Tommy", based on Lord Dunsany's fantasy novel, said to be Tolkien's inspiration. Some of it works triumphantly, some of it fails catastrophically. There's no doubting Johnson and Knight's sincerity in writing and producing the album; it took them three years, and was apparently a contributory factor to the break-up of Steeleye Span.

It's the theme of the album which binds it; the performers act as little more than guest sessioneers. Strange bedfellows, Chris Farlowe and P.P. Arnold all contribute one track, leaving Mary Hopkin and Frankie Miller two each.

The Hopkin character probably comes closest to evoking Dunsany's concept of magic times gone by. Her two lilting ballads — "Lirazel" and "Beyond The Fields We Know" (a phrase which is used as an effective motif throughout the album) — capture the ethereal, mystical appeal of the original.

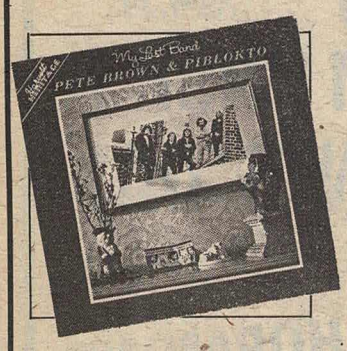
The casting of Frankie Miller is not so successful. His incongruous adoption of gritty American intonations in his singing grate in the context of an essentially British piece, and Chris Farlowe sounds out of place as "A Villager".

Christopher Lee binds the story together as he reads excerpts from the novel, sounding like Boris Godunov, all noble and eerie, conjuring up beautiful pictures with a passage like *"a shimmering line of silver sweeping over the fields, slowly it came, like the blended twilights of old, lost summer evenings"*. He even has a crack at singing on "Rune Of The Elf King". Not exactly singing, more invoking — but fangs for the memory.

I approached this album with some trepidation. I'd heard it described as "the first really successful distinctively English, rock-folk classical 'concept' album" (now *that* is known as covering your options), but was pleasantly surprised.

Despite the necessity for a *Readers's Digest* condensation, the album does tell a story, with a couple of nice tunes and some good playing from the likes of Chris Spedding, Nigel Pegrum and Bob Johnson.

Patrick Humphries



PETE BROWN & PIBLOKTO
My Last Band (Harvest)

SADLY, AN extremely disappointing collection. The titles were chosen, in the light of what he's doing now, by Pete Brown himself so that means we're deprived of some of his most glorious moments with the iconoclastic battered ornaments long ago consigned to the vinyl scrapyard.

The one Ornaments' offering ("The Week Looked Good On Paper") arrives midway through the first side in manic monaural, with all the tattered charm of Chaplin's tramp and much of that character's guileless insouciance.

Just think — the twin tenors of George Khan and Dick Heckstall-Smith, Charlie Hart's violin, Chris Spedding's guitar, Rob Tait's drums *and* Pete's (battered) trumpet.

Some band. Pete's vigorously graceless vocal delivery was never a handicap, more a distinctive trademark as affectionately recognised as, say, the MGM lion or Clark Gable's big ears.

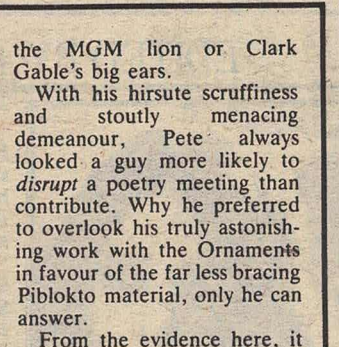
With his hirsute scruffiness and stoutly menacing demeanour, Pete always looked a guy more likely to *disrupt* a poetry meeting than contribute. Why he preferred to overlook his truly astonishing work with the Ornaments in favour of the far less bracing Piblokto material, only he can answer.

From the evidence here, it would seem that guitarist and co-writer Jim Mullen (Vinegar Joe and Kokomo) was not always a healthy musical influence for Pete, tending to be too formal, too structured, too 'pop-py'.

Best bets here are "Flying Hero Sandwich", irrepressibly out-pounding Osibisa as Pete grunts off-the-top-of-his-bonce ravings and the dramatic "Thousands On A Raft": *"So kick your neighbour overboard and take the plunge yourself/ You might end up as a sponge on somebody's shelf."*

Always ready with a bit of invaluable advice, was Pete. My advice to him is to let me compile his next retrospective. It'll be called "If They Could Only See Me Now" and will preserve His Battered Ornaments for posterity.

Monty Smith



FIVE HAND REEL
For A' That (RCA)

IT'S A good album this, better than their first.

Just listen to the difference between the eponymous first album and "For A' That"; there's a variety and a strength in the tracks on the latter which is missing from the former. From the rolling and occasionally tumbling "Bratach Brana" to their interpretation of the beautiful, wistful air "Carrickfergus" — popularised as an instrumental by The Chieftains.

The title track is based on a poem by Robbie Burns, the thinking man's William McGonagall, driven along at a tremendous pace by Bobby Eaglesham and Dick Gaugham (try and find a copy of his solo album "Kist O' Gold" on Topic) and the song's ranks are swelled by Tom Hickland's roisterous fiddle work.

Five Hand Reel's version could well become a standard chant for the Scottish fitba' fans. It's the band's ability to set the old Celtic songs in just the right electric setting that strengthens the material. Gaughan's electric guitar is never allowed to go crashing over the top, but is kept well in check.

"Haughs O' Cromdale" is a marathon military tale. It allows the band a chance to work out round a sterling narrative concerning the English Army versus the Scottish Clans. The English set an away win, but the Scots write the best ballad about the battle.

There are two sets of recklessly intricate reels, and a lovely ballad "Cruel Brother", with all the hallmarks of a classic traditional song.

Five Hand Reel have obviously got the experience and background to soak up influences outside the mainstream of the English folk tradition, and can match the sensitivity of the songs with an instrumental empathy that other electric folk bands may simply aim for.

They have a feel for the songs now, which I felt was missing from their first album. They've also gained a group identity, stamping it very definitely on the material for this album.

Patrick Humphries

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
RING MIKE WALSH
ON 01-261 6139

Ron's Music

39 PIONEER MARKET
ILFORD LANE, ILFORD, ESSEX
Tel: 01-478 2292

SPECIAL DRUM KIT OFFERS
Premier B202 kit, blue — **£377.60** (excl. cymbals).
Olympic 1031 kit, white — **£260.00** (incl. Zyn cymbals).
Shaft 5 Drum kit, red — **Only £225!** (incl. cymbals).
Zyn, Super 5 star Zyn, Ufip and Paiste cymbals always in stock.

MXR EFFECTS UNITS

	R.R.P.	Our Price
Distortion Plus	£48.00	**£40.00**
Phase 90	£95.00	**£80.00**
Phase 45	£54.99	**£45.00**
Envelope Filter	£64.00	**£55.00**
Blue Box Guitar Synthesizer	£88.00	**£78.00**

GUITARS
Ibanez Les Paul 59er, black....**£159.25**
Ibanez Les Paul Standard, brown sunburst....**£163.50**
Ibanez Les Paul Custom, cherry sunburst....**£192.00**
Ibanez Artist 2619 w/case....**£273.00**
Antoria — Les Paul 59er, ivory **£192.00**
Antoria 175 Copy, semi acoustic **£173.00**
Fender Precision Bass, rosewood neck, walnut....**£250.00**
Fender Telecaster, white....**£235**
Fender Strat, r/w n/t, black....**£270.00**
Kasuga Strat copy....**£153.00**
Arbiter 6 + 4 Twin neck w/case **£149.00**

AMPLIFICATION
Marshall, Yamaha, Custom, Vox, August and other famous makes always in stock.

Access and Barclaycard accepted. HP terms available. All prices include VAT
For Stock Fax and Info call:
01-478 2292

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

9p per word

PLUG BOX — six outlets — P.V.C. case — fused — earth and mains lights — removable 15 foot plug in lead — £12.00. G. A. Cox, 37 Bramble Road, Portsmouth, Hants, PO4 0DT. Portsmouth 819536.

NEW TO UK
All-Nylon Instant Response Drumsticks
PLAYED BY TOP DRUMMERS IN THE US
*Fast nylon-on-nylon response
*Long life break resistance
*Consistent quality, weight, balance
*Warp-free
*In range of models, colours
PP nylon drumsticks outplay traditional hickory sticks on all counts because the material, as well as the manufacture, is scientifically controlled.
£4.95 pair includes VAT, post and packing.

Name _____
Address _____
Rush me all-nylon drumsticks as under

Model	Colour	Quantity (pair/s)
7I (15¼")		
Jazz (16")		
Rock (16")		
2b (16")		
3s (17")		

Total remittance enclosed £_____
Colours: Horizon Blue, Neon Red, Bluze Orange, Signal Green, White.
PROFESSIONAL PERCUSSION.
Danesmead, Hayway, Rushden, Northants.
Telephone: 09334 55350
Agents enquiries welcomed

Moon Mr Big Queen Consols Be Bop Deluxe
Rainbow Status Quo Clover Lone Star Dirty Tricks Electric Light Orchestra
ROTOSOUND music strings®
Giving Out Good Vibrations
New Full Colour Gauge Selection Chart Now Available – Ask Your Dealer
Eddie & the Hot Rods Rough Diamond Vibrators

DOWN UNDER Keyboard
10 DEP
UP TO 36 MTHS TO PAY
BARCLAYCARD ACCESS
Keyboard Harmony Ltd
82 High Street Redhill
Surrey RH1 1SG
Telephone: Redhill 68821
Speedy Mail Order Service to your door

SALE OF EX-HIRE STOCK — 12 MONTHS' WARRANTY

	List	
GOODWIN SC44P — Rick Wakeman model	£1382	£1100
H/H VS MUSICIAN, Rev. Combos, 2 each	£242	£210
TRAYNOR YGL3 90 watt, Rev. Combos, 3 each	£323	£255
TRAYNOR YSC8 PA cols, 6 x 8, one pair only	£235	£160
H/H IC100S, as new, choice of 3	£105	£90
TRAYNOR YVM3, 4 channel, 50 watt PA, with Reverb	£90	£75
TRAYNOR YVM6, 6 channel PA, 100 watts, w/Reverb	£320	£275
TRAYNOR YSC2, PA Columns, 4 x 12, marked	£224	£175
MARSHALL 4 x 12 Cabs, choice of 4 from		£85
MARSHALL 50 Amp Tops, choice of 4 from		£65
PREMIER 4 Drum, poly gold, 22" + Lockfasts	£405	£350
TAMA IMPERIAL STAR, Platina, 5 Drum, hired 4 times	£525	£485
HOHNER Pianet, new model, hired for 1 month	£392	£325
HOHNER Clavinet D6	£485	£430
ROLAND EP3, touch sensitive or elect	£549	£525
MAXWIN STAGE 704, 4 Drum, choice of 2	£275	£195

MANY OTHER ITEMS — EFFECTS — AMPS — KEYBOARDS — DISCO — GUITARS — ALL USED, BUT VERY REDUCED

YAMAHA SG2000	£575
YAMAHA SG500	£325
FENDER Strats	£255
FENDER Teles	£200
ANTORIA L/Paul St.	£138
DAN ARMSTRONG Bass	£200
FENDER Must. Bass	£170
KIMBARA Strat	£138
KIMBARA Jazz Bass	£156
IBANEZ Arists	£325

GIBSON, FENDER, YAMAHA, IBANEZ, ANTORIA, KIMBARA, OVATION

Amps · Drums · Guitars

MARSHALL CABS, NEW, BUT OLD STYLE, VERY REDUCED

H/H VS Musician, Combo	£242
H/H MA100 Rev PA	£171
H/H VS Bass Amp	£137
H/H 412 BL Cabs	£159
H/H 215 BL Cabs	£190
ROLAND JC120	£429
ROLAND JC160	£447
ROLAND JC80	£339
ROLAND JC60	£291
FENDER SUPER, Reverb, as new	£300
PREMIER 717	£580

TAMA IMP STAR
SONOR IN STOCK
LUDWIG IN STOCK
GRETSCH KITS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES
UF1PP 5-STAR LOCKFAST STANDS
ALL ZYLDJIANS IN STOCK NOW
DAN ARMSTRONG · MXR · COLORSOUND

Music · Repairs · Keyboards

ALL THE ABOVE GEAR IS AVAILABLE ON OUR LOW COST HIRE

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS from INDIA
SITARS · TABLAS · SHENAIS
HARMONIUMS · FLUTES
records of ethnic music
the finest
exotic incense & perfumes
Call or write for free illustrated catalogue
QALANDAR MUSIC
53 West Ham Lane, London E15 4PH
Tel. 01-534 6539-7543

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
For details of Advertising ring:
MIKE WALSH on 01-261 6139

CELEBRITY
12 FITZALAN ROAD, ROFFEY, HORSHAM, SUSSEX. TEL: HORSHAM 68725/6
Open 6 days 9.30-5.30

GUITARS

Fender Telecaster from	£230
Stratacaster from	£259
Tele Bass from	£225
Precision Bass from	£230
Jazz Bass from	£310
Jedson Les Paul copy s/hand	£80
Antoria Telecaster copy	£90
Rickenbacker 4001	from £399
Ibanez Artist Bass	£199
Ibanez Les Paul Copy	£155
Antoria Les Paul Copy	£96
Yamaha Acoustics from	£68

Spares and accessories always available

AMPLIFICATION

Fender Twin Reverbs	£319
Yamaha G50112	£239
G100115B Stereo	£399
Marshall 4 × 12 159 Master lead 100	£249
Marshall 30 watt Lead Combo	£140
Marshall 6 channel 100 watt 6 c.h. P.A. Amp s/hand	£90
Vox AC30 new	£229
Simms Watts AP100 s/hand	£85
S/hand H.H.VS Musician Combo	£185
S/hand VS Bass Combo	£225

DRUMS

Slingerland 5-drum Copper	£799

Stockists of Paiste & Zildjean

KEYBOARDS

Hohner K4 String Machine	£368
Korg Polysynth	£825

SPECIAL OFFER:

Viscount M30	£425
Viscount M40	£600
Viscount M50	£725
Viscount M70	£1049

2ND HAND

Galanti F1	£369
Farfisa 3152	£565
Kentucky Explorer	£699

EFFECTS
Buy MXR, MORLEY, IBENEZ

When calling ask for Steve, Mark or Owen, Horsham 68725-6
10% deposit, part exchange welcome, mail order, Access, Barclaycard

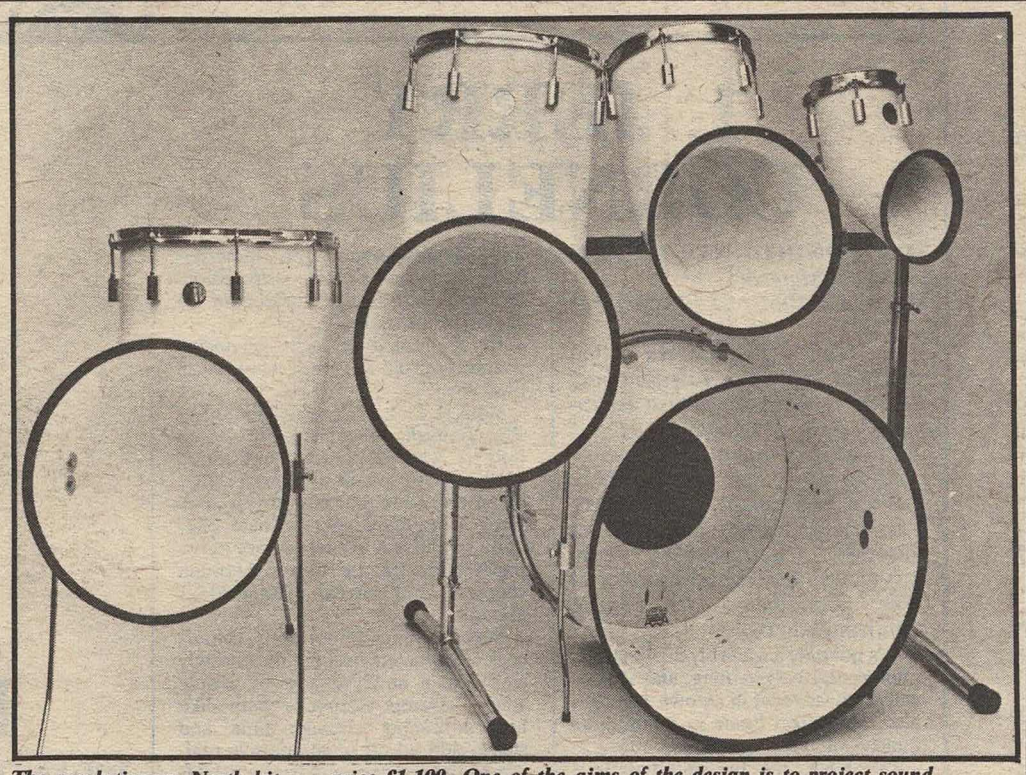
MUSIC POWER
WE BUY ALL NEW AND USED QUALITY EQUIPMENT
★ **CASH PAID** ★
Ring anytime 01-648 0044

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

DRUMS . . . . By TONY STEWART and ANDREW McCULLOCH

What to buy after the earplugs

The earplugs are for the neighbours — and they're relatively cheap. The drums are rather harder on the pocket.



The revolutionary North kit . . . price £1,100. One of the aims of the design is to project sound forward.

FOR MOST people in readerland drummers are unfairly renowned for three characteristics: they're either incredibly thick, usually have piles, or they're dangerous loonies.

Also, a lot of folk think drumming is a doddle. All you have to do, it's often claimed, is position yourself behind an assortment of drums, roll up your sleeves, and then ferociously assault them for the duration of a gig.

Undoubtedly there *are* people who have made an art out of this approach; but it would be unkind to bandy around names.

Sadly, the skill of the drummer has been consistently undermined by the public and media, *and* by the Heavy Metal maniacs who always snatch honours in the polls. In recent years derision of this art, no matter how primal it may appear, has escalated.

When, for instance that *Muppet Show* acid wrecked slogger looked uncannily like half a dozen stickmen of our acquaintance, when we thought it was time the whole business was put into proper perspective.

Over the last ten to 15 years this area of rock has developed enormously. At one time it was normal to pop into any dance hall or pub and sitting at the back of the group or pianist would be a drab little fellow called the drummer, seated behind an equally drab and unimaginative set of four drums.

If he was hip he'd have hung a toilet chain across his cymbal to create the sizzle effect; not, you understand, for aesthetic reasons, but just to hide the dull clang of the shoddy metal.

But in August a kit produced by an American firm called North will be available on the British market, and it will illustrate just how far things have come.

Made from fibre glass, it is an innovation in shell design. Each of the drums flares out, a little like the orifice of a saxophone, and as a result the sound is projected outwards, rather than down. it seems such a logical design we're slightly startled nobody has previously tried it.

Many of the developments in shell design are a result of two major factors.

Firstly, the practitioners have become considerably more discerning. Whereas their role within the band used to be purely metronomic they are now an important and visual asset.

Naturally there are various extremes.

Elvin Jones, for example, is rightly regarded as one of the world's greatest technicians and his peers will constantly analyse his technique. Keith Moon, on the other hand, has a style based on bluster and energy, and he's more celebrated as a visual spectacle.

The ideal is somebody who possesses both technical expertise and visual impact; probably the man who best personifies this style is Billy Cobham. Both layman and drummer can thoroughly enjoy his performance.

In the same way that the drummer's technique has developed — and the precursors of the current British rock school are, arguably, Ginger Baker and Mitch Mitchell (Hendrix Experience) — so too the design of the instrument has had to improve.

Secondly, to compete with the electronic hardware now enjoyed by keyboard players and guitarists, and the high volume output of PAs, the drummer needs an instrument with power and precision. Similarly, as studio recording techniques have improved so must the tonal quality of the drums.

Gone are the days when a small Ludwig kit was camouflaged with telephone directories and blankets to produce the sound the engineer demanded, rather than what the drummer preferred. This recording practice was known as The Ringo Sound; a description which is self-explanatory.

BUT DRUMMING is very personalised. A kit which might satisfy the demands of, say,Buddy Rich or Joe Morello, would possibly not be given stage room by Michael Walden or Jon Hiseman.

Because of this we have decided, for this introductory article at least, to mention the types of kit available and the qualities you can expect from them. And we'll also be giving a few hints to beginners who fancy their chances in this area of rock.

Obviously the first kits on the market were not, despite popular opinion, Woolworth biscuit tins, but instead well-made wooden affairs. An early Ajax set still rates very highly, because before mass production they were made of high grade timber.

Many drummers still prefer wood kits because of the warm, thick sound, but others argue that notes are dampened because the shells are bonded and then laminated.

In fact, the greatest problem in drum design has not been the shape (although, as we've mentioned, we recognise the North kit as a positive innovation) but in the material they've been constructed from.

Snare drums consistently give problems because here you need a bright smack that also has depth. Most snares are now metal and based very much on an early Ludwig prototype. It was also this same company that introduced the all metal kit to the British marketplace.

Made of pressed steel, they produce a sound that is bright and precise, but unfortunately slightly cold, with a tendency to ring and sustain notes. In short it's not really the ideal material.

Acrylic kits were also something Ludwig more successfully experimented with, but although they're adaptable to the studio environment, the nature of the material means there isn't enough bass resonance and consequently not enough bottom to the tone.

Admittedly their sound is brighter than wood, with the kind of sharp bite contemporary drummers prefer, but overall the kits don't have a strong enough all round presence.

Visually they were a great success, and see-through drums when first introduced were as startling as acrylic violins or guitars.

Fibre glass kits also have this advantage, and as far as we're concerned the material is well suited to drum construction. The drums are made in quarter-inch thick cylinders so there's no loss of quality and the sound combines both beefy power with precision.

Unlike wood, metal and acrylic shells the resonance of the drum is not hampered by a join in the material or an outer covering, because fibre glass drums are made in one, solid piece.

As yet there hasn't been an equally effective fibre glass snare drum developed, and so if you pick up a set of Fibes or North's then you'll still rely on that old warhorse the Ludwig Concert Snare or another similar construction.

In future instalments of this column we'll obviously review individual kits in more detail.

Unfortunately the price of these instruments is practically prohibitive, except for those of you who have a lucrative recording deal or wealthy parents.

A good wood kit, say the new Sonor range, can cost you something like £600, and when available the North six-drum set will run out at £1,100.

Cymbals are expensive extras, and for the better makes such as Zildjian or Paiste you'd be well advised to budget for at least another £200.

If you're just taking up this noble profession then we suggest you try to pick up a second-hand kit for around £200, and if it's an early Gretsh or Ajax wood set, then you'll probably have a bargain.

Many drummers, however, are not satisfied with the full range of drums provided by one manufacturer, and this is why you often see *mongrel* set-ups on stage. For example, the tom-toms might be acrylic, the snare metal, and the bass drum(s) fibre glass.

As with hi-fi, a combination of different makes can produce satisfactory results according to individual taste and also allow greater flexibility. Obviously if you search around music stores you'll find bargains and eventually build a mongrel kit that in comparison to a standard Ludwig, Premier or Rodgers will be far superior.

YOU MUST also remember that skins contribute at least 50 per cent to the tonal quality of drums, so if a Premier tom-tom initially sounds naff, then try a new drumhead, say a Weatherking, and it will probably make a great difference.

There are of course stories that refute this point, and some people uphold the dubious argument that it's *how* you play the kit that matters.

One such yarn is that an aspiring drummer, disillusioned with the tones of his skins, asked Zep's John Bonham how he got his drum sound. Bonzo went behind the kit, steamed into it creating the sound for which he's renowned, stepped down perspiring and said "That's how."

Others might prefer to be more technical about it.

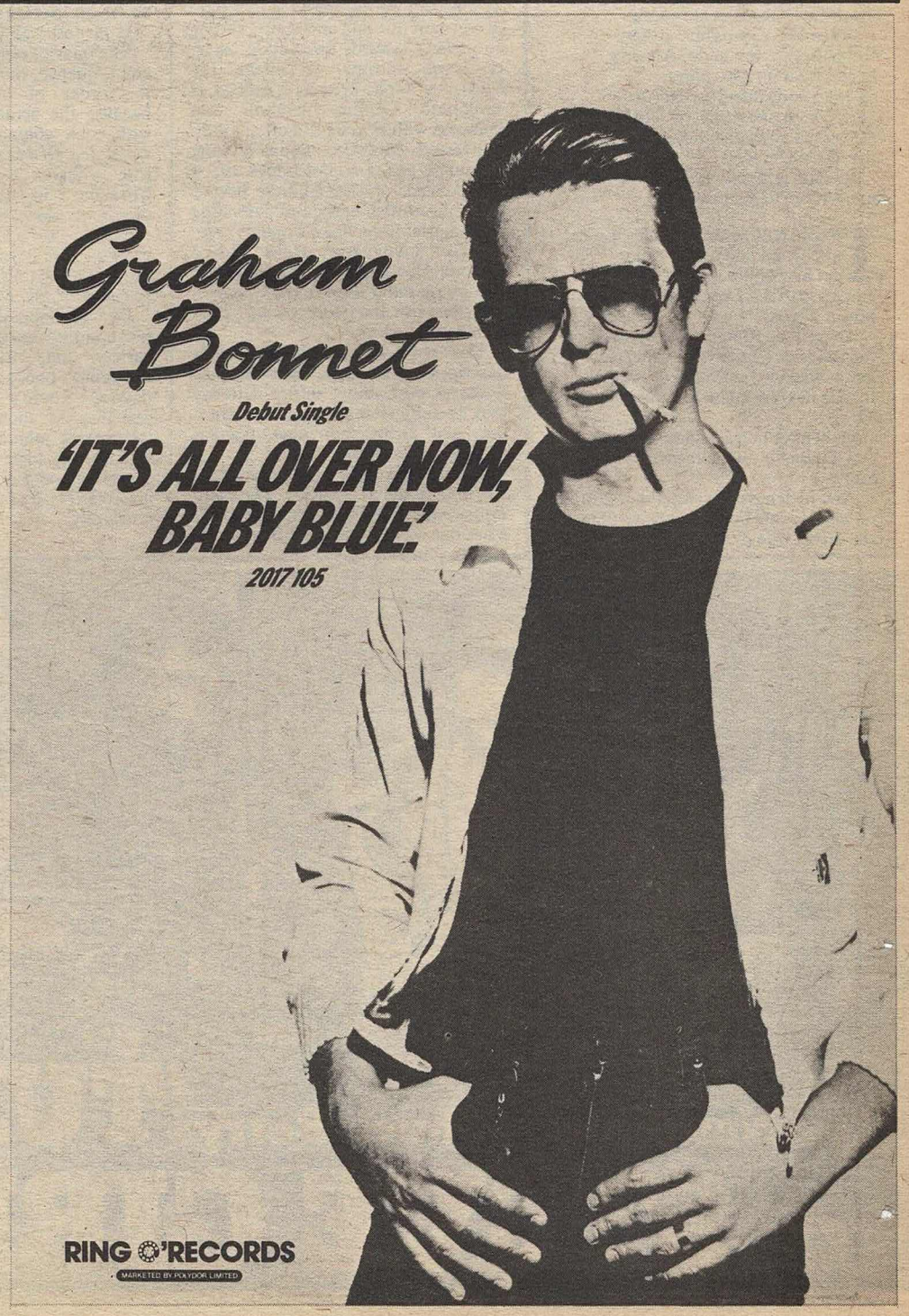
Finally, when buying a kit and learning to play it's important that you seek professional advice. Purchasing drums is very like buying a car: if you don't know anything about them you might get lumbered.

Similarly, learning to play is like learning to drive: if you ignore the rudiments of the art at an early stage then chances are you'll develop bad habits which later prevent you exploring a new technique.

One last but invaluable hint: buy the neighbours earplugs.

Tiny Stewart is a former member of Darlington rock band, Brass Frog, and more recently, a sacked member of Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves.
Andrew McCulloch previously played with King Crimson, Fields and Greenslade and now concentrates on session work.

● *'Don't Touch That Dial' will in future present drum features on an occasional basis.*



RONNO'S THORTS

■ From p.23

three pairs of jeans and one or two T-shirts that I can wear and wash and wear again. What more do I need?

"But people ain't satisfied with just what they need. People actually *need* very little. I remember having *lots* of money . . ."

Remember that ridiculous £200-a-week flat near Marble Arch you used to have?

"Yeah, right!

"I remember havin' lots of money and spendin' it left right and centre. I just used to *throw* money about . . . until it all went.

"But now it's all gone it doesn't matter. I still feel the same. If I've got a pound in me pocket I'll give someone fifty pence. It doesn't matter.

WE GO DOWNSTAIRS to eat burgers and exhaust the wine cellar and Ronson recalls three young kids who camped all night outside a Manchester hotel on one of the Bowie tours in order to meet the band, and how he bought them breakfast and booked them into the hotel so that they could hang out legitimately in the restaurant and bar and how those three kids are now in Slaughter And The Dogs and how their guitarist Mike Rossi (no relation) has a sunburst Les Paul coming to him the next time Ronson comes over from the States . . .

. . . and then N'Awlins fonk lurches into the room on an ornately carved snake cane and sits down next to us.

"This is Mac," says Ronson and Mac Rebbenack — a.k.a. Dr John Creaux the Night Tripper — says "How do" and starts interrogating us on Specialty's reissue of Jerry Byrne's classic "Lights Out" and on Dr Feelgood's cover thereof.

"I got a *whole* lot," says Rebbenack in that unique sanded-down swamprat croak, "of other songs that those cats could do if they like that one. Ya know wheah Ah cud git in touch with 'em?"

WE SWAP R&B SHOP TALK while Dr John gets into his orange juice and prattle away about how Muddy Waters had to wear ear plugs while touring with Johnny Winter on account of how the White Tornado just plays so goddam loud.

"I ain't playin' too loud, am I, Mac?" asks Ronson nervously.

"Nawww, y'awright," croaks Rebbenack. "If you do, Ah ain't gonna wear no *eah*- plugs, ah jus' gonna turn you daown. Now c'mon, we gonna be late fo' rehearsals and you gonna get a five-dollah fahn."

Ronson grins and scampers back up to his room to get his guitar.

IF MICK Ronson ever gets big and important and famous enough to get his picture in some revised edition of *Rock Dreams*, I know just how it'll look.

There'll be Ronno, see, standing by the roadside somewhere with his guitar sticking his thumb out waiting for the next rock and roll ride to come along.

He'll have holes in his jeans and dogshit on his sneakers and dust in his hair.

And he'll have a blissful idiot grin on his face and he'll be happier than the driver who picks him up.

NME LOOKS AT BOOKS

SIDE

1. JERRY CORNELIUS

THE CONDITION OF MUZAK
Michael Moorcock
(Alison & Busby £4.50 Paperback £1.50)

IF YOU THOUGHT that Michael Moorcock's major claim to fame was his Boswellian association with Hawkwind, or his authorship of innumerable sword-and-sorcery fantasies where heroes and villains with unpronounceable names battle it out through untraceable epic storylines, then the appearance of *The Condition Of Muzak* confirms otherwise.

It's not only a superbly imaginative, enormously entertaining, and stylistically radical novel in its own right, it's also the perfect finale in Moorcock's quartet of Jerry Cornelius books.

Cornelius, for the uninitiated, is Moorcock's hero supreme. The son of an unholy union between a brilliant scientist of aristocratic European ancestry and a crass Cockney girl from the seediest streets of London's Ladbroke Grove, Cornelius is an unlikely cross between Mick Jagger, James Bond and Flash Gordon.

He is beautiful, ageless, bisexual, multi-talented, murderous, drug-sodden, an eternal adolescent who is privy to the secrets of time travel and semi-immortality. He is both ruthless and sentimental, equally at home in a squalid crash-pad or the exotic palace of an obscure Indonesian potentate.

As indeed he has to be, since his adventures take him not only round the globe but through past, present and future worlds — as well as alternative versions of these.

For Moorcock's version of the Twentieth Century world is in a state of constant flux and ambiguity, sliding inexorably towards dissolution, anarchy, and entropy. In effect, the Cornelius books present a collage of Twentieth Century symbols and fantasies with riotous and often hilarious results. Moorcock thinks nothing of having Israeli commandoes attack the Vatican; of Red Chinese hordes besieging British battalions defending the Empire; of having Cornelius drive in his amphibious Rolls Royce beneath the blockade of American pop pirate radio ships in the Channel; of having fish and chips costing £20 in a ruined London.

The style of the books defies description. To dub them science fiction is misleading; suffice it to say that in subject matter and structure they are highly individual, uncompromisingly radical.

By the standards of its successors, the first of the JC quartet, *The Final Programme* (1965), is primitive stuff; a curious blend of acid sci-fi paranoia and swinging London. Jerry himself is little more than a comic strip character, both satire and celebration of the James Bond tradition.

It's thinly written, lacks convincing characters, and is rather laboured in plot.

With *A Cure For Cancer* (1968) and *The English Assassin* (1972) we're into a whole different end-game. Moorcock throws out the pretensions of an orthodox plot and novel structure. Time sequences become blatantly scrambled, contemporary newspaper clippings are slotted between chapters, and surreal juxtapositions abound.

Perhaps more importantly, Moorcock's characters become increasingly well drawn and the host of people who criss-cross Cornelius' path, like him swimming through time and space, add an air of compulsive realism to the increasingly bizarre worlds they inhabit.

In fact, the characters — Miss Brunner, Major Nye, Bishop Beesley and his daughter Mitzi, Jerry's brother Frank and their irrepressible mother and others too numerous to mention — are the only real continuum in an increasingly fantastic and random landscape.

Like the geographical setting of much of the action (which is more likely to be some forgotten nook of the Empire than the Americas or continental Europe), the characters are mostly quintessentially English, recalling the great cameos of Dickens and Chaucer rather than the intense and complex psychological approach favoured in modern times. In fact, Moorcock's Englishness is one of his most endearing traits; I'd certainly urge a reading of the Cornelius books to anyone seeking to understand the soul of post-war Britain.

The quartet of books can be read in any sequence, though I'd recommend the order of appearance if only because the actual writing improves with each volume. Sections of *The Condition Of Muzak* indeed verge on true brilliance — the death of Mrs Cornelius in particular deserves praise, as does the unexpected and utterly glorious ending, which presents the devastatingly optimistic vision of Britain's true destiny in the last part of this century.

But it's impossible to convey in a few hundred words the extraordinary variety and vision of the Jerry Cornelius books, or their unique flavour. There's also humour and sexuality in them and some very memorable moments. Cornelius fans will already have this latest edition, others are urged to investigate. It's imaginative literature with a rock sensibility.

Neil Spencer

Heroes for the Modern World

2. HORSE BADORTIES

THE FAN MAN
William Kotzwinkle
(Penguin 60p)

FOR STARTERS, give a careful consideration to the cover blurb affixed by Penguin Books to their paperback edition of William Kotzwinkle's scintillating novel *The Fan Man*.

It goes, "William Kotzwinkle's outrageously funny send-up of the Hippy Life."

Got that?

Fine. Now forget about it.

Instead, consider Horse Badorties, ultimate superhero of the modern urban collapse.

Horse lives the way that everybody is going to have to live after the Great Disaster. If you want to be as well prepared as Horse is for the intricacies of post-Apocalyptic society, get a copy of *The Fan Man* and put yourself in the driver's seat.

Horse lives in New York's Lower East Side. His premises are indescribable, which is why we're going to have to let Horse — through the good auspices of Herr Kotzwinkle — describe them himself:

"I'm all alone in my pad, man, my piled - up - the - ceiling - with - junk pad. Piled with sheet music, with piles of garbage bags bursting with rubbish and encrusted frying pans piled on the floor, embedded with unnameable flecks of putrified wretchedness in grease . . . what's this under here, man?

"It's the sink, man. I have found the sink. I'd recognise it anywhere . . . wait a second, man . . . it is not the sink but my big Horse Badorties big-stuffed easychair piled with dirty dishes. I must sit here and rest, man, I'm so tired from getting out of bed. Throw dishes on to the floor, crash break shatter. Sink down into the damp cushions, some kind of fungus on the armrest, possibility of smoking it . . ."

And they call this a "send-up of the Hippy Life"! God, the kind of people you find in the publishing world.

Horse lives amidst a kind of carefully orchestrated chaos that the uncomprehending would think of as "squalor".

His landlord is perpetually trying to get rid of him. His clothes are falling to bits. He carries a tape recorder to fulfil the dual functions of diary and secretary. His life is organised in such an exquisitely complex manner — and with such magnanimous deference to the Rule Of Chance and The Forces Of Disorder — that only a Superior Being of the finest water is capable of comprehending the Inner PATTERN.

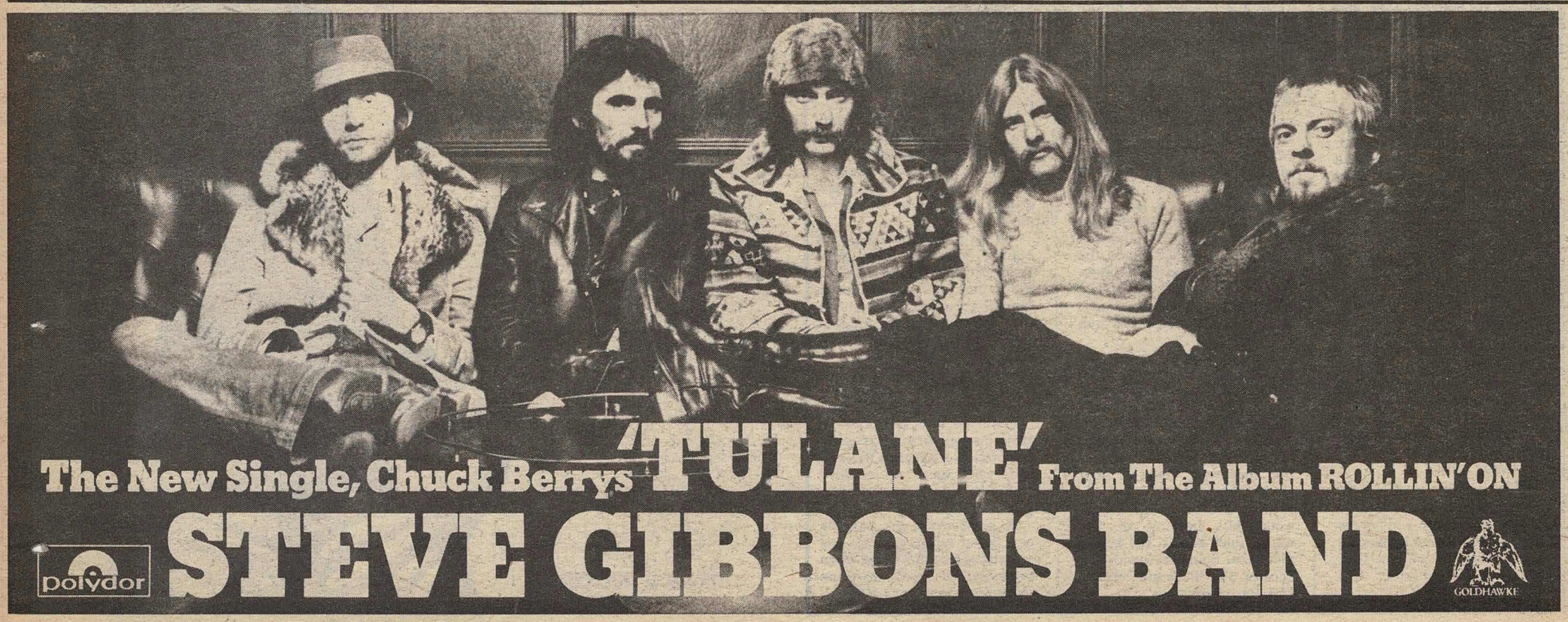
The reason that Horse is The Fan Man, by the way, is because of the hand-held battery-operated fans that he uses to keep himself cool.

He has to use them to keep himself cool because he wears an overcoat in ninety-degree heat, along with his Commander Schmuck Imperial Winter Hat with anti-Puerto Rican music earflaps.

He has to keep the earflaps down in case Puerto Rican music penetrates his lugholes when he goes to score his bottles of pina-colada (a nauseous pineapple / coconut concoction in fizzy form).

What else can I tell you about Horse Badorties?

We-e-e-e-e-e-llll . . . his mission in life — beg pardon, his Super Hot Dog Mission — is the assembly of hordes of fifteen-year-old girls for the performance of his Love Music at the Fourth Street Music Academy, and it is to pursue this end that Horse lives



SLIPE

INTER-DIMENSIONAL TRASHMEN (AND ROCK'N'ROLL TOO)

HORSE BADORTIES by EDWARD

Yes, it's SIDESWIPE's publishing event of the year as WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE gets into UK paperback

his uniquely wonderful and scabrous Horse Badorties life.

This book has been a Jen-You-Wine Cult Item ever since Neil Spencer turned everyone he knew on to it about two years ago, and its fame has been indirectly spread by the Badorties pastiches inflicted on the readership of this periodical by John W. Hamblett.

This book is inexpressably delightful, man, it is the most uniquely hilariously one-joke exercise known to mankind, man, and you must read it *right now,* man, or maybe even sooner.

I would tell you more about this wonderful book, man, but I have to go out, man, and locate 15 belly-dancers and several cans of Lilt, man, because it is my birthday today as well as Tony Benyon's , man, plus there's another review due in here round about now, if not sooner, and I must vacate this page *immediately,* man . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

ROCK FIX
Trevor Hoyle
(Futura 65p)

"THEIR ROAD to stardom was littered with booze, drugs and bodies — someday they'd have to pay for it all." After that kind of build-up it's only to be expected that Trevor Hoyle's novel is just another rather ineffectual expose of this seedy little business.

By page 30, for instance, the struggling members of The Black Nights are posing as a film crew and have enticed a gullible young lady into their hotel room with the promise they'll give her a screen test. Needless to say she receives nothing of the kind, and these *lecherous (Sunday People), corrupt (News of The World),* and *thoroughly distasteful pop musicians (The Sun)* set about having their evil way with the pretty innocent.

From this point onwards Mr Hoyle exhibits a writing ability that has the same hollow ring as the way most national newspapers cover rock/pop music. The characters are laughable stereotypes, the plot hackneyed and the cliff-hanging suspense the author attempts to create is merely deflated by the middle of the book when the reader can easily predict an anti-climactic ending.

The tale, basically of how a band climb to the top of the treacherous music biz ladder, is littered with spliffs, groupies, booze and a host of dubious characters; the usual superficial fodder that causes the Sunday rags to get into an indignant tizz.

The only addition that Mr Hoyle can make to this familiar story is by focusing on a little jerk called Phil Martins, who ingratiates himself with the band supplying their dope, and in return messes their minds, pulls their wives and eventually gains control of the purse strings.

But overall the novel is unconvincing and merely serves to remind us that so far in the '70s we've only had one decent rock book, Elaine Jesmer's *Number One With A Bullet* —and that originated from the States. Obviously there is still an accurate, entertaining and, most importantly, realistic novel to be written.

Tony Stewart

THE FOLK MUSIC ENCYCLOPAEDIA
Kristin Baggelaar & Donald Milton
(Omnibus Press £3.95)

THE FOLK Music Encyclopaedia? Hardly. *A* Folk Music Encyclopaedia? Certainly. An *American* Folk Music Encyclopaedia? Absolutely!

Which means that if you take 'folk' to read bluegrass, C&W and Joan Baez, then this is the book for you. But on the other hand, if you feel that people like Martin Carthy, the Copper Family, Davy Graham, Bert Jansch and A. L. Lloyd played no small part in awakening people's interest in traditional folk music then steer clear, because none of them even get a mention.

But if people like the Putnam String County Band, the Balfa Freres and the Greenbriar Boys are the bees knees as far as you're concerned, then you'll happily shell out your £3.95.

Despite the authors claim that they "have selected those . . . who have made or are still making the most conspicuous impact on folk song and its development" there are glaring omissions. Whatever your feelings about Steeleye Span (who don't merit a mention) they surely did more than Linda Rondstadt (who clocks in with nearly a page) to popularise folk music both here and in the States.

I think more emphasis should have been placed on the influence of British folk artists—who inherited a tradition which stretched back long before the Pilgrim Fathers booked their one way ticket. But it is an interesting and useful reference book for English readers concerning American singers and songwriters who are little more than names over here. Well worth reading are the entries on Phil Ochs, Cisco Houston, Woody Guthrie and the informative sections on the Newport Folk Festivals and *Sing Out* magazine. The 3½ pages on Dylan tell you little you probably didn't already know, but there are some great shots of him playing the Caffe Lena in New York in the winter of 1961, looking like he just stepped off the cover of his first album.

Folk's just another word for people, and there's plenty of them between the covers, but the English scene is crying out for a book along similar lines.

Patrick Humphries

RECORD HITS
Compiled by Clive Solomon
(Omnibus Press £1.95)

THE BEAUTY of this book is its simplicity of purpose and execution.

It collects together a complete log of all British Top 50 singles hits from 1954 — 1976, and lists them alphabetically by artist. Next to the title are also listed the label, date of entry into the chart, number of weeks in the chart, and the highest position reached.

That's all basically, though there's also a cross index which lists all the hits alphabetically by *title,* enabling you to trace artist(s) and hence label and numerical info. Plus there's a chronological list of number ones and lists of the top artists by the number of their chart toppers (Beatles come first with 17) and most chart entries (Elvis comes up trumps with 91).

The only other British reference book of this sort is *Rick File,* volume one of which lists all the top 30 entries from 1955—1970. Further volumes have gone on to update this info and also list album charts.

Record Hits thus includes those (often more interesting) singles that hover outside the magic 30, but unlike *Rock File* includes no supportive essays. It's the info, the whole info, and nothing but the info, though I'm told that, unlike my review copy, the book will boast pictures.

Obviously indispensable for the rock buff and historians, *Record Hits* runs to 260 pages, has a paperback cover, and in size and format is handily presented.

Neil Spencer

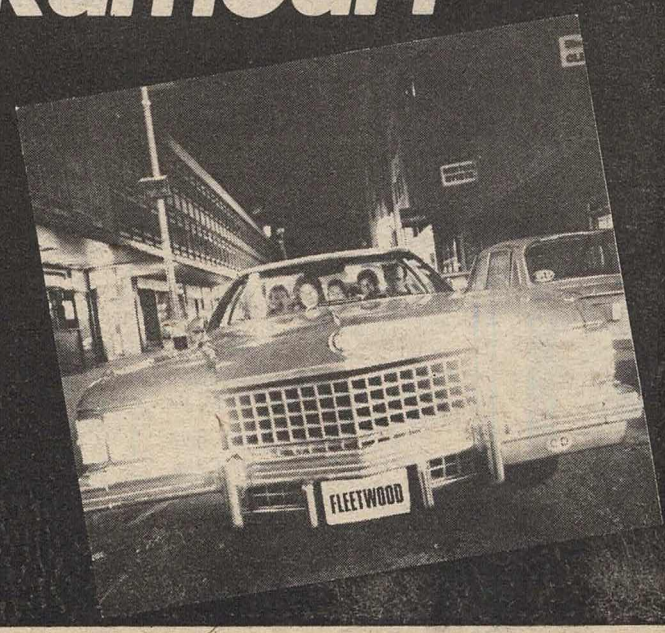
STAR FILE
Compiled by Dafydd Rees
(Star Books, 95p)

LIKE THE above, *Star File* is a log of hits, but solely ones of last year, 1976. Crammed with information, it offers an exhaustive breakdown of the UK Top 50 and US Top 100 chart entries, both singles and albums. Since all hits are listed under the categories of title, artist, record company, writer and producer, no-one could wish for a more exhaustively cross-referenced analysis; though as the book covers just one year, I feel that Rees' work will prove of cumulative importance. By the time he's been doing it for 20 years, he'll have compiled a dense and illuminating body of material. (Can he keep going for that long, though? It's soul-destroying work).

I suspect that the info is generally thoroughly watertight, but I spotted a couple of errors — his diary of U.S. No.1 albums (p.386) misses out "Fleetwood Mac", and likewise he doesn't credit the album with platinum status, though it must have sold several million.

Such omissions would doubtless be especially rued by Derek Taylor, who has contributed an engaging and persuasive foreward.

Bob Woffinden

Have you heard The Rumour?
Their first single is
"Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me"
Single 6059 174
(And you never will.)
Produced by Robert John Lange and the Rumour
Mixed by the Rumour
marketed by phonogram
Ask at your record shop about the Silver Salvo Competition.


VERTIGO

ON THE TOWN

Genesis

EARLS COURT

IT ALL SEEMED very ominous at the beginning.

Well, how would *you* feel if, of late having become so utterly sold on the merits of assorted New Wave bands, you attended a concert (not a gig, really, is it, when it gets to Earls Court?) introduced by the one-time Brentford Nylons man himself delivering the following piece of litotes: "Tonight you are in for the most *incredible* night of your lives".

You're not kidding it seemed ominous.

Yet one then made out Phil Collins, performing a Mercury-esque pirouette in the centre of the stage, his Winwood-oid tonsils tackling "Squonk" from "Trick Of The Tail" — and even before that first song ended one was amazed to find oneself veritably entrapped within the fragile interlockings and the lush textures of the band's music. Ah, the subtlety of the dynamics, the delicate architecture of at least the first half of the set. Are Genesis the Nash Terrace of rock'n'roll, one found oneself inquiring?

But, you counter, these adjectives, this lavish use of hyperbole, are merely symptomatic of the dread technoflash disease with which this five-piece band is sorely afflicted.

Which is where you fall into a common fallacy, of course.

It has been said before, but let it be said one more time: Genesis are not really a technoflash band. Genesis are about songs and melodies. Indeed, within these terms a case could well be made out for placing them within a class pop, as opposed to rock, category along with, say, 10cc's early material. They work mainly within structures constructed of little more than romantic melodies. And though "One For The Vine", for example, is punctuated by a series of quite bitingly sensual guitar licks from Steve Hackett, unlike so many other rock guitarists he successfully treads the line between injecting the occasional controlled touch of raunch into the number and the need to dominate the piece.

Indeed, as far as that's concerned Genesis must be one of the most ego-less bands that have ever trodden the rock boards. Notwithstanding the amazingly expensive and remarkably tasteful lighting set-up they use, the fact remains that if one is sitting more than twenty rows back from the stage, it is virtually impossible to actually get a close look at anyone onstage. You may well thrill to the sound of Mike Rutherford's thundering double-necked bass or Tony Banks' lyrical keyboard work. You may even get off on the lighting as it complements the sound emerging from the speakers with all the intimacy of the most technically refined home stereo you've yet to come across.

It is very unlikely, however, that you'll be afforded so much as a glimpse of most of the band — except Phil Collins, of course.

As we all know by now, Phil Collins' role is rather like that of the photographer taking a shot of himself with a delay mechanism — if he isn't actually staying at the front of the stage for the whole number to deliver his vocals and Moscow State Circus-like acrobatics, he'll announce from the stage front before scurrying back, in best Artful Dodger manner, to his kit.

Collins' quite staggering onstage confidence shows that he possesses the ability to transform Genesis into an even more successful outfit than it is now. This version of Genesis is infinitely superior to the overly histrionic and frequently pretentious version fronted by Peter Gabriel.

Collins' decision to take Gabriel's part has led to Chester Thompson's addition to the band. Now look, a black guy in such a peculiarly *English* band as Genesis is pretty iconoclastic and, one may imagine, advantageous. When, in addition, he's played with Frank Zappa and is thoroughly schooled in all spheres of US quasi-jazz funk, he graduates to being a valuable asset indeed — as Thompson even demonstrates when playing utterly superb *tambourine*, for God's sake, on "Inside And Out" from the "Spot The Pigeon" EP.

They play for much too long, of course (somewhere around two hours twenty minutes) and those Earls Court seats are not exactly notorious for their comfort. Genesis play fourteen songs, including two encores.

There is a great deal of . . . almost *purity* about their sound. Organic purity, though, with no chemical additives (save for the odd hundred grand's worth of lasers).

I had assumed that the reason that Richie Havens was to open the show was because Richie is so laid back that he can just slop on and off of that stage with the minimum of hassles equipment shifting-wise. Last time I saw Richie Havens he performed utterly solo. This time he has a drummer, a keyboardsman, two guitarists and a bass player, and has to make full use of the Genesis moving stage. From where I'm sitting I can't even see his new teeth.

He's very cool, though. When the drongoid slowhand clappers start up at the rear of the hall Richie starts to clap along with them and ends up leading them into a superior time. He wears what seems to be a white satin dressing-gown.

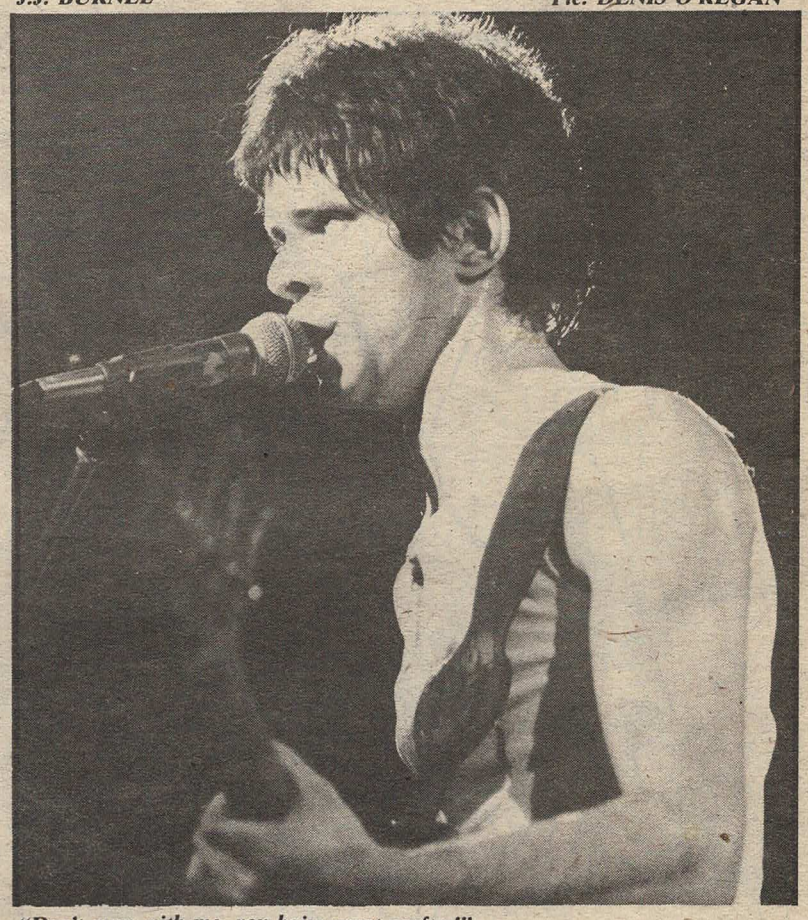
I'm not sure of any of the titles — apart from the ubiquitous "Freedom", that is — but those burnt oak mellowed out sandpaper vocals spread my head wide open and left me feeling very receptive to Genesis.

Chris Salewicz

PHIL COLLINS *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

"Back, you running dogs of punk!"

J.J. BURNEL *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*



"Don't mess with me, you hairy great poofter!"

GENESIS:
Late '60s mansion in good repair, 50,000 watts freehold

The Stranglers
ROUNDHOUSE

"OH, YOU'D LOVE The Stranglers," someone once smirked at me. "They go onstage and jerk their necks off."

I had never seen The Stranglers before — though I've snorted Pro-Plus with Hugh Cornwell (don't try it — it don't work) and thought he seemed real nice, though in common with 99% of the music industry/humanity, not a person to be trusted further than he could be thrown.

Well. I've just seen them. I really regret not wearing my stilettos, either to enable me to see better over the heads of the pogoers or to jab in the *gluteas maximus* of the hefty blonde broad wearing a mohair sweater (fast replacing the fur coat as The Garment Signifying All That Is Wrong With The Modern World) who kept tossing her split ends into my mouth in her efforts to dance a frenzied Watusi.

Isn't that just like a woman? Don't you just wish they were put down at birth?

STRANGLERS:
Victimisation — don't cry rat and then use your own claws, boys . . .

No, of course not; who would The Stranglers abuse then?

I think The Stranglers write really neat pop songs and I don't find "Peaches" offensive because girls feel that way about men, too. I love "Princess Of The Streets" because it could apply to any of the girls I know and they wouldn't be insulted by it. Why, I could never help grinning when I heard "London Lady."

There's the thorn in the flesh, you see. They performed "London Lady" tonight and I didn't like it one little bit.

I would be less offended if this hymn of hatred was directed against *all* the capital's girls, but the fact that the finger has been pointed and the name been printed makes me feel ashamed I ever smiled at it. I thought the days of the public pillory in the marketplace were over. What's the logical progression? Shaving her head and leading her through the streets? Stoning her to death outside the city gates?

If this reads hysterically that's because of the response which greeted the opening bars

Archie Bell & The Drells 90° Inclusive
SOUND CIRCUS

EDDIE GRANT's proteges 90° Inclusive seemed rather incongruous, touting their lunatic brand of Cockney reggae to an audience who'd come to clap along with Archie Bell and his good old-fashioned cabaret soul.

Led by Henry Barnes, the only Rastafarian in Benfleet — well, he may not be a Rasta, but he was certainly living in Benfleet last year (does that make it Oil City skank?) — the quintet attacks its standard post-Marley reggae with almost humorous gusto.

90° Inclusive's songs leave something to be desired, their brinkman's love of unrehearsed drum solos and the like tends to leave them with egg on their faces, and the clavinet tone is pretty awful — but they've got a lot of commitment, both Barnes and his co-guitarist are good singers, the rhythm section is firm, and Barnes is a fierce (if eccentric) lead guitarist.

Hope they make it. They're a lot of fun.

Archie and The Drells had just been on a tour of Baileys clubs, and it showed. Whereas Tavares, an essentially similar act, come storming out looking to hit you between the eyes in the back row of the upper circle, Archie Bell seems to play the front stalls.

I'd gone along in the faint hope of seeing some real bad flash. Back in the late '60s Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff had picked up this quartet of soul dance specialists out of Houston, Texas, written them one of the greatest macho dance songs of all time, "(There's Gonna Be) A Showdown" (later performed quaintly by The New York Dolls on "Too Much Too Soon"), shoved them in a studio with Thom Bell and Bobby Martin in the booth, and *blammo!* — stone classic. I'd hardly call Archie Bell and The Drells prolific makers of hot wax since then — the great "Here I Go Again" and the more recent "Soul City Walkin' " are all I could even name — but you never could tell . . .

Well, they certainly dance okay; impressive split-second choreography was the order of the day, as the three Drells twisted and primped in front of the eight-piece Bell System, but flash? Every number was meticulously arranged, totally devoid of surprise or feeling despite Bell's excellent singing, and each featuring some slightly comic, slightly smutty rap from Archie and many exhortations to "help us out by putting your hands together".

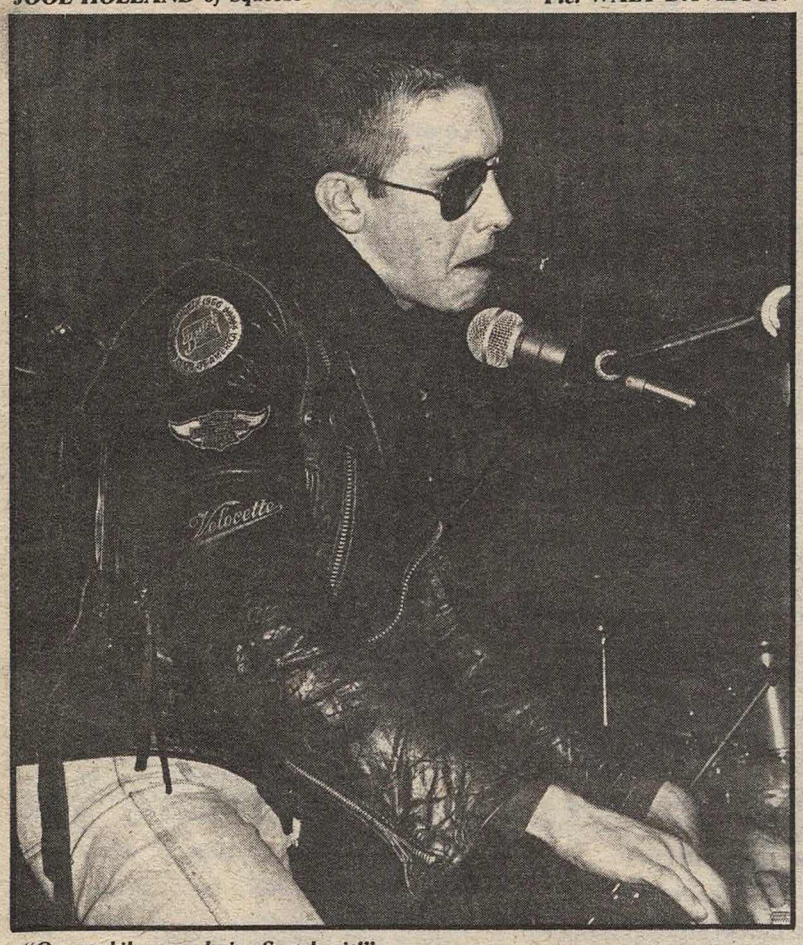
Oh, and the singalongs. We sang along to Archie's version of Lou Rawls' "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine", we sang along to his first hit, "Tighten Up", and we almost sang along with his rather unexpected version of James Brown's "Get Up Offa That Thing".

But "Showdown"? Sing along with that too? I left before he got the opportunity to make me. *"Uh, man, you're outta step. You can do better than that . . ."*

Phil McNeill

Cock Sparrer
pronounced Cock Sparra Got it?

JOOL HOLLAND of Squeeze *Pic: WALT DAVIDSON*



"On yer bike, you hairy Scotch nit!"

BILLY CONNOLLY *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

"D'ye wanna light, ma wee laddie — if ye're auld enough tae smoke!"

of "London Lady": pure, unashamed glee on the face of every boy in sight. The Finchley Mob pogoed ecstatically while onstage the vitriol flowed: *"Tell me what you've got to look so pleased about!"* Yeah, I wondered.

And let's face it, the girls loved it too. Girls come to see Cornwell, and I can see why. Sylvia Plath said it all, about how every woman loves a brute, the jackboot in the face, the rack and the screw. I can't help but shiver when I hear the line *"Beat you, honey, till you drop."* But it's just a morbid fascination; excessive pain is no fun, as these chicks going gaga over Cornwell's S/M fantasies would find if they ever explored sexual cruelty for themselves. But no, they're content to live vicariously, get off on hearing how some other girl got her face smacked, was strangled to death *ad infinitum.*

Ah, but we enlightened young things can always excuse misogyny in our saviours! Just the other day I was instructed to read Eldridge Cleaver in order to learn a thing or two about the People's Struggle. I couldn't help thinking what the women who Cleaver savaged would make of the People's Struggle. Yet Cleaver is still touted as a genuine revolutionary — which made me wonder what the reaction would be if The Stranglers sang a song called "London Nigger" without changing the lyrical content. You think they'd get on the cover of the *NME?*

But of course these boys are no reactionaries. Why, they even have a song called "I Feel Like A Wog" to show they're the Black Man's Friend. I wonder how Black Women score on the credibility chart? I found the inclusion of this song to be superficial and pretentious compared to, say, The Clash's unadorned tribute to JA in "Police And Thieves" and Strummer's simple, brutal statement of intent at the Rainbow: "This is a song by a wog and anyone who don't like wogs can fuck off."

You see, Stranglers? You can like black people *and* women.

But I digress. The Stranglers played "Sometimes", "London Lady", "Princess Of The Streets", "Hanging Around", "Peaches" *("Spread it all over my peeling foreskin . . ."* — what a big bad goy, eh kidz?), "Grip", "Ugly", "Down In The Sewer" *("I can think of worse places to be . . . like outside The Roundhouse without a ticket")*, "Go Buddy Go", "I Feel Like A Wog" and a new song called "Dead Ringer", all quite brilliantly, moving around the stage like tame tom-cats on vaseline. Their music is amazing to dance to and I loved it when I forgot about their collective phobia.

A girl was pulled out of the crowd onto the stage and a boy yelled: "Give her one!" His friends howled for another rendering of "London Lady."

I'm not upset by The Stranglers' distorted view of women because in my experience the only men who despise women are the men who ain't got the bottle to pick on someone their own size. I'm not bothered by general abuse, because women get that from the cradle to the grave and as long as sex is treated as something you have to wash your hands after, then women will be the criminal scene of the crime in one neatly packaged punch-bag. What I object to is the playground bully mentality paraded in "London Lady." God, and I thought no one could outdo me when it came to back-biting.

Disgust must be the reaction to the modern world of anyone with more than half a brain. But one would think that a band with the intellectual pretensions of The Stranglers would evade the old divide and rule tactics and direct their hatred at a more worthwhile target. It's the "children of the fucking wealthy" we should be beating on!

Orthodox feminism bores me and I think girls make lousy rock and roll stars. But sometimes I get to feel so mean . . .

Julie Burchill

SQUEEZE:
five bright boys with a soundtrack in search of a film

Squeeze
MARQUEE

OLIVER REED muscles sneeringly through the fruggers packed into the club towards where some Cilla Black lookalike dolly bird, mini'd to six inches above the knee, simpers into her vodka and lime. In the background one of those mock beat groups plays the film's theme song, performed by a recycled Terry Dene soundalike fronting four would-be Beatles on a miscalculated Tin Pan Alley attempt at the Beat Sound . . .

Us extras look at each other and scratch our heads. A minute ago we were doing a '70s punk rock movie. Where's this '60s kitsch soundtrack come from?

Funny group, Squeeze. Singer Glenn Tilbrook doesn't actually sound like Terry Dene (or so I'm assured) — but he sure as hell sounds like *someone* from that pre-Beatles era: lame R&R machismo in the phrasing and a weird synthetic tone. It's, uh, interesting. He's also an excellent R&B lead guitarist.

Chris Difford, the rhythm guitarist, is also an unusual singer, very Lou Reed influenced, with an appealing monotone croak.

His songs are Lou Reed influenced too, when they're not off in these weird time warp zones.

Most of the time, in fact, Squeeze sound like a less inspired cross between "Loaded" Velvets and early-'70s Stones — the Stones boogie style, which I find pretty mundane.

They have a pianist — Jool Holland — which is also quite unusual. The rhythm section of Harry Kakoulli (bass, similar tone to JJ Burnel) and Gilson Lavis (melodic drummer) are good and powerful . . .

And that's about it. Apart from the odd gnashing break, there's nothing much to get terribly excited about — but there are a lot of *unusual* things mixed in with a lot of rather dreary rockaboogie which, as is the way with that style, occasionally generates enough train-like energy to give you the vibe which sustained the Stones and The Faces through innumerable identical numbers: that feeling that This Is What Rock'n'Roll Is All About.

The Marquee was full and enjoyed itself, except for a few 'punks' trying on their safety pins (really — in 1977!) and brushing up their repertoire of insults — or rather, brushing up their insult (you guessed, "wankers").

Squeeze's EP is released in a week or so, presumably on Step Forward. Hopefully it will vouchsafe some neat category to stick them in and then we'll all know whether we're supposed to jive, pogo, turkey trot or what.

Phil McNeill

CONNOLLY:
Clown or genius?

(Both)

Billy Connolly
EDINBURGH

BIG YIN AGAIN defied everybody by going from strength to strength. His new material is much stronger than the last tour's and included an hilarious account of the Saturday night curries and their Sunday side effects *("beatin' out the flames with the News Of The World")* which still brings a smile on recall.

A lot of the songs were familiar, but one of the new ones was another superb parody, this time of "Two Little Boys", on a let's-be-truthful-about-the-police theme. *"Did you think I would leave you lying there/When I can lie my head off too . . ."* Spot on, as usual. The police, apparently, love the song.

The rest of the show embodied all the Connolly trimmings and trademarks: the black leotard and banana wellies, the razor sharp asides, the C & W parodies, swipes at religion and authority, the vulnerable humour — all the inspired clowning that's made him so popular.

Tony Stewart suggested, in his review of Mike Harding *(NME 18/6/77)* that appreciation of comedians might be coloured by local affinities. Maybe that's true — although Connolly's Glasgow and my Edinburgh are worlds apart — but I'd go further than saying that I found Connolly funny: I'd say the man is a genius.

Look, all these comparisons with Lenny Bruce are strictly out of order, There's really very little similarity at all. What Connolly has that's special — and that he doesn't always get true credit for — is his gift for brilliant mimicry.

It's this mimicry that makes his parodies so unerringly accurate and successful. It's this same mimicry that penetrates all his humour and makes the vision of scenes and people that he conjures up so instantly recognisable and readily identifiable. Couple this gift for realism with his natural genius for making people laugh, and you've got something that far transcends the status of local funny man.

Billy Connolly is already far and away the most popular figure in Scotland. Now that he has broadened his scope of material well beyond the streets of Glasgow, I see no reason why Connolly's great talents shouldn't make him not just a national figure but an international one as well. And his triumph will be all the greater because it will be done without the artificial aids of malice, sexual innuendo and racism.

I'll say it again — the man is a genius.

Ian Cranna

NINETY DEGREES INCLUSIVE

Chris Barber
BERKELEY SQUARE

HARDLY AN habitue of Berkeley Square, I overcame the natural sense of inferiority and hauled the moleskins along to that august precinct, scoring several sympathetic murmurs and not a few bobs. On the red, white and blue bandstand, Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band was playing a lunchtime gig for the Jubilee Fund, while the listeners on the sward were canvassed by the quality shaking collecting boxes, a tableau not unlike one of Sun Ra's latin numbers.

The band kicked off with a pair of Trad flagwavers, "Bourbon Street Parade" and "New Orleans Wiggle", music of great jollity and charm, the beat lithe and sinuous, the front-line interplay a maypole caper of feat precision. Three Ellington numbers followed, the band's adaptability and sheer professionalism reproducing the long, blue, lazy, laving wave of the Duke's languorous blues as easily as the tight, punchy riffs. All the breaks registered, catapulting the soloist — Barber's jocund trombone, the jumping Willie Smith-style saxophone, trumpet, contemporary guitar — into the saddle.

Pat Halcox's flugelhorn feature, the appropriate "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square", showed off the sweet tone and control of dynamics and would have turned Anna Neagle's head. Pete York's drum showcase, "Extension 345" was a throwback to the Gene Krupa era, an all-thundering, fair-makes-'em-talk grandstand from the bandstand which went on a bit and would probably work better indoors where the sonic tunnels don't have to compete with the traffic.

In sum, a pleasant lunchtime interlude, though beating off the various Afghans and Salukis attracted by my boiling billy-can and bacon butties proved irksome. My collection tin was rumbled within minutes.

Brian Case

Entry in the Gig Guide is free of charge. But details must be received by post not later than Friday morning, for insertion in the following week's issue. Send particulars to Derek Johnson, New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

NATIONWIDE GIG

THE DAMNED: London season

MEAL TICKET: London concert

See highlights on facing page for details

THURSDAY

BARNSLEY Civic Hall: BURLESQUE
BATH Viaduct Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE JAM
BLACKBURN Lodestar: WINDOW
BLOXWICH St. Peter's Hall: RIPLAVE
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: VALKYRIE
BRIDPORT Bull Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE ONLY ONES
BRISTOL Granary: MOON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BRISTOL Tiffany's: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
CHESTER Quaintways: OZO
COVENTRY Tiffany's: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
CROYDON Red Deer: SQUEEZE
DERBY Tiffany's: THE 'O' BAND
DONCASTER College of Education: JIMMY JAMES
GREAT YARMOUTH Cap & Gown: ARTHUR'S AXE BAND
HAVANT Jug o' Punch: STAN ARNOLD
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: TOM ROBINSON BAND
HUDDERSFIELD White Hart: CARTWHEEL
LEEDS Polytechnic: VIBRATORS
LEICESTER The Beeches: PETE & CHRIS COE
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BOOM TOWN RATS/999/SKREWDRIVER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: REDBRASS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: BILL CADDICK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: XTC
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COUNT BISHOPS/NEO
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX/STUKAS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SPITERI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STREET BAND
LONDON TEDDINGTON Clarence Hotel: CLEMEN PULL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON W.C.2 Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER CHORLTON Oaks Hotel: GENERATION X
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: GOLDIE
NEWCASTLE University: BENNY CARTER/RALPH SUTTON QUARTET
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: THE SAINTS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: METROPOLIS
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: GENO WASHINGTON
POYNTON Folk Centre: PAUL CARR
ROMFORD White Hart: DYNAMITE
RYDE I.o.W. Carousel Ballroom: DAVID PARTON BAND
SHEFFIELD DEEPCAR Royal Oak: NIC JONES
SKIPTON Town Hall: ZHAIN/FRUIT EATING BEARS
SOUTHEND College of Art: THE DARTS
STOCKPORT Rudyard Hotel: McCALMANS
SUTTON BONNINGTON Agricultural College: MATCHBOX
SWANSEA CLYDACH Mond Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
TAUNTON County Ballroom: HEARTBREAKERS
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Club: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE REAL THING
WISBECH White Lion: FLAKY PASTRY
YORK Cats Whiskers: THE CHANTS

FRIDAY

BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
BEDFORD College: THE DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: THE 'O' BAND
BIRMINGHAM Bell and Pump: FOGGY
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Festival at the Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLOXWICH Great Wyrley School: RIPLAVE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: GRAHAM & EILEEN PRATT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: TRAPEZE/LIQUID LUNCH
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BROMSGROVE Avoncroft Museum: ALBION DANCE BAND/GARY & VERA ASPEY/ROBIN DRANSFIELD/THERAPY/YORKSHIRE RELISH/THE FARRIERS/OSCAR
CANTERBURY Christchurch College: RESTLESS ROCKERS
CHELTENHAM Andoversford Village Hall: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
COVENTRY La Chaumiere: SOUL DIRECTION
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PACO PENA
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: WINDOW
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GOOLE Hook Playing Fields: HAZ ELIOT with FEELING/RAINBOW
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: 90% INCLUSIVE SNEAKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Sovereign Inn: MARY ASQUITH
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MIKE ELLIOT
LEEDS Polytechnic: ULTRAVOX
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Brooklands Club: VACUOUS DISCHARGE/SCABS
LINCOLN Technical College: NUTZ
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRIDER
LONDON CHISWICK Polytechnic: MOON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MOVIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: EATER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: MODELS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: 999/ALTERNATIVE TV/SKREWDRIVER/TONES/HEART ATTACK/PENETRATION
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: MEAL TICKET/RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: LURKERS/ZERO
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: THE REAL THING
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: HONEYCOMBS
LONDON St. Bartholomew's Hospital: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SHANGHAI
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: FLYING SAUCERS
LOUGHBOROUGH Fisons Club: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: HERON
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: 29th & DEARBORN
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE JAM
NEWCASTLE Centre Hotel: GOLDIE
POOLE Marquee Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
READING Three Tuns: RAILDOGS
RETFORD Porterhouse: MUSCLES
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: GARBO
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
SUNDERLAND Seaburn Hall: VIBRATORS
SWANSEA Townsman Club: DOOLEY FAMILY
WAKEFIELD Newton House: CADILLAC
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: DEAD END KIDS
WORCESTER College of Education: KRAKATOA

SATURDAY

BEDFORD Civic Theatre: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BLANDFORD Bryanston Arts Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BRENTWOOD Silver Jubilee Concert (adjacent Bishops Hall Park): ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS/NUTZ/CLEMEN PULL/SUNDAY BAND/ELDORADO/GOLIATH/GRIND/SIDEWINDER/ZOOKY
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: RACER
CHATHAM Town Hall: KRAKATOA
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: LIGHT FANTASTIC/EXODUS
CROYDON Red Deer: TRADER
DUDLEY J.B's Club: THE SAINTS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: VIBRATORS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: BOBBY EAGLESHAM
FALDINGWORTH (Lincs.) R.A.F. Station: FOGGY
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: CHICO
GOOLE Hook Playing Fields: SEVEN UP/RAINBOW
GUILDFORD Surrey University Festival (afternoon): WARREN HARRY/THE DARTS
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): STAG/ARTFUL DODGER
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE 'O' BAND/SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
HAYWARDS HEATH Scaynes Hill Festival: AMAZORBLADES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: REDBRASS
HERTFORD Castle Hall: SMILER
LEEDS Haddon Hall: SNEAKERS
LINCOLN Bishop Grossteste College: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
LIVERPOOL FORMBY Duke Street Park: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: J.A.L.N. BAND
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BAD COMPANY/RACING CARS/METROPOLIS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: VERNON AND THE G.I's
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: EATER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUTTERS/TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI/NEO
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER CRABBE/SCREENS
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Ballroom: SAD CAFE
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: DESMOND DEKKER
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: CADILLAC
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: ROOGALATOR
NEWBURY College: BURLESQUE
OXFORD Polytechnic: DARTS/BOOM TOWN RATS
REDCAR Royal Hotel: SILLY WIZARD
SHARPNESS Hotel: MATCHBOX
SHEFFIELD Highcliffe Hotel: BERNARD WRIGLEY
SOUTHEND Kursaal Ballroom: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: FLYING SAUCERS
STROUD Leisure Centre: THE REAL THING
SWANSEA Townsman Club: DOOLEY FAMILY
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: HEARTBREAKERS
WARWICK Squires Country Club: SOUL DIRECTION
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE JOLT
WOBURN Abbey (Bedfordshire): NEIL DIAMOND
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: ULTRAVOX

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MAD JOCKS & ENGLISHMEN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL Squires: OSCAR
BRAUNSTON Rose & Crown: EATER
BRIGHTON Top Rank: F.B.I.
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
BRISTOL, Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CHEADLE Highwayman: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
CREWE Brunswick Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
CROYDON Greyhound: VIBRATORS/BERNIE TORME
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido:THE REAL THING
EDINBURGH Glenburn Hotel: JOE'S DINER
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HARROW Kings Head Ballroom: HUNGRY HORSE
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: KITSYKE WILL
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SNEAKERS
LOCHMABEN Balcastle Hotel: CHICO
LONDON BOUNDS GREEN Springfield Park Tavern: TANNAHILL WEAVERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse : BOB PEGG (afternoon)/BOB DAVENPORT & WEBB'S WONDERS (evening)
LONDON CHELSEA Cafe des Artistes: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: NEO
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: BAD COMPANY/RACING CARS/METROPOLIS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON Institue of Contemporary Arts: JOHN STEVENS'AWAY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/THE RINGS
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JOHNNY NASH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE STRAND
LONDON WESTMINSTER Pier "Chevening" (boat trip): JABULA
MABLETHORPE Golden Sands: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE SAINTS
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/GEORGE CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
MANCHESTER Whitefield Philips Park Hall: DAVE BERRY & JUM CROW
MILTON KEYNES Wavendon Stables: BRANDYWINE/MIRIAM BACKHOUSE/DAVE BURLAND/JUNE TABOR/PACKIE BRYNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN
PLYMOUTH Castaways: ULTRAVOX
POYNTON Folk Centre: PLEXUS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: SPINNERS
SCARBOROUGH Royal Opera House: ACKER BILK BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS/PROMISES
STOCKPORT County Club: FOGGY
SUMMERSTOWN Festival: GRIND
THAME Swan Hotel: BILL CADDICK
WINDSOR Theatre Royal: MADELINE BELL
YORK Theatre Royal: BILLY CONNOLLY

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD Youth House: INVERSION
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AJ WEBBER
CHESTER Quaintways: MUTANTS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE SAINTS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: OZO
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LIVERPPOL The Triton: SPINNERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LANDSCAPE
LONDON E.1 Half Moon Theatre: TFB
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: NEW HEARTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999/LONDON
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON PUTNEY Stars & Garter: TURNING POINT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE STUKAS
NETTLEBED (Oxon) Bull Hotel: THREADBARE CONSORT
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: FRUIT EATING BEARS
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's: FASHION
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Cebtre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
PRESTON Guildhall: BILLY CONNOLLY
STAFFORD Top of the World: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
TORQUAY Town Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
WREXHAM Yale College: BETHNAL

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Bon Accord: ZHAIN
AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: SILLY WIZARD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Alhambra: KRAKATOA
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE JAM
CARDIFF Top Rank: AFTER THE FIRE
FLEET Fox & Hounds: JAKE WALTON
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: PERCY CUTE & THE TAMPONS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE SAINTS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls : KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE BOYS/XTC/RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON CATFORD Rising Sun: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE PIRATES
LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: DAVE BURLAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: HEAD OVER HEELS/PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/SKREWDRIVER
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE BLIMPS/GARENT WATKINS/TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND/BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: BETHNAL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND/ALEX WELSH BAND/ACKER BILK/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON/GEORGE CHISHOLM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE STUKAS
MILFORD HAVEN Further Education Centre: DEAD END KIDS
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's: FASHION
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: EATER/WIRE
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: J.A.L.N. BAND
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Heron Club: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
YORK Munster Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS

WEDNESDAY

BEAULIEU Midsummer Folk Concert: YETTIES/NIC JONES/BOYS OF THE LOUGH/BILL & SYLVIA ROGER
BINGLEY College of Education: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CHALFONT ST. GILES Winkies: SUNSTROKE
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Club: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/GEORGE CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
EXETER Catharsis: RAGS & TATTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BETHNAL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KICKS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BEES MAKE HONEY/ROY HILL BAND
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RINGS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: VIBRATORS
MANCHESTER CHORLTON Oaks Hotel: FRUIT EATING BEARS
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Three Horseshoes: JOHN KIRKPATRICK & SUE HARRIS
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: THE JAM
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: JACK THE LAD
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
ROCHESTER Medway College of Design: SPLIT ENZ/WARREN HARRY
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: DAVID PARTON
SWINDON The Affair: THE SAINTS
WEYBRIDGE Hall: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH

JOHNNY NASH: London concert

GUIDE

RESIDENCIES

BEDFORD Nite Spot: DOROTHY SQUIRES
Thursday for three days
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: ROY CASTLE in "Mr. Polly" (new musical)
Monday for six weeks
BROMSGROVE Folk Festival: ALBION DANCE BAND / ROBIN DRANSFIELD / GARY & VERA ASPEY / BILL CADDICK / THERAPY / FARRIERS etc.
Friday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: MARMALADE
Thursday for three days
ECCLES Talk of the North: THE BROTHERS
Week from Sunday
LEICESTER Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS
Week from Monday
LIVERPOOL Allinson's Club: BILL FREDERICKS
Week from Sunday
LIVERPOOL She Club: DAVE BERRY & JIM CROW
Week from Monday
LONDON Marquee Club: THE DAMNED
Sunday for four days
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
Tuesday (5) for three days
LONDON SOUTHALL The Seagull: WHITE PLAINS
Wednesday (6) for four days
LOUGHBOROUGH Folk Festival: WATERSONS / PETER BOND / A.L. LLOYD / MUCKRAM WAKES / ROY HARRIS / BOB DAVENPORT / PETE ELLIOTT etc.
Friday for three days
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
Monday for two weeks
NEWCASTLE University: BEDROCK FESTIVAL with HARCOURTS HEREOS / STEVE BROWN BAND / HOT SNACKS / JUNCO PARTNERS
Friday for three days
OLDHAM Bailey's: GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: LYNDA LEYON & THE STATESMEN
Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: SUPER SUNSHINE
Week from Monday, except Wednesday

BAD COMPANY make their long-awaited British concert comeback this weekend. See below for details.

Highlights this week

WE'VE NOW arrived in the midsummer period when the colleges are shutting up shop for the long vacation, and many bands are going off the road until the autumn. And for the next couple of months or so, there will be fewer gigs from which to choose. But there are still a few isolated hot spots, and this week's selection includes:

● **BAD COMPANY** take pride of place with their two concerts at the massive Earls Court Stadium in London on Saturday and Sunday. The first is sold out, but there are still tickets available for the Sunday show. These are their first appearances in Britain for 18 months, and they're interrupting a long American tour specially to play them. Support acts are Racing Cars and the fast-rising Metropolis band.

● **CRAWLER, BOXER** and **MOON** co-headline a package tour that's actually a CBS Records promotional junket. Very welcome it is, too, with admission limited to £1 at all venues — and what's more a free EP, featuring all three bands, for all members of the audience arriving before 7.30pm. Crawler are, of course, the former Paul Kossoff outfit Back Street Crawler. Opening gigs are at Southend (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Torquay (Monday), Hastings (Tuesday) and Portsmouth (Wednesday).

● **THE DAMNED** wind up their nationwide tour by playing a rare four-day season at London Marquee from Sunday to Wednesday inclusive. On their travels they encountered a few cancellations, due to short-sighted local council policy, so it's pleasing to see the Marquee booking them for four gigs on the trot.

● **MEAL TICKET** were widely tipped at the beginning of the year as one of the bands to watch in 1977, and on Friday they place a foot firmly on the ladder to the big-time when they headline their own concert at London New Victoria . . . and at the same venue two days later **Johnny Nash** who's just completed a cabaret tour here, plays his first-ever concert date in the capital.

● **NEIL DIAMOND** follows his sell-out Palladium concerts by performing his much-publicised open-air gig at Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire on Saturday. Let's hope the rain holds off for those who opted to sit on the grass at £5.50 a time.

TV RADIO

THE TV rock famine continues unabated, apart from one show confined to viewers in the London area. On Thursday night, Thames puts out another of its occasional "Star Rider" series, this one featuring the **Steve Hillage Band** filmed at their free open-air concert in London Hyde Park last year.

BBC-2 continues its **Shirley Bassey** repeats on Thurday, and this week's edition has **Janis Ian** guesting. Same channel launches its summer "Rhythm On 2" series on Tuesday and the first show, filmed at Manchester Band On The Wall, has **George Melly & the Feetwarmers** and the **Alex Welsh Band.**

Monday night on BBC-2 includes a couple of worthwhile repeats. There's **Barbara Dickson** in "The Two Ronnies" and **Tom Paxton** in "The Camera And The Song".

Over on BBC-1, **Noel Edmonds** hosts "Top Of The Pops" (Thursday), **Dana** guests in "Seaside Special" (Saturday), and **Alex Welsh** crops up again in **Lena Martell's** "Let The Music Speak" (also Saturday).

Off-beat spot of the week: BBC-2 is starting a late-night season of vintage horror films, and this Saturday's double bill comprises the original **"Dracula"** with Bela Lugosi and the original **"Frankenstein"** with Boris Karloff. Same channel starts repeating its award-winning **"I Claudius"** on Friday.

ITV screens the final "Get It Together" in the current series on Wednesday, and in the line-up are **Sad Cafe, David Parton** and **Stephanie de Sykes.** Also on the commercial side, **Cliff Richard** is in "Saturday Scene" (London only) and, of course, there's **The Muppets** at the weekend.

Radio 1's "In Concert" (6.30 pm Saturday) features **Stefan Grossman, Jo-Ann Kelly, Dave Evans** and **Sammy Mitchell.** On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), the **Echo Mountain Band** are in "Country Club", while "Folkweave" has excerpts from the recent Newcastle Festival.

SUPERTRAMP in non-stop action shot

Pic: JOE STEVENS

Beards big in Toronto

Supertramp

TORONTO

SUPERTRAMP's popularity in Canada is nothing short of staggering.

Recently they played two nights at Toronto's massive ice hockey stadium, the Maple Leaf Gardens. That's the equivalent of playing two dates in London's Earls Court; ten nights at the Hammersmith Odeon; or a six weeks' residency at the Marquee.

Even before the celebrated Canuck faves took the stage the audience were behaving with an enthusiasm you wouldn't normally associate with music of this kind. Whether the fans were intoxicated on dope or booze or simply their own delirious anticipation of their heroes' entrance is an unfathomable question.

Frisbees skimmed across the auditorium, large balloons bearing the legend "Supertramp: Sold Out" bounced between seating sections, and when the 'Tramp walked on stage they were greeted with a deafening roar of approval.

This reaction is of course the manifestation of their huge commercial success. "Crime Of The Century" has sold over 400,000 copies in Canada alone; a feat which places them as A&M's fifth best seller behind Frampton, Carole King, Herb Alpert and Cat Stevens. Sixth, would you believe, is Nazareth's "Greatest Hits" compilation.

It is an inexplicable state of affairs, reflecting a curious trait in Canadian taste. This feeling was compounded by a review of 'Tramp's first night in the Toronto *Globe And Mail.* Under a picture of John Anthony Helliwell ran the caption "Overly careful on tenor sax . . . (he) could have blown more coleslaw". The headline read: "Supertramp lacks fireworks".

Whaaat?

Well, apparently the reviewer enjoys gigs more when smoke bombs are detonated and tubs of coleslaw are wheeled out. The guy obviously has some kind of fetish which we'd better leave unexamined.

Supertramp are about melody, professionalism and musical commitment. They seek respect and not adulation.

This might sound like a denouncement, but it's not. To some extent they're reprocessing a style they first introduced with the "Crime" album, and the cynic might comment that their act is composed of nothing more than old leather conscientiously buffed to a dazzling shine of perfection.

But their excitement on the Maple Leaf Garden's stage rested with the apocalyptic gloom of such pieces as "Fool's Overture" from "Even In The Quietest Moments", which is very much an elaboration on Roger Hodgson's theme of social destruction.

His answer is that we all need to subscribe to some sort of religion, and it might be this dubious suggestion that has so far prevented him being recognised as a '70s malcontent.

Hodgson and 'Tramp's other keyboard player Rick Davies have been rightly acknowledged as the band's main artistic and musical hub, and on stage this was unfortunately a fact they all too willingly accepted.

The problem was that they chose to perform with precision, allowing, as they do on record, the direction to be dictated by Davies' and Hodgson's songs, instead of using them as vehicles for their own private explorations along the themes.

In effect, the rhythm section of Dougie Thomson on bass and drummer Bob Benberg, and saxist Helliwell, restricted their own contributions unnecessarily. They were selling themselves short, and if the group are eventually to develop away from the musical concept they've adopted for the last three albums, then it's in this area they'll have to concentrate.

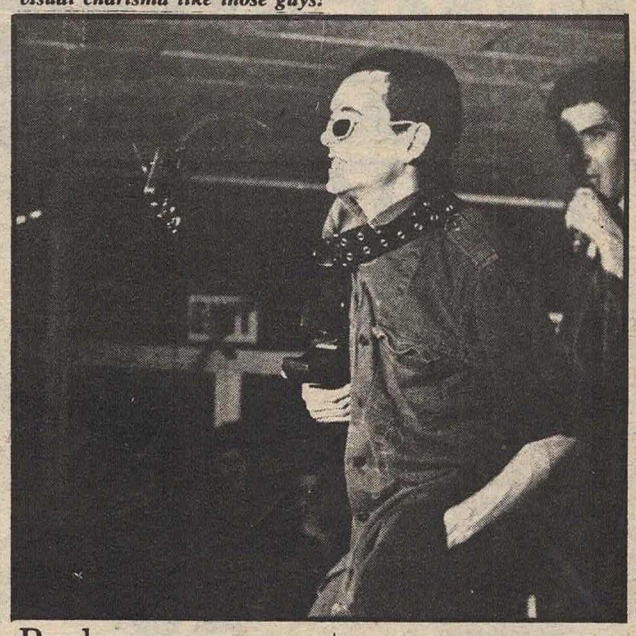
In Toronto they showed the inherent dangers of their present system, not least in their tendency to be slightly perfunctory on such numbers as "Hide In Your Shell" and "Ain't Nobody But Me". That they didn't explode, splattering coleslaw all over the audience, was of little consequence — but they could at least have shown a greater sense of adventure than a timid old lady does when trying to cross a busy road.

As it was, the music was performed well. The set, comprised of material from "Crime", "Crisis? What Crisis?" and "Moments", had momentum, humour (mainly from Helliwell's role as emcee) and occasional flair, but it could obviously be a lot better.

Rock musicians walk a tightrope, of that there's little doubt, but it's about time Supertramp removed the safety net.

Tony Stewart

BILLY JENKINS of Burlesque: "Boy, what I'd give for some real visual charisma like those guys!"



Pic: STEVE EMBERTON

Burlesque

BRIGHTON

NEVER HAVING seen Burlesque before, I was interested to see how apropos Scotch *(It's Spot-The-Yank time — Ed)* fanzine *Hanging Around's* terrific little assessment would prove. They concisely put the band in the "Jazz/Punk/Funk /Boogie/Waltz/Goosestep" bag. How true! How true!

Participants in the Sussex University end-of-term frolics were a pretty scraggly bunch, possibly because I'm told the real ravers had departed by the coach-load with their placards and sandwiches for a jolly day out on the Grunwick picket line.

The presumably more apathetic crowd that stuck around didn't seem to know what they were in for, but they sure went for it.

Burlesque are pretty much in the tradition of musical experiences as opposed to *concerts.* Shades of Zappa, the Bonzo Dogs and Supercharge are just a few of the flashes they bring to mind as their set kicks off with a few bars of "The Jet Song" from "West Side Story" and zooms off to incorporate references to and parodies of Elvis, Cream, Charlie Parker "and a host of others".

Singer and saxophonist Ian Trimmer looks like an art college eccentric in his paint-splodged shirt emblazoned with "Bird Lives". His running patter and delivery of bizarro rockers such as "Elsie Petunia", "Lana Turner" and "Take It Out On The People" are both sharp and engaging.

Meanwhile, stage left, guitarist Billy Jenkins bounces around playing like a fiend and looking like Joe Strummer dressed for a part in a comedy set in a World War II POW Camp.

Antonio Vivaldi, Junior, on bass, makes up the three ring circus while Steve Parr and Adrian Shepherd keep their heads down cooking on keyboards and drums.

Despite the shenanigans, which are a lot of fun, the band is noisily disciplined, and Shepherd and Vivaldi Jr. keep the rhythm ticking over at an exciting gallop.

What's neat is that they hit *all* the baselines from a Ventures-some "Wipe Out" to punk and a heavy metal flashback in "Biz Fizz", and they do them all the more than competently.

By the end they had the entire hall clowning and singing along to the title track from their nice debut album "Acupuncture". Sheer enjoyment.

How can you resist a band that tap dances to the drum solo?

Angie Errigo

Cock Sparrer
pronounced Cock Sparra Got it?

LOVELIGHT
A LASER MUSICAL
METROPOLE LASER THEATRE VICTORIA
NOW SHOWING
SHOW TIME 2.00, 3.15, 4.45, 6.15, 7.45, 9.15. Sundays: 3.15, 4.45, 6.15, 7.45. Adults: £1.25. Children 80p
HOLOGRAM EXHIBITION IN FOYER
Telephone: 834 4673

LIVE PAGE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 30th June (Adm 85p)
ULTRAVOX!
The Stukas & Ian Fleming
Please come early

Fri 1st July (adm 70p)
NO DICE
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat. 2nd July (adm 75p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8pm
GLORIA MUNDI
Neo & Ian Fleming

Sun. 3rd July (adm £1.25)
THE DAMNED
Rings & Nick Leigh

Mon 4th July (Adm £1.25)
THE DAMNED
Johnny Moped & Jerry Floyd

Tues 5th July (adm £1.25)
THE DAMNED
Plus support and Jerry Floyd

Wed 6th July (Adm £1.25)
THE DAMNED
The Adverts & Ian Fleming

Thurs 7th July (adm 85p)
MR. BIG
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri 8th July (adm 70p)
GIGGLES
Easy & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

The Bawl-room

KING'S HEAD HOTEL
HARROW ON THE HILL
Sunday July 3rd

It ends with a BANG not a whimper

KATMANDU

Sounds Lights Bar Cheap Beer
Members 60p Non-members 75p

If you ain't there you ain't nowhere

WATCH FOR BAWLROOM ROCK AT THE HAVELOCK

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Friday July 1st Free
THE MODELS
Saturday July 2nd Free
EATER
Sunday July 3rd 60p
BUSHWHACKERS
Wednesday July 6th Free
THE RINGS
Thursday July 7th 75p
THE TYLA GANG

Thursday June 30th Free
TOOTING FRUITIES

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday June 30th Free
COUNT BISHOPS
Friday July 1st 75p
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
Saturday July 2nd 70p
THE STRUTTERS
Sunday July 3rd 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Monday July 4th Free
999 + London
Tuesday July 5th Free
HEAD OVER HEELS
with PRAIRIE OYSTER

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel. 01 603 6071)

THE MILLABOUT ROCK CLUB
Clarence Hotel, Park Road, Teddington

Thursday June 30th
CLEMEN PULL
Admission 40p, Membership 25p
Bar 8pm — midnight
Next Week: Free Agent

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930 4201

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm
Wednesday June 29 — BOBBY BRADFORD QUARTET
Wednesday July 6 — RAY RUSSELL SEXTET

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm
Thursday June 30 — SUSANNAH McCORKLE, KEITH INGHAM QUARTET featuring DUNCAN LAMONT
Thursday July 7 — DAVE MACRAE QUARTET

CALIFORNIA BALLROOM
Whipsnade Road, Dunstable presents
SATURDAY JULY 9th

THE JAM

+ CHELSEA

Admission £1.75 Licensed Bars Doors open 7.30 pm

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Thursday June 30th £1.50
BOOMTOWN RATS
+ 999 + SKREWDRIVER
D.J. Terry Floyd

Monday July 4th £1.00
LEE KOSMIN
+ SUPPORT
Free admission with this ad before 10 pm.

Friday July 1st £1.50
STRIDER
+ STARFIGHTERS
D.J. Terry Floyd

Tuesday July 5th £1.00
THE BOYS
+ X.T.C.
+ Rikka & The Last Days On Earth
Free admission with this ad before 10 pm.

Saturday July 2nd £2.00
J.A.L.N. BAND
+ Support

Wednesday July 6th £1.00
BEES MAKE HONEY
+ THE ROY HILL BAND
& D.J Terry Floyd
Free admission with this ad before 10 pm.

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

KINGSWAY PRINCETON COLLEGE
Sidmouth Street, Kings Cross
presents
Friday July 1st at 8 p.m.

ICEBERG

Admission 35p
Also appearing at the Roxy on Wednesday June 29th

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Saturday July 1st
SABOTEUR
Sunday July 2nd
NO SWEAT
Members 45p — Non members 50p

WALTHAM FOREST COLLEGE S.U.
presents
Wednesday July 6th, 8pm — late
An end of term concert with

MUNGO JERRY

+ S.A.L.T

In the Main Hall, Forest Road, E17. Bar & Disco.
Tickets: S.U. members 90p, others £1.15

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 30th 60p
X.T.C.
Friday July 1st 60p
X-RAY SPEX
Saturday July 2nd 70p
BEES MAKE HONEY
Monday July 4th Free
NEW HEARTS
Tuesday July 5th £1.00
THE PIRATES

ENTS COMMITTEE
POLYTECHNIC of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET W1. 636 6271
Friday, July 1st

ALVIN STARDUST

+ THE PLEASERS & DISCO

8 pm-12.30 am. Admission free with poly card
50p N.U.S. £1.00 others

THE SWAN

HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY, W.6
Tel: 01-748 1043
ADMISSION FREE TO LONDON'S NEWEST ROCK PUB

Saturday July 2nd
FISH CO
Wednesday July 6th
LEE KOSMIN BAND
Thursday July 7th
BUSTER JAMES BAND
Opp. Hammersmith Underground, Metropolitan, District & Piccadilly Lines

---

HERMIT LIVE
in association with Atlantis Agency presents

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS + NUTZ

+ Special Guest Band appearance
+ CLEMEN PULL, SUNDAY BAND, ELDORADO, GOLIATH, GRIND, SIDEWINDER, ZOOKY
D.J. DEL STEVENS

at a site adjacent to
BISHOP'S HALL PARK, DODDINGHURST ROAD BRENTWOOD
Saturday, July 2nd
Noon till 11 pm

Tickets from all branches of Downtown Records or Brentwood Youth House. Tickets: £1.50 in advance, £2.00 at the gate

Many thanks for help from LAZYWOLF

West Runton Pavilion
Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Tel. West Runton 203

Friday July 1st £1.00
THE DAMNED
+ THE ADVERTS

Friday July 8th 90p
THE VIBRATORS
+ WIRE

Saturday July 2nd 90p
LIGHT FANTASTIC
+ EXODUS

Saturday July 9th £1.75
BILLY OCEAN
+ MUSCLES

Royalty Southgate

"LONDONS MUSIC NITE SPOT"

THIS FRIDAY, 1st JULY
From TVs New Faces Top Disco Band
OFANCHI
THIS SATURDAY, 2nd JULY
SOUL D.J. RADIO 1
ROBBIE VINCENT
WINCHMORE HILL RD, SOUTHGATE N.14
(OPPOSITE SOUTHGATE UNDERGROUND)
TELEPHONE: 01-886 4112

Ring
BRIAN B
on
01-261 6153

WOODS
PLYMOUTH
Tel 266118 - late bar

Tonight — LISSEN
Next Monday 4th
BOYS OF THE LOUGH
Next Tuesday
New Wave night, Ad only 50p
EATER + WIRE
Punk DJ Handy Andy
Next Wednesday
JACK THE LAD
Fri & Sat DJ Chris Redding 8-2

LIVE PAGE

DUDLEY RUSSELL presents

BRITISH CONCERT DEBUT

JOHNNY NASH

"I can see clearly now" "Tears on my pillow" "What a wonderful world"

with guest Viola Wills

NEW VICTORIA THEATRE
THIS SUNDAY at 8 pm

Tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50. Box Office: 01-834 0671 & agents

THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday June 29th
Audition Night
30p before 7 pm.
50p after 10 pm.
BERNI TORME + ICEBERGS + RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS ON EARTH

Thursday June 30th
ELECTRIC CHAIRS + ALTERNATIVE TV

Friday July 1st
ELECTRIC CHAIRS + ALTERNATIVE TV

Saturday July 2nd
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS + VIOLENT

Wednesday July 6th
Audition Night
30p before 7 pm.
50p after 10 pm.
MODEL MANIA + ZERO

Eric's LIVERPOOL

members notice	members	guests
Sat July 2 THE PIRATES	75p	£1.00
Fri July 8 THE DARTS	75p	£1.00
Sat July 9 THE SAINTS	90p	£1.20

12th, 13th, 14th, 15th July:
WORLD PREMIERE of SLEAK!
starring ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
75p £1.00

Sat July 16 THE JAM + Spitfire Boys	£1	£1.30
Sat July 23 THE VIBRATORS	75p	£1.00
Sat July 30 ELVIS COSTELLO	75p	£1.00

Every Wednesday MODERN JAZZ with a shot of Rhythm and Blues 40p/60p
9 Mathew Street, Liverpool 2. Tel. 051-236 7881

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY
Wednesday June 29th
METROPOLIS
Thursday June 30th
ALFALPHA
Friday July 1st
TEQUILA
Saturday July 2nd
VALKYRIE
Monday July 4th
TO BE ANNOUNCED
Tuesday July 5th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Wednesday July 6th
METROPOLIS
Thursday July 7th
ALFALPHA
Friday July 8th
NEO
Saturday July 9th
SPECIAL BREW
Ring for details
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

DINGWALLS
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM ROAD, LONDON NW1
01-267 4967
Tuesday July 5th
THE
KURSAAL FLYERS
Licensed bar, restaurant, disco, 8 pm-2 am
Tickets available in advance — £2.20

To Advertise
Ring
Brian B.
01-261 6153
O.K.?

THE KENSINGTON
Russell Gardens, W14
Tel: 01-603 3245
LIVE GROUPS NIGHTLY
RING FOR DETAILS

NEWBURY COLLEGE S.U.
presents
BURLESQUE
+ HOUDINI + Disco
Sat. July 2nd Doors open 7.30
COLLEGE MAIN HALL, OXFORD RD.
Admission £1.25; NUS £1.00

CHISWICK POLY,
BATH ROAD
(Turnham Green Tube)
Friday July 1st
MOON
+ SUPPORT
DISCO + BAR
85p in advance or N.U.S. card holders
£1.00 on door

THE PEGASUS
109 Green Lanes,
Stoke Newington N.16

Friday July 1st
9 p.m. — 12 midnight
LANDSCAPE
Admission 50p after 10 p.m.

Saturday July 2nd
9 p.m. — 12 midnight
SUNSET
Admission 50p after 10 p.m.

City Rock
Every Sunday
City Tavern,
The Football Stadium,
New Writtle Street, Chelmsford
Sunday, July 3rd
JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
60p 8 till 11 BOB
Next week THE MOVIES

The Saints
999
NASHVILLE

There is a temptation to regard The Saints as comic. This stems from a number of idiosyncratic things about them, not least of which is the deadpan approach they have to the business of putting it across on stage.

Their insular development in whatever corner of Australia they come from seems to have left them pretty well unaware of anything except Stooges records. Even then, they can't have seen the covers, because they appear to have no idea of, nor any interest in, the trappings that usually accompany relentless powerchord-driven mania.

For a start they look as though they've walked in off the street — not any hip, romantic notion of the street, but a very average street.

Secondly, they all remain perfectly still apart from the bass player who, as the set progresses, begins nervously to shake his head. The closest the singer comes to any kind of stage antics is to hang onto the mike, keeping the stand next to his chest at all times, and occasionally move his hair away from his face.

This isn't simply 'dumb' like The Ramones — it's better described as unconscious.

My first reaction to this total lack of contrivance and the anomaly between the way they look and what they play was one of mild amusement, but this had something to do with the fact that the chords in the opening song were stolen from Cliff Richard's "Move It". After a while, though, the monotony of their music became annoying and the spectacle was all that was left.

It's refreshing that they don't give a thought to looking or acting like other punk bands but, unfortunately, the music was totally nondescript high energy — except perhaps for a version of Del Shannon's "Runaway".

The reverse was true of 999. They looked very contrived, an arbitrary collection of punk style with more than a passing nod to The Clash, but it was their music which set them apart.

They're a South London band who have been together for about nine months now and were once called 48 Hours, a name which points to being inspired by The Clash. Their new name's a quote from "London's Burning".

They possess the required urgency in their playing and embellish it with a streak of inventiveness, which meant that, as was not the case with The Saints, is was possible to distinguish one song from another.

The songs themselves dealt with expected themes, embodied in titles like "Emergency", "My Street Stinks" and "I'm Alive", but were treated with an uncommon touch of humour. The singer had a thin, raspy voice and tried hard to achieve a suitably threatening stage presence.

All that was lacking was an identity of their own, but there's time enough for that.

Paul Rambali

SAINTS Kym Bradshaw, Ed Kuepper and Chris Bailey

Aswad
Soft Machine
Shaking Stevens
ALEXANDRA PALACE

"AND HOW DO I know you are who you say?"

"Er, you might perhaps take my word for it."

"Can't you prove it? For all I know, you might just be an individual."

We are all *just* individuals!

This conversation was taking place on the steps of Alexandra Palace, at the instance of the People's Jubilee bash, organised by the Communist Pa-a-arty. A CP jobsworth was denying my journalistic claim and insisting I purchase a ticket — all proceeds going towards his questionable cause.

"Haven't you got some form of identity?" he bleated. "You must have a Press card."

"I don't carry ID, mate, you no see't," I returned. "This ain't Russia, much as your delusions otherwise persist."

Later I encountered an Aswad idren, who proved my existence, and I was inside. Not a minute too early, as things turned out.

Inside, well . . . Ally Pally had been transformed into a celebration of North West London liberalism. There were burly Indian women distributing tracts devoted to Grunwick; mucho devaluations of Brenda and Keith; "Fight Fascism", "Stuff The Jubilee" and "Save The Whales" buttons; tedious literature outlining the tenets of Marx, Lenin and Arthur Scargill. There were representatives from the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, reps from Tapper Zukie's Angolan MPLA movement, reps from Chile, Argentina, the CIA and the Palestine Liberation Organisation.

Onstage, Shaking Stevens and The Sunset were loving up a storm.

They performed "I'm Ready", " Lights Out", "Blue Suede Shoes", "Honey Hush", "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller" and B. Bumble's "Nut Rocker". They were all drive — some nice rock music, but little in the originality stakes.

They said a hey yea yeah yeah.

Judging from the response, Soft Machine are an extremely popular group. They bore little relation to the outfit I remember sighting at UFO some ten years ago, and, instead, seemed content to create a series of melodic tone poems. The guitarist and drummer were particularly spirited; but the spartan clinicism of the group was enough to send me cruising the Solidarity With Caribbean Socialism stalls again for more laffs.

When Aswad took the stage, the West Indian contingent in the audience leapt to the front in their inevitable attempts to prove that they can *appreciate* music so much more than anyone else in the world.

"And now — from the ghettos of Ladbroke Grove," came the patronising voice of the smug MC.

Unfortunately, Aswad failed to live up to their expectations. In drummer Angus Gaye they have a talent who, ten years hence, is going to make men like Sly Dunbar and Carlton Barret look stupid; but at present he is hampered by an indifferent group, still unsure of their direction since being dropped recently by Island.

Opening with "Jah Love" — a successful execution — the group moved into "I Can't Stand The Pressure", "77 Rock Steady", "Jah Will Be There I-ternally" and "Jah Give Us Life", before I wandered dispirited into the streets of Stroud Green, looking for some Tottenham action.

Penny Reel

Pretties for you
Metropolis
HOPE & ANCHOR

PRETTY THINGS never die, they simply lose people. After the departure of the unsinkable Phil May last year, though, the younger survivors of the last line-up sensibly decided to lose the '60s connotations inherent in the name, and they have re-emerged as Metropolis.

They're a very fine band indeed, with a first-rate repertoire of excellent original material and a spunky front man in bassist / vocalist Jack Green. With a neat line in punchy melodies and a hard, heavy execution I can even see them cutting into the singles market, given some luck.

What is particularly appetising about Metropolis is that they convey far more natural, spontaneous energy and enjoyment than a lot of bands still prancing around with a similar penchant for heavy effects and lengthy instrumental escapades.

I don't know, though. There are a couple things that strike me as necessary if the band wants to keep healthy in the current climate. Their tendency to stretch out on instrumental breaks dissipates both the strength of the songs and the impact of the good vocal interplay between Green and keyboards player Gordon Edwards.

And while guitarist Pete Tolson is excellent, both accomplished and tasteful, he's so self-effacing a presence that you really have to make a point of listening to appreciate his playing since he doesn't draw attention to himself. Also, drummer Skip Alan isn't as on top of things as he needs to be if they insist on the extemporaneous Futzing.(*Eh?!! — Ed.*).

But I wouldn't bother to mention this stuff at all if I didn't think they had a tremendous amount going for them. A bit of cutting and sharpening up of the presentation and they could really pack some wallop.

Angie Errigo

WARTS: TAKE A FRIEND'S ADVICE
I'D LIKE TO TAKE JILL OUT, BUT NOT WHILE I'VE GOT THESE WARTS.
NO PROBLEM, DAVE. JUST GET SOME... COMPOUND W
THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND
HI, DAVE. HOW ARE THINGS?
GREAT. THE WARTS HAVE GONE, AND I'M MEETING JILL TONIGHT.

Compound W* dissolves away unsightly warts painlessly, without cutting or cauterisation. It's a clear, colourless liquid that penetrates deep into the common wart destroying the cells from within. The problem just melts away, leaving your hands wart-free! 'Compound W' from chemists everywhere.

Compound W

* Trade Mark.

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING IN RPM RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

Record Mart

(MAIL ORDER SERVICE)

THE GOLDEN OLDIES SPECIALISTS
CLASSIC SOUNDS FROM THE 50's-60's & 70's

The Beatles Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand **£1.50**
The Beatles Sie Liebt Dich **£1.50**
Pink Floyd See Emily Play **£1.50**
Pink Floyd Arnold Layne **£1.50**
The Beatles Helter Skelter (pic sleeve) **£1.00**
Rolling Stones Got Live If You Want It EP **£1.00**
Rolling Stones Five By Five EP **£1.00**
Rolling Stones You Better Move On EP **£1.00**
Bad Company Movin' On **90p**
The Beatles Magical Mystery Tour Double Ep. Colour booklet **2.00**
Yes And You & I **90p**
Status Quo Pictures Of Matchstick Men **90p**
Badfinger No Matter What **90p**
P. L. Jackson (R. Stewart) In A Broken Dream **90p**
Moody Blues Go Now **90p**
Jethro Tull Bungle In The Jungle **90p**
Rod Stewart Maggie May + 2 (pic sleeve) **90p**
Bad Company Can't Get Enough **90p**
Deep Purple River Deep — Mountain High **90p**
Pink Floyd Have A Cigar (pic sleeve) **90p**
The Who Slip Kid **90p**
Electric Light Orch. Do Ya/Night Rider **90p**
Bad Company Good Lovin' Gone Bad **90p**
Alice Cooper Welcome To My Nightmare **90p**
The Doors Light My Fire **90p**
Steppenwolf Born To Be Wild **90p**
Shadows Of Knight Gloria **90p**
The Beatles Slow Down/Matchbox **90p**
Led Zeppelin Whole Lotta Love **90p**
Deep Purple Hush **90p**
Bad Company Young Blood **90p**
Led Zeppelin Rock & Roll **90p**
Hotlegs (10CC) Neanderthal Man **90p**
The Doors Riders On The Storm **90p**
Led Zeppelin Trampled Under Foot **90p**
The Beatles Ain't She Sweet **90p**
Bad Company Honey Child **90p**
Led Zeppelin Black Dog **90p**
Bad Company Feel Like Makin' Love **90p**
Free All Right Now **90p**
Led Zeppelin Candy Store Rock **90p**
Led Zeppelin Immigrant Song **90p**
Thin Lizzy The Rocker **80p**
Sex Pistols Anarchy In The U.k. **OFFERS**

Prices include postage/packing/V.A.T. (U.K. only) Overseas customers please write for quotation. Cheques/PO's to:

RECORD MART (MAIL ORDER DEPT N)
96D SOUTHCHURCH ROAD
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX

TANDY'S

THE EXPERT EXPORTERS
ATTENTION!
ALL OVERSEAS READERS

(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)

If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.

Write today for full details including the new TANDY's catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome

TANDY'S RECORDS

TANDY'S RECORDS LTD.
(DEPT. NX)
Anderson Road
Warley
B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2
Telex: TANDORDS 338024

HAVE YOU GONE FRANTIC YET?

If you don't mind paying £3.50 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to 85p off the price of top selling LP's and £1.50 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains.

FRANTIC

MAIL ORDER COMPANY
WARLEY
WEST MIDLAND B66 4BB
Tel. 021-429 6441/2

SHOPS — RECORD COLLECTORS — DJs
WHAT'S BELOW IS IMPORTANT

For seven years we have been the leading mail order outlet for oldies and current records. We issue every fortnight a booklet that contains 1,000s of oldies dating back to the 40s until the present day. We have also pages on soul, disco, rock and pop, and country music. The booklet costs (UK) 1 year £1.10, 6 months 70p (Overseas) 1 year £1.75. Wholesale and overseas welcome.

BELOW IS A SMALL SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN OUR BOOKLET

OUR TOP 10 ROCK SINGLES 70p each

1. **Young Savage.** Ultravox
2. **God Save The Queen.** Sex Pistols
3. **Jet Boy.** New York Dolls
4. **X Offender.** Blondie
5. **Dreams.** Fleetwood Mac
6. **Sheena Is A Punk Rocker.** Ramones
7. **Remote Control.** The Clash
8. **Chinese Rock.** Heartbreakers
9. **Peaches.** Stranglers
10. **In The City.** Jam

OUR TOP TEN ROCK IMPORTS 80p each

1. **Seaside Woman.** Suz and the Red Stripes. (Prod. by Paul McCartney)
2. **Barracuda.** Hearts
3. **Do Ya.** E.L.O.
4. **What's On My Mind.** Kansas
5. **People In Love.** 10CC
6. **You Made Me Believe In Magic.** Bay City Rollers
7. **Burnin Sky.** Bad Company
8. **Sing It, Shout It.** Starz
9. **The Doodle Song.** Frankie Miller
10. **Just A Song Before It Goes.** Crosby Still and Nash

OUR TOP TEN DISCO IMPORTS 85p each

1. **Pipeline,** Bruce Johnson
2. **(Do It) The French Way.** Crown Height Affair
3. **Let's Clean Up The Ghetto.** Phil Alstars
4. **Short Shorts.** Salsoul Orch.
5. **Terror On The Dance Floor.** Hot Blood
6. **Picnic In The Park.** MFSB
7. **Disco Rabbit.** Bobby Marcham
8. **Discomania.** The Lovers
9. **Hit and Run.** Loleatta Holloway
10. **Bull City Party.** N.C.C.U.

OLDIES

Millie. My Boy Lollipop (80p)
Status Quo. Paper Plane (70p)
Hawkwind. Silver Machine (70p)
Jimmy Jones. Handy Man (80p)
Led Zeppelin. Rock and Roll (80p)
Bay City Rollers. Dedication (80p)
Carl Perkins. Blue Suede Shoes (80p)
Elvis Presley. Hound Dog (80p)
David Bowie. The London Boy (70p)
Rolling Stones. Tumbling Dice (70p)
James Brown. Sex Machine (70p)
Chicken Shack. I'd Rather Go Blind (70p)
Ben E King. Don't Play That Song (80p)
Wings. Uncle Albert (80p)
Four Seasons. December 1963 (70p)
Four Aces. Three Coins In A Fountain (80p)
The Zombies. She's Not There (80p)
Booker T. Green. Onions (80p)
Black Sabbath. Iron Man/Paranoid (80p)
Golden Earring. Radar Love (80p)
Johnny Bristol. Hang On In There Baby (70p)
Beatles. Slow Down/Matchbox (80p)
Harry Chapin. W.O.L.D. (80p)
Jo Jo Gunne. Run Run Run (70p)
Aero Code 615. Stone Fox Chance (Theme from The Old Grey Whistle Test) (70p)
Jerry Keller. Here Comes Summer (80p)
Martha & The Vandellas. Jimmy Mack (80p)
Gene Vincent. Be Bop A Lulu (80p)
Yes. America (80p)
Abba. Waterloo (70p)
Hocas Pocas. Sylvia (70p)
Leroy Van Dyke. Walk On By (80p)
Johnny Kidd. Shakin' All Over (70p)
Procol Harum. Whiter Shade Of Pale (80p)
Jerry Lee Lewis. Return Of Jerry Lee (80p)

OVERSEAS. We supply any country, and have the fastest service on singles/LPs. Send your orders with international money orders, bank draft/cheques.

POST/PACKING: 1 to 5 records 10p over 5 — 25p Overseas 10p per single
All orders sent by return. We don't keep you waiting for weeks

SEND YOUR P.O. OR CHEQUE TODAY FOR ANY OF THE ABOVE OR OUR BOOKLET

RECORD CORNER (Dept. One)
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM,
LONDON S.W.12 9EX

Chiswick Records
(All in picture sleeves except S2 and S3)

SW1 Count Bishops Speedball EP £1.00
S2 Vince Taylor Brand New Cadillac 70p
S3 101ers Key To Your Heart 70p
S4 Gorillas She's My Gal 70p
S5 Count Bishops Train Train 70p
SW6 Rocky Sharpe & The Razors Drip Drop EP £1.00
SW7 Little Bob Story I'm Crying EP £1.00
S8 Gorillas Gatecrasher 70p
S9 Radio Stars Dirty Pictures 70p
S10 Radiators From Space TV Screen 70p
S11 Skrewdriver You're So Dumb 70p
S12 Count Bishops Stay Free 70p
S14 The Rings I Wanna Be Free 70p
S15 Johnny Moped No One 70p

Coming soon
S13 Motorhead Special 12" single £1.00

Available from Hot Licks, Bizarre, Rock On, Virgin, HMV, Rock Bottom, Flyover, R.E.Corder, Superdisc, Compendium and most good record shops.

Distributed by President

NO ONE

S15 JOHNNY MOPED NO ONE

If in difficulty direct from (please add 10p postage)

Chiswick 3 KENTISH TOWN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

I told 'im I got me punk from SMALL WONDER RECORDS . . .
'E told me to piss off . . .

Johnny Jewel — Television — £1.15; Roky Erikson E.P. — £1.50 (Pic); You're so dumb — Skrewdriver — 70p (Pic); Between the Lines — Pink Fairies — £1.75 (Pic.); Cranked up — Slaughter & the Dogs — 70p (Pic.) Television 12" — 99p; Tom Petty 12" — 99p; Johnny Thunder 12" — £1.50; Bermuda — Roky Erikson — 70p (Pic.); Get a Grip — Stranglers — 70p (Pic.); Love Goes — Talking Heads — 65p; I Wanna be Free — The Rings — 70p (Pic.); Eddie and the Hot Rods E.P. — 99p; Everyone's a Winner — London — 65p; Smokescreen — Desperate Bicycles — 70p (Pic.); T.V. Screen — Radiators from Space — 70p (Pic.); Foggy Notion E.P. — Velvet Underground — £1.50 (Pic.); Hey Grandma — Hot Knives — £1. (Pic.); Teenage Head — Flamin Groovies — 65p; Jet Boy — N.Y. Dolls — 65p; Fall Out — Police — 70p (Pic.); Right To Work — Chelsea — 70p (Pic.); Fascist Dictator — Cortinas — 70p (Pic.); Sick of You — Users — 70p (Pic.); One Chord Wonder — Adverts — 70p (Pic.); Alison — Elvis Costello — 70p (Pic.); The Outsiders L.P. — £2.75; Live at the Roxy L.P. — £2.99; Greg Kihn L.P. — £4.25; Rubinoos L.P. — £4.25; Manifest Destiny L.P. — Dictators — £2.75; In the City — The Jam — 70p (Pic.); Motorhead 12" — 99p; S'cool Days — Stanley Frank — 65p; The Nerves E.P. — £1.35 (Pic.); Blank Generation E.P. — Richard Hell (orig. Stiff limited edit.) — £2.25; All the Kids on the Street — Hollywood Stars — 70p (Pic.); Outside View — Eater — 65p.

SMALL WONDER RECORDS, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E.17.
Telephone 01-520 5036.

All prices as shown plus 10p p&p per 7" and 20p per 12" or call in, awright?

COB RECORDS

N-120 PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, UK
Tel: (0766) 2170 3185 (10 lines) Mon.-Fri.

★ ★ ★ *THE MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS* ★ ★ ★

DISCOUNTS TO ALL COUNTRIES

ANY available LPs/Tapes supplied at Discount Prices to U.K. and Overseas customers. Up to 50p discount per LP on U.K. orders and up to 70p discount per LP on Export orders. FREE POSTAGE on all U.K. orders and on most Export orders over £16.00; incredibly low postal charges on smaller Export orders. All items are brand new, factory fresh and are fully guaranteed by us for quality and against loss or damage in transit. Speedy delivery in strong purpose cartons. Substantial extra discounts on orders over £25 (U.K.) and £50.00 (Export). Please write or phone for our FREE COB CATALOGUE listing over 2,000 Top Selling LPs at our usual discount plus many other Brand New LPs on Special Offer of up to £1.25 off full retail price.

ADDITIONAL SERVICES (U.K.) ONLY

RECORD EXCHANGE SERVICE. If you have any unwanted LPs in good condition, we will buy or part exchange them for ANY brand new LPs — up to £1.20 cash paid or up to £1.70 allowed in part exchange. Please send s.a.e. or 'phone for details FIRST. (U.K. ONLY).

QUALITY GUARANTEED SECOND HAND LPs. Over 10,000 always in stock; send for FREE catalogue. All second hand LPs are checked for quality before being accepted into stock and are fully guaranteed. These stocks are completely separate from stocks of Brand New LPs. (UK ONLY).

SAVE £'s AT COB

GOLDIE OLDIES — RARITIES

(pc) denotes Picture Cover

Beatles — Lady Madonna (pc) **£1.50**
Beatles — Eleanor Rigby (pc) **£1.50**
Beatles Paperback Writer (pc) **£1.50**
Beatles — Hard Days Night (pc) **£1.50**
G. Harrison — You (pc) **£1.50**
G. Harrison — Bangla Desh (pc) **£1.50**
J. Lennon — No. 9 Dream (pc) **£1.50**
J. Lennon — Be Bop A Lula (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — Out of Time (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — Fool To Cry (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — Honky Tonk Woman (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — We Love You (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — Paint it Black (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — Last Time (pc) **£1.50**
Rolling Stones — Red Rooster (pc) **£1.50**
Led. Zep. — Rock N Roll (pc) **£1.50**
Led. Zep. — Black Dog (pc) **£1.50**
D. Bowie — Rebel Rebel **75p**
D. Bowie — RnR Suicide **75p**
S. Quo — Roll Over Lay Down + 2 Live **£1.00**
S. Quo — Paper Plane **70p**
S. Quo — Down Down **70p**
M. Williams — Classical Gas **70p**
Steeleye Span — Thomas the Rhymer **70p**
Hawkwind — Kings of Speed **70p**
Hawkwind — Psychedelic Warlords **70p**
Kinks — Lola **70p**
Prelude — After The Gold Rush **75p**
Bad Co. — Movin On **85p**
Bad Do. — Can't Get Enough **70p**
Redbone — Witch Queen New Orleans **70p**
Prince Buster — Big 5 **70p**
B. Sabbath — Am I Going Insane **70p**
Creedance — Proud Mary **85p**
Beatles — Do You Want To Know Secret **85p**
G. Glitter — Didn't Know I Loved You **75p**
J. Brown — Sex Machine **75p**
Who — Behind Blue Eyes **85p**
10 c.c. — Not In Love **75p**
Grand Funk — Good & Evil **75p**
E.L.O. — Do Ya **85p**
Cream — Crossroads **85p**
Eddie & Hot Rods — Teenage Depression **70p**
O. Newton-John — What is Life **70p**
L. Walsh — Rocky Mountain Way **75p**
Led Zep. — Immigrant Song **85p**
Frijid Pink — Heartbreak Hotel **85p**
Fleetwood Mac — Go Your Own Way **70p**
Deep Purple — River Deep, Mountain High **85p**
B. J. Krammer — Bad to Me **75p**
B. J. Krammer — Keep You Satisfied **75p**
L. Gore — It's My Party + EP **£1.00**
J. Lennon — Mind Games (pc) **75p**
Hot Butter — Apache **75p**
E. Clapton — Willie & Hand Jive (pc) **70p**
Roxy Music — Street Life **70p**
Ray Stevens — The Streak **75p**
B. Manilow — Mandy **75p**
R. Flack — Killing Me Softly **70p**
Young Rascals — Groovin **85p**

Rush your POs/Cheques (+7p per single) to

Reddingtons Rare Records (nme)
20 Moor Street, Queensway,
Birmingham B4 7UH
021-643 2017

RECORDS & CASSETTES DIRECT FROM ENGLAND

Vidt Repertoare, over 1000 titler, alle kjennte navn • Lave Priser, post inkludert igjennom velorganisert post-ordre service • Spesielt Tilbud, for enda bedre verdi • Send Idag For GRATIS 48-siders Katalog
JO-JO'S RECORDS, Dept. N2, 60 Adams Street, Birmingham, B7 4AG, England

PLAYBACK RECORDS
3 BUCK STREET, LONDON N.W.1
Records bought, sold, exchanged
Rock, Jazz, Reggae, Soul
Just off Camden High St.
1 minute from tube
Tel: 01-485 1883

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

L.P. Polythene (200g) 25 £1.00; 50 £1.90; 100 £2.65; 250 £5.70; 500 £10.50; 1000 £17.50
L.P. Polythene (400g) 25 £1.60; 50 £2.70; 100 £4.00; 250 £8.95; 500 £17.00; 1000 £31.50.
L.P. Paper polylined (inners) 30 £2.75. L.P. P.V.C. (Heavy duty) 25 £3.15; 50 £6.05; 100 £11.75. Singles card polylined 30 £2.60. Singles paper 100 £2.10. Singles P.V.C. (Heavy duty) 25 £2.50; 50 £4.75; 100 £9.00.
P.V.C. Doubl L.P. 1 @ 30p; 10 £3.00.
Prices include P&P in U.K. and Eire only.
Overseas customers write for list.
Cheque or P/O with order please, or shoppers welcome to save postage at:
WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 169 Chiswick High Road, London, W.4. Dept: NME.

CENTRA CASSETTE LIBRARY

Our library offers a large selection of pop, progressive & folk cassettes available at no hire charge, just an annual subscription. Send 20p for catalogue to:- **Centra Cassette Library, Dept N, 176a Coombe Lane West, Kingston, Surrey.**

PRESTIGE DISCOUNT RECORDS AND TAPES

Any Cassette £3.10 POST FREE

	O.P.
New Album Releases	
E.L.P. WORKS	£5.50
BOZ SCAGGS Silk Degrees	£2.65
STEVE WINWOOD Steve Winwood	£2.70
GEORGE BENSON In Flight	£2.55
DR. FEELGOOD Sneakin Suspicion	£2.60
NEIL YOUNG Stars and Bars	£2.60
TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS	£2.70
TELEVISION Marquee Moon	£2.55
RAMONES Leave Home	£2.80
THE CLASH The Clash	£2.70
ANY OTHER SINGLE ALBUM £2.70 + P & P	
THE SAINTS Stranded	£2.70
STRANGLERS IV Rattus Norvigicus	£2.70
C.S.N. Crosby Stills Nash	£2.60
BEE GEES Live (Dble)	£3.50
THE JAM In The City	£2.55
THE VIBRATORS Pure Mania	£2.55
PETER FRAMPTON I'm in You	£2.70
TED NUGENT Cat Scratch Fever	£2.70

Postage & Packing: 1 LP 30p, 2 LPs/dbles 45p, 3 lps & trebles 60p, 4 LPs and over 80p. Europe 60p per LP

Send cheques, POs to PRESTIGE RECORDS, 221 BARRY ROAD, DULWICH, LONDON SE22

TRANSPARENT L.P. RECORD COVERS

Polythene Light Gauge	Polythene Heavy Gauge	Poly. Singles Heavy Gauge
100 — £2.65	100 — £4.00	100 — £2.00
250 — £5.70	250 — £8.95	250 — £4.50
500 — £10.50	500 — £17.00	500 — £8.50

LP RECORD COVERS 12⅜ × 12¾ in P.V.C. Heavy Duty
25 — £3.15 50 — £6.05 100 — £11.75
SINGLES SIZE 7½ × 7½ in P.V.C. Heavy Duty
25 — £1.65 50 — £3.15 100 — £6.00.
Also available double-album covers in P.V.C. Heavy Duty at 30p each. White cardboard sleeves LP size. 25 — £4.20. 50 — £8.00. Sample covers at 82p per set of 5. (and one cardboard sleeve).
Post and Packing included in U.K. and Eire only. Mail order only. Cash with order.
A. J. COOK & SON (Dept NME), 98 Downhills Way, Tottenham, London, N17 6BD

mail a tape

The fastest pre-recorded cassette & cartridge DISCOUNT MAIL ORDER SERVICE

- At least 40p and up to 60p off ALL tapes available in the UK including new releases
- First class postal dispatch
- Free monthly new release sheets
- All tapes guaranteed against manufacturers faults and against loss or damage in transit
- No obligations or minimum orders
- If you would prefer to buy your next tape for £3·28 instead of £3·75 send us a cheque or P.O. for only 35p and we will rush you a copy of the 1977 M.A.T. Popular Tapes catalogue and new release sheets

Sydenham Road, P.O. Box 215 London SE26 5QF

mail a tape

EXPORT DISCOUNTS

Every English record, cassette and cartridge at fantastic, tax free export discounts. The more you buy the bigger the discount and you get more still if you order for your friends.

An international Reply Coupon brings our 52 page catalogue (remember everything NOT in our list is also available at the same discounts), including pages of special offers at less than half price. We pay part of your postage costs and everything we supply is unconditionally guaranteed

write today

RUSH RECORDS
287 Kenton Lane, Harrow HA3 8RR, England.

TO ADVERTISE IN NME 01-261 6172

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND? GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS

All the singles listed below are **ONLY 50p** each and are but a small selection from over 2,000 titles listed at incredible prices.

SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST

ABBA Knowing Me, Knowing You
BAY CITY ROLLERS Remember
BARRY BIGGS Sideshow
DAVID BOWIE Diamond Dogs
BROTHERS Sing Me
TERRY DACTYL & DINOSAURS Seaside Shuffle
DIXIE CUPS Chapel Of Love
FOUR SEASONS Silver Star
JOHN FRED Judy In Disguise
EMMYLOU HARRIS Here, There and Everywhere
100 TON & A FEATHER It Only Takes A Minute
IMPRESSIONS First Impressions
PYTHON LEE JACKSON In A Broken Dream
ELTON JOHN The Bitch Is Back
HAROLD MELVIN Don't Leave Me This Way
MAXINE NIGHTINGALE Right Back Where We Started From
MIKE OLDFIELD Portsmouth
PIGLETS Johnny Reggae
QUEEN Tie Your Mother Down
LINDA RONSTADT Tracks Of My Tears
SPINNERS Ghetto Child
STATUS QUO Break The Rules
TEN C.C. I'm Mandy, Fly Me
THIN LIZZY Don't Believe A Word
WINGS Maybe I'm Amazed
STEVIE WONDER Boogie On Reggae Woman

Postage and Packing 25p extra, any number of records

ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN
100 Hit Singles — £13 (+£2 if overseas)
50 Hit Soul — £9 (+£1 if overseas)
50 Country & Western — £4 (+£1 if overseas)

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPARTMENT N
6/12 Stafford Street, St Georges, TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE. TF2 9JQ

PUNK AT BANAPARTE OK

HOT RODS - LIVE E.P. 1·00 EATER - USA ·70
- SPEED OF SOUND 1·00 -OUTSIDE VIEW ·70
- I MIGHT BE LYING ·70 ADVERTS-ONE CORD ·70
- WRITING ON WALL ·70 NICK LOWE - BOWI ·90
- WOOLLY BULLY ·70 - KEEP OUT ·80
VIBRATORS - WE VIBRATE ·70 COUNT BISHOPS - Baby ·70
- POGO DANCING ·70 Johnathen Rich - ROAD ·70
- BABY BABY ·70 SLAUGHTER & DOGS - ·70
DR. FEELGOODS RUMOUR without Graham ·70
- SUSPICIAN ·70 NEW YORK DOLLS - EP. 85
- ROXETTE, LIVE ·70 STINKY TOYS - ·70
- SHE DOES IT ·70 HORRORCOMICS - ·70
- ROXETTE ·70 FLAMING GROOVIES
SCREWDRIVER, DUMB ·70 - teenage head ·70
MODELS - FREEZE - ·70 - Shake some action ·70
MOTORHEAD - 12" - single 1·00 - him or me - E.P. 1·50
HEARTBREAKERS - 12" - single 1·00 - slow death 1·00
MINK DE VILLE - 12" - single 1·00 LUCY - got me ·70
TOM PETTY - 12" - single - 1·00 LONDON - WINNER ·70
TELEVISION - 12" - single - 1·00 USERS - SICK OF - ·70
SAINTS - 12" - single - 1·00 CHELSEA - ·70
WAYNE COUNTY - E.P. - 1·00 RAMONES - BLITZKREIG -70
Johnny MOPED - no one - ·70 - sheena -70
RINGS - I wanna be free - ·70 - I remember you -70
PISTOLS - ANARCHY 3·50 SAINTS - STRANDED -70
- GOD SAVE ·70 CORTINAS - ·70
- VACANT ·70 MINK DE VILLE. LP. - 2·99
CELIA & MUTATIONS ·70 IGGY - RAW POWER - 1·99
RADIO STARS - DIRTY ·70 LIVE at ROXY - L.P. - 2·99
TALKING HEADS - love GOES ·70 OUTSIDERS - L.P. - 2·99

101 GEORGE STREET CROYDON SURREY
7 PHOENIX COURT GUILDFORD SURREY
31 MARKET SQUARE BROMLEY KENT

ALL MAIL ORDER TO CROYDON SHOP } post & pack 10p 7" 20p 12" } { SORRY ABOUT SOME DELAYS but we're trying hard to keep up.

K.V.Q. RECORDS
DEPARTMENT MR5
269 PORTOBELLO ROAD
LONDON W11. 1LR

GOLDEN OLDIES — 70p EACH
ANIMALS — House of the Rising Sun
AMERICA — Horse with No Name
P.P. ARNOLD — First Cut is the Deepest
JEFF BECK — Hi Ho Silver Lining
JANE BIRKEN — Je t'Aime (P.C.)
BYRDS — Mr Tambourine Man
ALICE COOPER — Schools Out
DOORS — Riders on the Storm
DYLAN — Lay Lady Lay
DEREK AND THE DOMINOES — Layla
FLEETWOOD MAC — Albatross
ROBERTA FLACK — Killing Me Softly
FLOWERPOT MEN — Lets go to San Francisco
FREE — My Brother Jake
NORMAN GREENBAUM — Spirit in the Sky
DR. HOOK — Sylvia's Mother
KINKS — Lola
MAMMAS AND PAPPAS — California Dreamin'
MOODY BLUES — Nights in White Satin
DON McLEAN — American Pie
NILSSON — Without You
PROCUL HARUM — Whiter Shade of Pale
PYTHON LEE JACKSON — In a Broken Dream
LOU REED — Walk on the Wild Side

GOLDEN OLDIES — 70p EACH
ROLLING STONES — Jumping Jack Flash
SPENCER DAVIES GROUP — Keep on Running
IKE & TINA TURNER — Nutbush City Limits
THEM — Here comes the Night
THIN LIZZY — The Rocker
Thin Lizzy - Whisky in the Jar
JOE WALSH — Rocky Mountain Way

IMPORTS — 80p EACH
ELTON JOHN — Lady Samantha
MOODY BLUES — Go Now
STEVE MILLER — The Joker
PINK FLOYD — See Emily Play
PINK FLOYD — Arnold Layne
FREDA PAYNE — Band of Gold
THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN — Something in the Air

NEW WAVE — 70p EACH
ADVERTS — One Chord Wonder
CHELSEA — Right to Work
EATER — Thinking U.S.A.
RAMONES — Sheena is a Punk Rocker
SEX PISTOLS — God Save the Queen

K.V.Q. SINGLES CATALOGUE — 25p Post and Packing — 20p (any number of singles) S.A.E. for free lists. Send you cheques, P.O.'s or Cash to the address above.

ALL SINGLES DISPATCHED BY RETURN — K.V.Q. LOOK AFTER YOU

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE
LPs, cassettes & cartridges of every kind bought, sold and exchanged.
40 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11
28 PEMBRIDGE RD., NOTTING HILL GATE W11
90 GOLDHAWK RD., SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12
Telephone 01-749 2930

GRAHAM WARR RECORDS
OASIS CENTRE, CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM. 021 233 2476
Soul Fans/Overseas Customers/ DJ's/Collectors
CONTACT US **TODAY** FOR YOUR SOUL MUSIC
The very latest import singles & albums/UK releases/bargains/northern/disco/funk/jazz
SAME DAY SERVICE — REGULAR LISTS
NOW IN OUR 4th YEAR — YOU CAN SEND TO US WITH CONFIDENCE. SEND SAE FOR OUR LISTS — OVERSEAS 2IRC'S

WANT TO BUY A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?
SEE PAGE 34

Ball Boys

HALF MOON

"FOR WHO among us," asks ball boy One Eye towards the end of the play. "For who amongst you, good people all, has not at some moment, from time to time, surreptitiously, nursed the desire to dismember David Bowie, Roger Daltrey, Steve McQueen . . ."

Ball Boys is a short — forty-five minutes or thereabouts — play by Davis Edgar, the author of *Destiny*.

"There is a theory, spoken in quiet places, whispered in dark corners, that Karl Marx got it wrong. There is a concept, expressed in dirty leaflets, chalked on foggy walls, that it is not class that divides the world. But beauty. Ugliness."

Set in the locker-room at Wimbledon, it features the conversation between two ball boys — Rupert (a *Burke's Peerage* name, as he remarks) and One Eye, as they await the completion of the current match and the return from the court of Sven Svenson, the blond bombshell, the Flying Finn. Traditionally, the ball boys for Wimbledon fortnight are chosen from amongst London's orphans. There is, therefore, ample opportunity for considering the nature of winning and losing and of, thereby . . . uhh . . .Our Existences.

It is by the density and sheer poetry of Edgar's writing that this is conveyed, and by the feisty acting of the two protagonists in this three-man show. Kevin Costello, as Rupert, nurtures his role with apt simmering pubescent neurosis, whilst Alan Hulse handles One Eye with a fine display of blustering machismo.

Of course, things are not quite what they seem. One Eye, in fact, fairly dire at games. He loses easily to Rupert when they play darts — using a dart board, we see at the end of the play, that has a photograph of Sven Svenson stuck over it. His persona is far more suited to the game of Erudition which, naturally, Rupert can't handle at all.

As is appropriate for its theme, the play is bound together by quotes and illusions from rock music — "What can a poor boy do?" asks Sven on returning from the court — and finally knotted tight, after Sven has been murdered by the pair in a scene of quite startling horror and evil and malice and Rupert has muttered "I think we got it all wrong", by Dylan's "Ballad Of A Thin Man" pouring out of the speakers to close the play.

Feel the texture, flee the performers' spittle.

". . . . Starlets will juggle with the severed limbs of stars, and stars will dance round the smoking pyres of superstars; and secret wankers, formed in violent gangs, shall do destruction on the objects of their masturbation fantasies . . . ."

Leaving the Half Moon, I went to Aldgate East and got on a tube train. It was going to Wimbledon. This, of course, seemed symbolically apt at the time.

Chris Salewicz

BALL BOYS — transferring to Battersea Arts Centre this week

Death in the last set

'CODE OF THE ROAD'
A NEW ALBUM

INS 3008 Also available on tape

A lot of people who know what they're talking about are talking about Meal Ticket.

"This progressive country rock band are probably the nearest equivalent Britain has to the Eagles" MUSIC WEEK.

"Theirs is an enormous and detailed skill of tremendous range" NEW STATESMAN.

"'Keeping the Faith' a Mexican novel has to be one of the best songs ever written (Marty Robbins should hear it)" TIME OUT.

"'Out of the Blue' (the band's new single — INT 533) is typical of the Music they perform and has all the hallmarks for being a hit" MUSIC WEEK.

"A British version of The Band and there's no higher praise than that" EVENING STANDARD.

Appearing at NEW VICTORIA THEATRE July 1st at 8pm.
Tickets £2.25, £1.75 and £1.00

Meal Ticket - Code Of The Road. A sure route to success.

LOGO A LOGO RECORDS PRODUCTION

INTERNATIONAL

Marketed by EMI Records Limited, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES

SAVE THE WHALES!

T-SHIRTS

Kwakiutl native American Indian design in full four-colour on white background.
Sizes: large/medium/small.
Price: **£2.20** + 25p p & p.
Also available in same design:
"Save the Seas" or
"Save our Planet".

BADGES

Black on white oval whale badge (as in photo). Fin, sperm whale or orca — PLEASE SPECIFY.
Price: **35p** + 8p p & p.

Greenpeace "eco-action" group has sailed boats into nuclear test zones, successfully ending atmospheric testing, confronted Russian whaling fleets in the Pacific and focussed international attention on the annual sealhunt off the coast of Newfoundland. We are dedicated to direct action solutions to critical planetary problems. **Help us!** All proceeds from sale of t-shirts and badges go to **"Save the Whale"** fund. Write for details. **GREENPEACE,** 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2BZ. (Vat. Registration No. 242 0463 01).

Whalefriend musician Steve Hillage

SQUARENECK SMOCK CHEESECLOTH TOP
A new one from Shapes, an elasticated square neck with front pockets. In blue stripes with a white background. **£3.20** plus 20p P&P. One size only 32" to 38" bust.

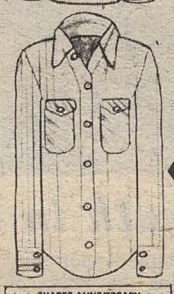
WRAPOVER SKITS
Just below the knee length. White natural colour with lace trimming at the bottom. **£3.10** + 25p P&P. Size 32" hips upwards.

"THE FONZ" SWEAT SHIRT
A print of Fonzie with "Cool it" underneath it. On a Collar Sweat shirt with a V-neck. **£3.95** plus 25p P&P. Colours: lt. blue, black, navy, brown, chest sizes 30" to 34" (bust 30" to 36").

WHITE CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cotton cheesecloth kurta with white embroidery. Only **£2.65** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 30" to 42" girls 34" to 44". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with colourful embroidery on a white background. **£2.75** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 32" to 42", bust 34" to 44".

SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS
Your Eddie Waring rugby shirt in two combinating colours with white colour. 100% cotton. **£3.90** + 20p P&P. Colours: navy/white, red/white, green/navy, red/navy. Sizes: 32" to 38" chest, (34" to 40" bust). Please state your size and an alternative colour.



COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip fitting loons. Still only **£2.60** + 40p P&P. 2 pairs 70p P&P. Colours: **navy, olive green, red, yellow, purple, brown.** Guys waist sizes 26" to 34". Girls hips 32" to 39". (33" inside leg length). Please state two alternative colours and your waist size. Girls state your hip size. Also black, dark green, pacific blue, brown, maroon, in guys waist 26" and 28" girls hips 32" and 33"-34".

CHEESECLOTH SHIRT
Still seems the best buy for the cooler weather, in stripes, checks, plain, white or denim blue colour **£2.75** + 25p P&P. Sizes 30" to 42" 44" chest/bust. Please state which design and your size).

DELIVERY 7-10 DAYS. POSTAGE OUTSIDE UK DOUBLE. **PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME,** FULL ADDRESS, COLOURS AND SIZE CLEARLY. ALL GOODS CAN BE EXCHANGED OR REFUNDED IF RETURNED UNWORN WITHIN 7 DAYS. SEND A P/O CHEQUE TO:

SHAPES MAIL ORDER (Dept X)
252 High Street,
Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire EN8 N78.

★ ★ SHAPES ANNIVERSARY ★ ★
Our 5 years in business we thank our artists, roadie's the workers, the NME mob, and to you for making it all possible.

Levi's

Style 522 Western styled 25" flares with rivetted pockets in 14oz denim. Waist sizes 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" and 42". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36". 36" waist and upwards 34" leg only. Sizes from 26" waist to 36" are prewashed if required.....**£12.95**
Style 633 Western styled 18" parallel with rivetted pockets in 14oz denim with leather trim pockets. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 39" 40". Inside leg: 34" only. Sizes from 26" to 34" waist are prewashed if required.....**£12.95**
Flared needle cord western style with rivetted pockets in navy and dk brown. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36".....**£12.50**
Denim Jacket 14oz denim (original style). Chest sizes 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46". Prewashed if required.....**£14.95**
Levi Checked Flannel Shirts, Western style, with bone buttons. Sizes: XS S M L XL. Assorted checks mainly red, green and black.....**£9.50**
Levi Western Styled light weight Check Shirt in poly/cotton with pearl popper buttons, 2 breast pockets in assorted checks mainly red and navy. Sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½".....**£9.50**
Levi Crew-neck Sweatshirts. Colours: red, lt grey, navy and bottle green. Sizes: S M L. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£6.95**
Levi Crew-neck Sweatshirts, Zip-thru' style. Colours: lt grey, lt blue and navy. Sizes: S M L. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£8.95**
Levi Short-sleeve Crew-neck plain cotton T-Shirt. Sizes: S M L. Colours: navy, red, black, lt blue, white.....**£3.50**

WRANGLER

Style 11016 Western styled 26" flares in 14oz denim. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44". Inside leg: 32" 34" 36".....**£12.50**
Style 110145 prewashed western styled fashion jean 18" bottoms with rivetted pockets. Waist sizes: 28" 30" 32". Inside leg: 34" 36".....**£12.50**
Denim Shirt western styled with pearl popper buttons. Collar sizes: 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½" 17".....**£9.95**
Denim Jackets 14oz denim. Sizes: 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46" 48" chest.....**£13.95**
Wrangler Western styled Shirt with button-down collar, 2 breast pockets, button-thru' style in assorted checks mainly brown and red mixture. Sizes: S M L XL.....**£7.95**
Wrangler Sweatshirts with various American Universities and Academies. Sizes: S M L XL. Colours: navy, black, lt blue, dk green, white and red. Please state 2nd choice of colour.....**£6.25**
Wrangler Sweatshirts with hood, zip-thru' style. Sizes: S M L XL. Colours: red, navy, lt grey, dk green.....**£10.95**
Wrangler short-sleeve Jersey Shirt. Sizes: XS S M L XL. Colours: red, navy, lt blue, beige.....**£5.95**

DUNGAREES

Dungarees in 14oz prewashed indigo denim flares with 2 front and 2 back patch pockets and large bib pocket. Superb value. Terrific fit. Ladies sizes: 8 10 12 14 16. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 31" 32". Inside leg: 36" only.....**£14.95**

If paying by ACCESS or BARCLAYCARD, please give card no. only. Cheques/P.O. made payable to:
EST. **LESLIE'S RANCH HOUSE (M. DEPT.) 1964**
5 Union Street, BATH BA1 1RP, Avon.
TEL: BATH 66313 :: Free p+p UK-EIRE-BFPO

A.WRANGLER OR LEE WESTERN JKT.
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim. Sizes 32.34.36.38.42.44.46.

B.LEVI T-SHIRT
Really nice plain t shirt with Levi's motif on sleeve 100% cotton Colours Black, Navy, White, Red and Lt Blue (State 2nd choice) Sm 34 36 M 38 Lge 40

C.WRANGLER HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Slipover style Made in USA Top Quality Colours Red Navy Md Blue Bottle Green Sizes Sm.34.36 Med 38.40 Lrg 42.44 State 2nd choice of colour

D.CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT
100% cotton Top quality Sizes Sm 34 Med 36 Lge 38 Black, Navy, White Sm & Med only in Md Blue Pale Green, Pillar Box Red

E.LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim flare washed and pre shrunk Sizes 26.27.28.29. 30.32.34.36 Inside leg 34 or 36

F.LEE BACK POCKET JEAN
Flattering baggy style 14oz heavy indigo denim, washed and pre shrunk. Sizes 26,27,28,29,30,31,32,34,36,38. Inside leg 36.

G.WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim flare washed and pre shrunk Sizes 28.30. 32.34.36 Inside leg 34 and 36

H.LEE WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26 flare washed and pre shrunk Sizes 26.27.28.29. 30.31 32.34 36 Inside leg 36

Post free UK & Eire. Cheques & PO's to
Matchplace Jeans Ltd
Dept NX 8 Station Rd West Croydon Surrey

If paying by Access or Barclaycard please quote number.

ADVERTISE IN NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
RING

BRIAN B on 01-261 6153
for Live Page & Disco Equipment

ANDY McDUFF on 01-261 6172
for R.P.M. & Mail Order

MIKKY WALSH on 01-261 6139
for Musical Instruments

DAVE FLAVELL on 01-261 6206
for Hi Fi Equipment

PENNY MORGAN on 01-261 6122
for Classifieds

Or write New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

A 102 ROD STEWART

A 103 OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN

A 106 ROGER DALTRY

Q 1008 STEVIE WONDER

A 107 ERIC CLAPTON

A 109 MICK JAGGER

LJ 21 OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN

LJ101 DOLLY PARTON

LJ 51 EAGLES

LJ 94 STEVE MILLER

LJ 98 QUEEN

Q 1017 DAVID BOWIE

T 144 LED ZEPPELIN

T 189 RITCHIE BLACKMORE

P5368 CHARLIES ANGELS

Q 309 PINK FLOYD

T221 FLEETWOOD MAC

LJ102 KC & THE SUNSHINE BAND

T243 QUEEN

P 5056 JOHN LENNON

P 5057 RINGO STAR

P5058 PAUL McCARTNEY

P 5059 GEORGE HARRISON

P 5256 THE SPINNERS

P 5258 STARSKY & HUTCH (CAR)

P 5267 KISS

P5295 STARSKY & HUTCH

P 5308 JUST PLAIN COUNTRY

P 5317 PETER FRAMPTON

P 5335 KISS DESTROYER

P 5362 ELO CHAIR

P 5364 ELO RUBY SLIPPERS

P 5377 FARRAH FAWCETT — JILL

P 5378 SABRINA

P 5379 KELLY

P 5386 ROCK AND ROLL OVER

P 5387 BOSTON

P 5390 HUTCH

P 5391 STARSKY

Full Colour Photo Transfers on T. Shirts

Exclusive to Anabas · Trade Enquiries Welcome
For Loose Transfers or Complete Garments

Also available to Personal Shoppers at:
Most Harlequin Record Stores,
Most Virgin Record Stores,
Paperchase, 5 Exchange St., St. Annes Square, Manchester, and at most major record stores throughout the country.

All designs of full colour photo transfers are available on superior quality standard T. Shirts, Cap Sleeve T. Shirts

Full colour Photo Transfers are 100% washable and fade proof. COLOURS: WHITE RED BLUE BLACK YELLOW.

Anabas Products
Ltd. Dept. NME21
Chesham Close
Cedar Road
Romford, Essex
RM7 7EX, England

Please send
T Shirt ☐ **Medium** ☐
Cap Sleeve ☐ **Large** ☐
Small ☐

Transfer ref No _____ **Name** _____
Colour of shirt _____ **Second Choice** _____
Add 25p P & P to Total Order (50p overseas).
I enclose Cheque/P.O. £ _____
(which includes P & P).
Name _____
Address _____

Postal Bargains from: Permaprints (Dept. N.M.158), P.O. Box 201, 96 Newington Green Road, London, N1 4RR

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST!

With Permaprints 1977 range of designs!

DESIGN NO. 106. SPARKS T-SHIRTS
ONLY £2.20 EACH
(OR £4 ANY 2)

108. HAVE ANOTHER
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS
ONLY £4.20 EACH
(OR £8 ANY 2)

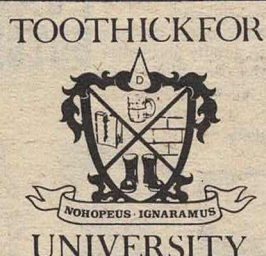
677. SUPERSIGN
Cap Sleeves
Only £2.65 each
(Or £5 any 2)

123. TRUST ME

All designs shown below are available on both garments
Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(106 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

256. FRIED RAT

249. KWIK KRAP



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVER SITY

697. LORRY

126. LIPSMAKIN

255. THINK PUNK

188. PRODUCT

252. SUCKER (design printed upside down)

Nazareth

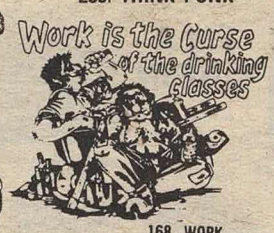
200. NAZARETH

703. STRANGLERS

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

167. JOIN THE ARMY

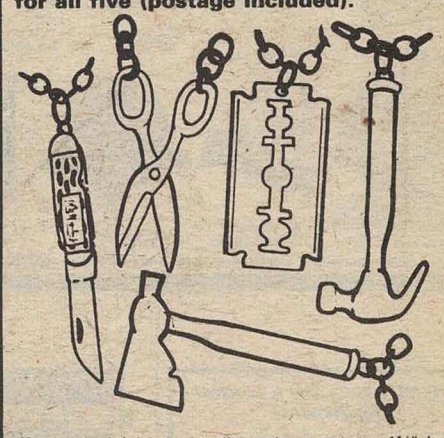
134. GENESIS



168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

★ SPECIAL OFFER ★
From PERMAPRINTS
Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2 for all five (postage included).



Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1½" long complete with 22" chain. 5 titles available, ONLY 55p each. (or £2 for all five) (A) razor; (B) scissors; (C) axe; (D) hammer; (E) knife.

186. STATUS QUO

124. LIE DOWN

702. ANGELS

700. NEW STATUS QUO

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

528. APOLLO

229. SERENE BOOZER

248. POPPET

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

159 BEETHOVEN

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

NOW AVAILABLE
SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER
UNISEX PENDANT
Genuine Mother of Pearl
TUSK PENDANT
1½in long (capped)
Complete with 18in silver plated chain
ONLY £1.30 each (postage included

The ideal gift

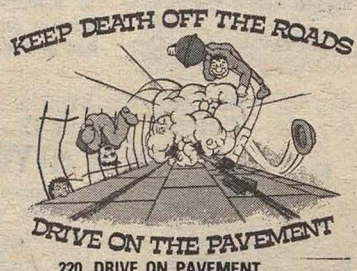
CONTENTS
untouched by human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order

224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

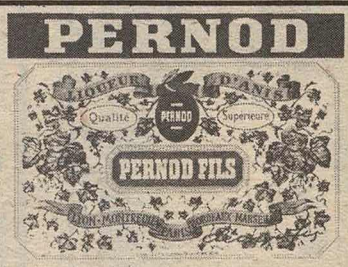
222. JOIN THE NAVY

227. MILCH TRAY



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

704. MIGHTY MINI



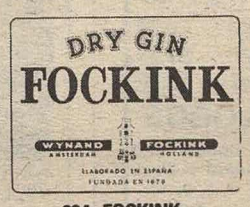
667. PERNOD

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD



694. FOCKINK

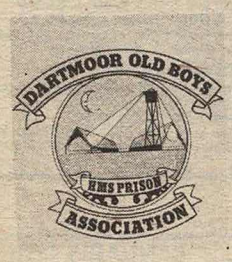
148. LED ZEP

Electric Light Orchestra
691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232 REALITY



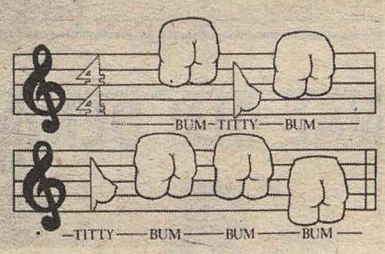
254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

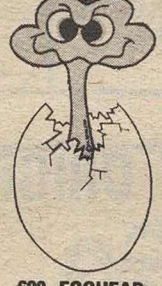
169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.

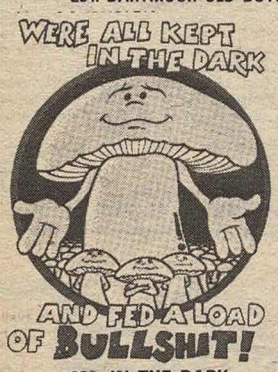
143. SON OF A BITCH



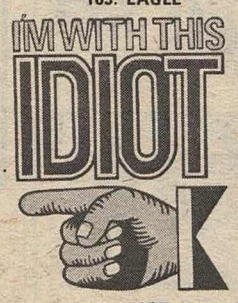
253. TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGGHEAD



683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER

199. EAGLES

237. STEELY DAN

246. REBEL

Trade and abroad enquiries welcome.

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-Shirts (min. 20) Write in for details.

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 292 Holloway Rd., London N7

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS
(Dept. N.M. 158, P.O. BOX 201)
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD,
LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... (PRINT CLEARLY)
Address .....
.....
.....

please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment.

.....
.....
.....
OTHER ITEMS .....
.....
I enclose £

(Dept N.M.158)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

CAST YER BLOODSHOT EYES ON THESE RAGS

Direct from California, U.S.A. Order with confidence! These are superb quality photographic/multi-coloured designs approx. 9" x 11", fully washable, non fade on quality garments. Garment colours: Black, White, Yellow, Navy, Sky Blue, Red. Sizes: Adults S(32"-34"), M(36"-38"), L(40"-42"), EXL 44".

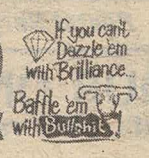
EH GRINGO! GOTCHA

ARE YOU PUTTING ME ON? COVERED

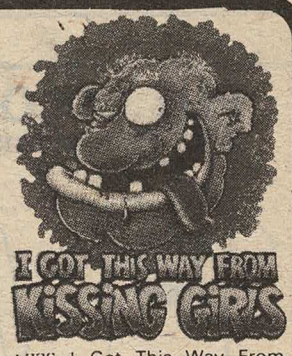
★ Designs available on White, Yellow, Sky Blue only.

F13. Bluebird of Happiness

R1 Joe Walsh



F7. Dazzle Em



F326 I Got This Way From Kissing Girls

F1. Makin Steak

F2. Pussy Hunt

New Glitter

A63 Wings

F4. Beer Drinkers

F5. I want your body

F6. The Real Me*

B6. Exciting

B1. Mud, Sweat & Gears

C22. Powered by Booze*

F25. Play Safe

F40 Beep Beep

F12. Ignore

C21. Old Fords Never Die*

B2. Take It Out

F66. Love Thy Neighbour

R27. Doobie Bros.

R3. Eagles on the Border

R4. Eagles Desperado

F3 Smile

F98. It Feels Good

A70 Dave Bowie

F9. Happy Here

A82. Eagle

A75 J. S. Spitfire

A4. Grateful Dead

A5. Pink Floyd

F64. I May Be Slow

F65. Say Hello

A61 Led Zeppelin

A68 Express Thyself

I'M A VIRGIN (This is a very old T-shirt)

A81 Virgin

A66 Outlaws Lady in waiting

A69 Bionic Arrow

A64 Fanny Firmers

R2. Eagles-one of these Nights

A74 Jimi Hendrix

A5. KC and the Sunshine Band

A65 World War II

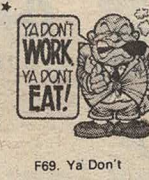
A81. England

A72 Beatles

A6 Marshal Tucker

F68. Only Here For The Beer

A67 Atlanta Rhythm Section



F69. Ya Don't

F11. Do Unto Others

ALL DESIGNS/GARMENTS AND MORE AVAILABLE TO PERSONAL SHOPPERS AT OUR SHOWROOM IN SPENCER HALL, STOCKTON-ON-TEES, CLEVELAND.

TO: GOTCHA COVERED (DEPT. NME9), UNIT 36, SPENCER HALL, STOCKTON- ON-TEES, CLEVELAND, ENGLAND

NAME.....

ADDRESS (Print clearly).....

.....

.....

ORDER FORM

Qty	Design No. & Name	t. Shirt	Cap Sleeve	Sweat Shirt	Colour Choice State 3	Size
					1 2 3	
					1 2 3	
					1 2 3	

Please add 35p P&P to total order, 60p abroad. I enclose Cheque/P.O. £

"Here! Wanna buy a musical instrument?
They're selling 'em on
Page 34

ANGELS! FONZ! MUPPETS!

SUPER FARRAH £1.20

JACKIE £1 KATE £1

CHARLIES ANGELS 95p

FARRAH 95p FARRAH No. 3 (30×20) 95p

FARRAH No.2 £1.10

MUPPETS £1.50 FONZIE 95p

Add 25p (1-2 posters) + 5p each extra poster

CARDS & POSTERS, 22 MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM 4

BARCLAYCARD

BUY NOW PAY LATER

CLEVER CLOGGS!

Buy it with Access

SEND YOUR NUMBER LEAVE REST TO US

DEPT. "K", 12 MARTINEAU WAY, BIRMINGHAM, B2 4UL

ALL OUR PRICES STILL INCLUDE POST, PACKING & VAT

Personal Callers are welcome

A SCOOP PURCHASE

Original men's cowboy boots. Supersoft leather uppers with resin stitched welted sole. Beige only. 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10. **£17.99**

Also available with sturdy leather sole and heel in tan or beige. 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 11. **£19.98**

F 1977 SHOE SENSATION

KicKers

Original and Genuine.

All leather uppers. Sole unit is guaranteed for 12 months!! Shoe — Blue or white. Boot — Red or sand.

FASHION CLOGS

3½, 4, 5 — **£23.50** 5½, 6½, 7½ — **£25.50**
8, 9, 9½ — **£28.50** 10½, 11, 12 — **£31.50**

B Leaf design. All leather uppers in brown or natural. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. **£6.99**

All our Cloggs can be made to order — details on application.

C Fancy contrast stitch. All leather uppers. Natural, red, black or brown. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 **£6.99**

D Traditional Scan clog. All leather uppers. Black or white. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. With buckle **£7.99**

G NEW STYLES

All leather uppers in 4 colours — black, brown, natural, red.

3, 4, 4in Heel — **£6.99**
5, 5in Heel — **£7.99**
6, 7, 6in Heel — **£8.99**

H MEN'S CLOGGS

All leather uppers and metal kick guard in black or brown. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. **£8.99**

Send Cheques, P.O.'s, Credit Card No. or Club Check Voucher to CLOGGS at above address.

NAME

ADDRESS

STYLE LETTER

COLOUR

SIZE REQUIRED

All items protected by the CLOGGS FAIR DEAL

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR

Send cheques/P.O.'s or Access/Barclaycard nos to:
Tommy Clothing Ltd., (NME 1)
2 Oakley Street, Northampton
Please send double postage and packing outside U.K.

SPLIT KNEE JEANS
£7.95 + 65p p&p. Original old Levi or Wrangler jeans to the knee, but flaring out with panels of matching old denim to 28" bottoms. State waist (girls-hip) and inside leg measurements. (Up to 42" waist).

JEAN SHORTS
£3.95 + 50p p&p. Ideal for summer, pre-worn Wrangler and Levi cut-offs. Available in sizes 22"-40" waist (girls state hip).

CAP SLEEVE T-SHIRT
£1.95 + 25p p&p. Available in most colours, sizes S,M,L. State 1st & 2nd colour choice. Looks great with the shorts Ord both for only £5.50 + 50p p&p.

JEAN LAPEL JACKET
£7.95 + 65p p&p. Nicely fitted flared jacket with single centre back vent. State chest/bust size.

JEAN WAISTCOAT
£4.95 + 50p p&p. Very well fitted old denim waistcoat. Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest-/bust size.

JEAN SHIRT
£7.50 + 65p p&p. Our ever popular old denim jean shirt, wear it as a shirt or a jacket. Cut to fit guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.

JEAN JACKET
£8.95 + 70p p&p. Smart short jacket in used denim. Pin tuck front, metal button fastening. Fantastic fit. State chest/bust size 32"—42".

JEAN SKIRT
£6.95 + 60p p&p. Calf length skirt made from old Levi or Wrangler jeans with V insert front and back. State hip size (30"—40").

Please allow 10—14 days delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be refunded on all goods returned unworn within 7 days of receipt.

All goods are made from famous name old worn denim jeans. ***Trade enquiries welcome.***

TO ADVERTISE IN NME 01-261 6172

GIANT POSTER MAGAZINES 22" x 32"

DAVID & PAUL 35p

DAVID 35p SOUL No. 1 SOUL 35p SUCCESS

ABBA 35p

ROD STEWART 35p FARRAH MAJORS

ANGELS 35p

Add 15p per poster P & P
3 or more posters P & P Free

Have your own GIANT SIZE POSTER of your favourite Stars plus info on His or Her success plus colour pics.

Send now to
PEPPERWELL LTD
748 High Road
LONDON. E11 3AW

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

THE INFAMOUS
SEX PISTOLS
T-SHIRTS
NOW AVAILABLE
also 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN'
'ANARCHY' and 'DESTROYER'
all designs on white T-shirts inside out
Please state size £3.50 + 25p p/p
Cheques/P.Os to
GLITTERBEST
40 Dryden Chambers,
119 Oxford Street,
London W.1
MAIL ORDER ONLY

Swedish **clogs**

MADE IN SWEDEN

ORTHOPAEDIC

Our clogs are manufactured in Sweden under expert guidance of experienced craftsmen. The bottoms are manufactured in alderwood — a light and comfortable material with great absorption capacity. The clogs are equipped with a non-slip plastic sole. Can be worn at home and at work.

Eight Colours: Black, Brown, Navy, Denim Blue, Green, Red, Natural, White.

35-40 (3-6 English sizes) — **£6.95**
41-45 (7-10½ English sizes) **£7.40**
Please include 60p for postage and packing.
Send cheque or postal order to:
BABUCHI SHOES
Chelsea Drug Store, 49 Kings Rd., Chelsea, London, S.W.3
or come along and visit our shop.
Please state colour and size clearly. Export enquiries welcome. Add 60p extra for outside U.K.

CANNABIS LEAF
Fabulous Jewellery

By popular request we have designed a good quality highly detailed **Cannabis Leaf Ring** for you!! A chunky **real silver** bargain at only £7.00. *(Send size or we can make it adjustable).* Our 1¼" high **real silver** leaf pendant on **silver plated** chain is £4.00 or on quality **real silver** chain £7.00. A ¾" single earring on **silver** hook is £1.85.

Join the rush and send money to

ATLAS (Dept N),
40 SYDNEY ST. BRIGHTON.

GENUINE Soft Kid Leather
WESTERN ★BOOTS★

IN LIGHT & DARK TAN
Sizes Mens 6-11
Girls 3-8
£18·95
PLUS £1 P&P

Smart round fashion toe, strong double stitched seams, leather covered stacked heel, welted stitched sole, 7—14 day delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be returned on boots returned unworn within ten days of receipt. **£8 p&p all areas outside UK. Just send P/O cheque to:**

TENNESSEE BOOT CO.
413-415 Eccleshall Rd. Sheffield Yorks

NME Classified Section

Charge for Box Numbers is 90p. All Classifieds must be pre-paid.

for further details ring
01-261 6122
or write
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford
Street, London, S.E.1.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

9p per word

A1 ACCORDIONIST. 01-876 4542.
A1 PIANIST. 01-876 4542.

TUITION

12p per word

POSTAL COURSES sae to Don Roberts, 98 Marlborough Rd, Cardiff for lists. Guitar, Guitar arranging, bass guitar, jazz guitar, Django Reinhardt technique, cassettes, books available.

THE IVOR MAIRANTS POSTAL GUITAR COURSES helps you to become a perfect technician. A special cassette of the exercises in the 12 lesson plectrum guitar course recorded by Ivor Mairants is now available. Cassette for Spanish Guitar Course in preparation. Send for particulars to: **IVOR MAIRANTS MUSICENTRE,** 56 Rathbone Place, London W1P 1AB.

MUSICIANS WANTED

12p per word

FEMALE VOCALIST for residency in Devon with established band. Phone Ian Briggs, Budleigh Salterton, 2637.

TRAVEL

12p per word

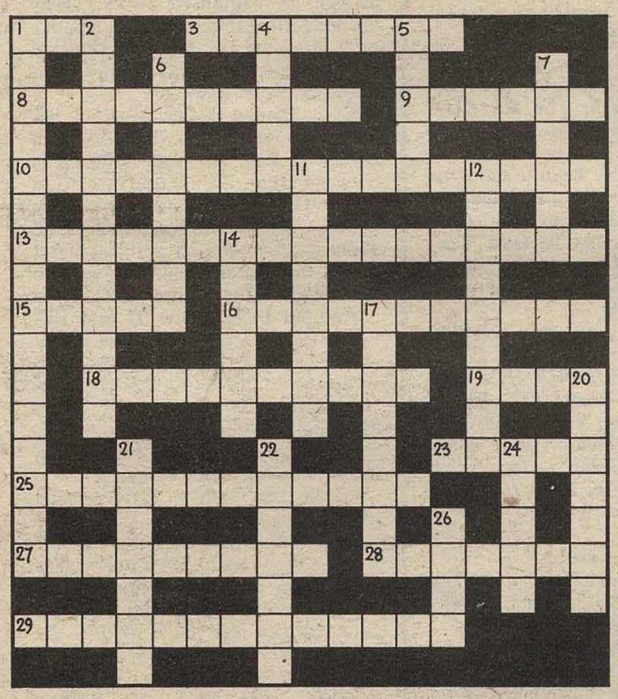
GREECE £50, SPAIN £40, Italy £40 Travel only return. Inclusive Holidays. Spain 9 days Hotel £56, Italy 14 Days camping £54. Depart London Saturdays in our own luxury coaches. Travel with the long established experts. Brochure — Kingston International Travel, 55 Raywell St., Hull, HU2 8ER (0482) 24828.

BANDS

12p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542
DISCOTHEQUES BANDS groups. Tel: 01-361 9385.

EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

1 The new 'Oo?
3 The former Brinsley *Sch-you-know-who* with Rockpile connections (4,4)
8 TV butler and ex-Prez combine to form singer/writer duo! (6,4)
9 & 20 The Crossword Compilers' Nightmare: thoroughly unanagramicable U.S. band
10 The lunatic element in P Floyd! (4,4,2,3,4)
13 Loved vet dug runner (anag. 6,11)
15 See 28
16 Doesn't dig R.I. (anag. 4,7)
18 Odd Face Out? (6,4)
19 He came to dance!
23 The former Dorkwind currently of Bozohead
25 No relation to the duck, this one's the Eddie in Flo and Eddie, or possibly the Flo if you get the drift (6,6)
27 Sleeve tailor (5,4)
28 & 15 Lost his touch when young Stevie quit to form Traffic
29 Plan my cat cure (anag. 4,9)

DOWN

1 He was one-third of short-lived trio with Hillman C and Furay R (4,5,7)
2 "Roadrunner" Richkid's accomplices in teen romance (6,6)
4 Former Jimbo who croaked *(Croaked? Geddit?)*
5 The Clue You Drink, The Guitarist You Get!
6 As vehicle for writing talents of Lieber and Stoller, a seminal U.S. R&B band
7 Co-producer/arranger on "A Period Of Transition" (2,4)
11 Unlikely labelmate of S★x Pistols
12 The lunatic element in V Morrison!
14 In Pluto, pianos for T Rundgren's band
17 One day Kim Fowley had a dream . . .
20 See 9
21 Presumably the pressure cooked a degree too much?
22 Just the band for a jolly, very English touring holiday?
24 /26 She sings with the E Clapton Band and she's not Yvonne Elliman
26 See above

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Radio Ethiopia"; 8 Chaka Khan; 9 Keith Richard; 10 (Dr) Hook; 11 (Pink) Fairies; 12 John Evan; 13 & 14 Graham Parker; 17 Pink (Fairies); 19 Chicago; 20 "Hard Rain"; 21 Flip; 22 Salsa. **DOWN:** 1 Ry Cooder; 2 Deaf School; 3 Ozark Mountain (Daredevils); 4 (Tom Petty or Johnny Thunders) Heartbreakers; 5 "Physical Graffiti"; 6 "Another Saturday (Night)"; 7 George Harrison; 15 "Night"; 16 Sparks; 18 Klaus (Voorman).

RECORDS FOR SALE

12p per word

A COLLECTORS Dream Shop. Punk/60s/R & B/Rock. Sunnys, 191a Munster Road, Fulham, London SW6. 01-385 5025.

ALBUM HIRE, S.a.e details Dianne, Taw Records, Westover, Ivybridge, Devon. Replies 20/7/77 after holiday.

AVAILABLE NOW our latest list of pop oldies 1956-1975. Send 10p & large S.a.e.: F. L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

BEST SHOP in London for '60s singles. Also deleted LPs, Curios, 453 Edgware Road, Maida Vale, Near Little Venice, London, W9.

"CHARTBUSTERS"! '56-'76 for collectors & D.J's. S.A.E. Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

COLLECTORS! DEE-JAYS!! Oldies Buffs!!! Does your oldies shop offer you everything you need? A massive range of unplayed US/European imports, plus all the U.K. re-issues and stacks of original label discs (in VG/mint condition), + publications, tee shirts, record sleeves (7in/10in) — free centres? Discounts on purchases over £5? — If it doesn't, you should come to us, and if it does, you must already be one of our valued customers — As London's FIRST true oldies shop (est. 1972) we exist to help you fill those gaps in your collection — no rip-offs! and NO BOOTLEGS! — Every record from us is a LEGITIMATE ISSUE!! . . . Vintage Record Centre, 91 Roman Way, Holloway, London N7 8UN. Tel (01) 607 8586. Closed Mons/Tues.

DELETED L.P'S/singles our speciality. S.a.e. for details to: ITC, P.O. Box 4, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

FANTASTIC SELECTION old R 'n' R singles and EPs. All originals, all set sale, sae "White Cottage", 397 Woodlands Rd, Woodlands, Southampton.

GOLDEN OLDIES for our latest catalogue of singles '57—'77, send 20p to Penny Farthing Sounds, Dept. 5N, 13 Cranbrook Rd, Ilford, Essex (Overseas customers send 3 international reply coupons).

GOLDEN OLDIES Galore. Ex Juke Box Records from 12½p. Hundreds of old hits. Most major stars. sae lists. Dept. A/1, 82 Vandyke St, Liverpool L8 0RT.

LARGE SELECTION 1957-74 top fifty singles. Many collectors' items. Realistic prices. Large S.a.e for list — F. Noel, 48 Parklands, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, BA14 8NR.

NEW 45'S Pic. Sleeves — E.P.'s — 12"ers, Imports & Oldies from 20p. Large SAE/IRC: "Grapevine", 16 Broomside, Kirkcaldy, Fife, KY2 6QG.

OLDIES 56-76 guaranteed condition. Large S.A.E. plus 5p for lists — 24 Upper Hall Park, Berkhampstead, Herts.

OVERSEAS READERS. Speedy delivery records and tapes. Tax free, large discounts. Free catalogue. — Counterpoint, 12 Graham Road, Malvern, Worcs.

PASTBLASTERS! Thousands available, '56-'76. S.A.E.: 24 Southwalk, Middleton, Sussex.

PISTOLS ORIGINAL "anarchy" single. Ring Bradford 833855.

PUNKS GET THIS!! Groks new single. Send 55p. S. F. Records (N.1), 98 Lodge Road, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.

RARITIES: BOWIE, Beatles, Dylan, Floyd, Zeppelin, Stones, Who, Yes, 10cc, Hendrix, Genesis, Yardbirds. S.a.e. or IRC — Dave Grant, 36 Boyd Street, Newburn, Newcastle on Tyne.

SQUARE RECORDS pop/soul, oldies, deletion. S.a.e. 9 Hart Road, Erdington, Birmingham, B24 9ER.

THOUSANDS SECONDHAND records, all types. Send 15p for 36-page July list. — Stop Look & Listen, Hayle, Cornwall. (Overseas customers send 3 international reply coupons).

"TUESDAY" - BOWIE, mint British, 'Trampled' — Zeppelin. S.a.e — Clive Burnham, 25 Broad Elms Lane, Sheffield, S11 9RQ.

50's ROCK, 60's Beat, Progressive, Soul, Soundtracks, Rarities, Oddities, 45's, 33's, Auction, S.a.e. Fox 66 Park Road, Nottingham.

RECORDS WANTED

12p per word

ALL YOUR UNWANTED 45's and LP's bought or part exchanged for new records. Large collections urgently required. Send records or lists with S.A.E. — F. L. Moore (Records) Ltd., 167a Dunstable Road, Luton, Beds.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for you unwanted LPs and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with sae for our cash offer by return of post — Gema, Dept NME, 1 P.O. Box 54. Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

CLASH FREE E.P. wanted — Duckett, Mansfield, Kendrick Road, Reading.

TORNADOS 'AWAY From It All' album wanted in v.g. condition. — 38 Valley Drive, Ilkley, Yorkshire.

WANTED: BOWIE MWSTW (dress cover), swap for Thin White Duke. Box No. 3403.

£100 CASH PAID FOR THAT'S ALRIGHT MAMA 'ELVIS' Sun 78 r.p.m. Ring 021-558 2704

SOUND EQUIPMENT

12p per word

100W AMP,200W 4 x 12 cabinet, ungigged, £150. 01-488 1313 Ext. 4496 (daytime).

RESTAURANTS

12p per word

'A TASTE OF HONEY' restaurant — excellent country cooking to entice lovers of French, traditional English food and vegetarians. Good sounds. Open for lunch and dinner every day. Bookings and press parties welcome. 01-229 6731. 2 Kensington Park Road, W11. Notting Hill Gate.

FOR SALE

12p per word

BADGE COLLECTORS read on. Pink Floyd, Sabbath, Zeppelin, Alex Harvey, E.L.P., Wings, Wings over Wembley, Status Quo, Queen, Roxy, Yes, 10cc, Santana, Dr. Feelgood, Stones, Deep Purple, Bowie, Cockney Rebel, Bad Co., Rod Stewart, Genesis, Wishbone Ash, Tour badges of: Santana, Dr. Hook, Be Bop Deluxe, Strawbs. Send 15p for each plus s.a.e. Love and Peace — Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London, E3 2LH.

'CREEM' and other **IMPORT MAGAZINES.** S.a.e for list to: Graffiti, 9 Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

CUTTINGS GALORE!!! Heep, Quo, Focus, Beck, Wakeman, Elvis, Melanie, Marley, Hawkwind, SAHB, Nils Lofgren, CSNY, Nazareth, Zappa, Rory Gallagher, Simon & Garfunkel, Sayer, Doobies, Frampton, Camel, Kinks, Humble Pie, Beach Boys, Cat Stevens (£1.35 for 40 cuttings), Eagles, Elton, Stones, Sabbath, Purple, Genesis, Yes, Clapton, Kossoff, Bad Company, Bowie, ELP, ELO, Oldfield, Dylan, Cream, Feelgood, Hendrix (£1.35 for 30 cuttings) most 1972-77 — Steve, 'The Old Smithy,' Buckland St. Mary, Chard, Somerset.

DISCOS — GROUPS — FAN CLUBS. Your wording on our self-adhesive stickers means big business. Every hand-out carries your advert. Inexpensive and effective. S.a.e. for sample. — Moordale Mail Order Supplies, Dept. ME1. 66 Woodcot Avenue Baildon, Shipley, West Yorks.

DIVING GEAR FOR SALE: 60 cubic feet steel tank, back pack, spiro demand valve, mask, snorkel, fins, weight belt, depth gauage. Will split. Write Box No. 3404.

GENSIS — CAN I interest you in some old fashioned Staffordshire plate? or photos from Moon?

GENESIS COLOUR CONCERT PHOTOS. Also available: Floyd, Heep, Ferry, Lizzy, Harley, Ronstadt, Tull, Tubes, Beach Boys, Bowie '74 & '76, Purple, Blackmore, Dylan, ELO, Eno, Essex, Hall/Oates, Emmylou, Harrison, SAHB, Kiss, Zeppelin, Lofgren, Nazareth, Queen, Stones, Roxy, Todd, Patti, Stewart, 10cc, Who '75 & '76, Wings, etc. Send S.a.e. stating interests, for proofs, to: Dick Wallis, 159 Hamilton Road, London, SE27.

GENESIS — EARLS Court — B & W photos. The **BEST** there are. **WHY?** Because I, **MOON,** specialise in photographing only groups that I'm into. Send S.a.e for contact prints + info to: Moon, The Willows, Trewern, Whitland, Dyfed. Foreign trade enquiries etc welcome.

JAMES DEAN, Beatles, Garland, Monroe, Dietrich, etc. collection for sale. Send 50p plus S.a.s.e for list and rare example postcard photograph. — Simmons, 25 Rutland Court, Hove, Sussex.

"KEEF IS INNOCENT," "Damn Damn Damn," "Dylan" and "Grateful Dead" badges. Also **JOHN CLEESE** for Prime Minister," "Fonz is Cool," "Release Potatoland" and "Gloo is Happiness." Send 15p each and S.a.e.: Glendale Enterprises, Dept. M, 14 Wordsworth Road, Hampton, Middx.

MOBILE DISCO very fine looks and sounds. Complete with lights £350. — Steve 01-841 8498 01-480 5510.

NILS LOFGREN . . . Exciting colour photos from recent tour. Also Tom Petty, Fleetwood Mac, Clapton, Skynyrd, Tull, Zappa, Horslips, Gillan Band, Genesis, Procol, Stewart. Set of 10 5" × 3½" £3.40 (12p postage). Second set available of first seven. For a limited period a **FREE COLOUR PRINT** sent to all enquiries! S.a.e. to Pete Still, 11 Greenbank Loan, Edinburgh, EH10 5SH.

RAMONES INTERVIEW. Send 30p and S.a.e to "New Wave Magazine," 137 Chase Side, Southgate, N14.

TWO BOWIE style double breasted suits 35" chest £30 each. — Braintree 20719

PERSONAL

24p per word

ALONE? COUNTRYWIDE Friendship Agency for over 18's. Free details Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write: — Countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS from Europe, Asia, Latin America want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Sample photos free. Hermes-Verlag, Box 110660/H, D-1000 Berlin 11, Germany.

DOVELINC PARTNER CATALOGUE select your own partners and penfriends. For free sample photos sae to A17 P.O. Box 100, Sutton, Surrey.

HOW TO GET GIRLFRIENDS, what to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girls you fancy. S.A.E for free details: Dept. NM, 38 Abbeydale, Winterbourne, Bristol.

HUNDREDS OF exciting new friends for YOU in Leisure Times Magazine (RT 88). Chorley, Lancs. (50p fortnightly, pay after receiving 6).

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

NATIONWIDE CONTACTS in occult, witchcraft, secret temples, etc. SAE Baraka, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

NEW EXCITING Friends, Worldwide selection, sae details IPC, 39a Hatherleigh Rd, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

POEMS URGENTLY needed! Annually £1,700 and over in prizes! Subscription £10. For free editorial opinion send your poetry immediately to: Regency Press Ltd., 43 New Oxford Street, London, WC1. Dept. A3.

POSTAL FRIENDSHIP CLUB Introductions arranged by post for all ages. Postage stamp for our **FREE** colour brochure to: Miss Chidgey, NME, 124 Keys Avenue, Bristol BS7 0HL.

WANTED

12p per word

BILLBOARDS 1960-1976 wanted, even if you only have one year. Your price paid. Please write: Dieter Kiedrowski, Rodenstr. 12, 3000 Hannover 91, West Germany.

CONTRIBUTIONS (UNPAID) for Summer Salt Magazine (Issue No. 1). Your reviews of any N/wave, H/metal, reggae, soul L.Ps and singles, articles, histories on your favourite bands. — Summer Salt, 36 Sherard Road, London, SE9 6EP.

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (sae) Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Rd, Bloxwich, Staffordshire.

TREVOR CHANCE'S "A Chance Encounter" L.P. RCA GLP 500. Good price paid. Miss Eileen Mary Morley, "Retfordsend," 59 High Street, Edwinstowe, Mansfield, Notts. NG21 9QR. Tel. Mansfield 823402

WANTED: PICS/articles on the Rolling Stones /band from 1963-1966 issues of Boyfriend, Big Beat, NME, Disc, Fabulous, etc. Also set of Rolling Stones bubblegum cards. Lastly, Rolling Stones Monthlies Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 11 or any special edition mag devoted to the early Stones. Top prices paid, or will trade for American Beatle items. Write P.O. Box 113, Avon, Connecticut 06001, U.S.A.

YOUNG LYRICIST SEEKS collaboration with composer, Hull area preferred. Box No. 3402-

FAN CLUBS

12p per word

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN Official Fan Club. Send stamped addressed envelope to P.O. Box 51, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

JOIN THE Enz Frenz cuz Split Enz broadens yer mindz. Write to Nod and Nick, Enz Frenz, c/o Chrysalis Records, 388/396 Oxford Street, London W1. Enclose s.a.e. See you at the Nashville — July 7 & 8.

JOIN THE SHOWADDYWADDY OFFICIAL FAN CLUB. Send big sae with 80p postal order for **LIFE MEMBERSHIP.** You will receive regular Newsletter, Showaddywaddy pen, membership card, personality profiles, super colour pic and order form for lots of special Showaddywaddy items. Send to Dept. S3NME, Showaddywaddy Fan Club, Cavendish House, Crossgate, South Shields, Tyne and Wear.

RAY DORSET & MUNGO JERRY Lovin in the Alleys an Fighting in the Streets Fan Club. S.a.e. to 37B Hervey Close, Finchley, London, N3.

SHADOWS, VENTURES, Jet Harris, Bert Weedon, Tornados and all instrumentalists. 50p — for sample club magazine. — 80 Rothbury, Lobley Hill, Gateshead, Tynewear.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

9p per word

PURCHASED FOR CASH Good Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs. Top Prices. — 01-836 7811.

OPTIGAN WANTED Good condition, reasonable, cash waiting. Will collect 061 973 8599.

Computer Dating...
Find Friendship, Love or Marriage. Dateline, Europe's largest most successful and reliable service for all ages in all areas – Send for free colour brochure & details Now – To: Dateline Dept (NM) 23, Abingdon Road, London W8 Tel: 01-937 6503
Dateline

MUSICAL SERVICES

12p per word

ARRANGING, TRANSCRIBING, sae to Don Roberts, 98 Marlborough Rd, Cardiff for lists. Pop, Big Band, Themes, Medleys, Dixieland, Brass Band, Glenn Miller sound.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1. 7p stamp.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W4.

SONGWRITER MAGAZINE explains copyright protection, recording, publishing royalties, songwriting competitions and interviews; famous songwriters. Free sample from International Songwriters Association (NME), New Street, Limerick, Ireland.

YOUR SONG recorded professionally. — Henshilwood, 130 Frankby, W. Kirby, Wirral.

RECORDING

12p per word

DEMO RECORDING 01-330 1859.

QUALITY MOBILE sound recording service — gigs, large or small taped live — superb results, reasonable rates. — 01-451 1640.

FREE RADIO

12p per word

AIR THREE, with features on Annan, Radio Dublin, Rubber Ducks . . . eh? Get a copy now, from FRC-Scotland, NBPS, 52 Saint Enoch Square, Glasgow. 40p + large s.a.e.

FLASHBACK '67 — Britain's first Offshore Radio convention, August 13th/14th, 1977. Two days of nostalgia for radio fans at the Centre Airport Hotel, Heathrow Airport. Send S.a.e. for details: Flashback '67 (NME), P.O. Box 400, Kings Langley, Herts.

SITUATIONS VACANT

9p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on Liners, Oil Rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Guide, price 70p. WORKING Holiday & Free Travel Guide, price 80p. — Mailex, Novembereve House, Oakhill Ave., Pinner, Middx.

GET AWAY and earn cash too. Summer employment lists now available. Enclose £1.50 + large s.a.e. to: L.A.S. (Mail Order) Ltd., 9 Northbrook Road, London, SE13.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
FOR SALE
See Pages 34 & 35 for Special Feature
For details of advertising ring
Mike Walsh on 01-261 6139

DISCO SCENE

All lineage in this section 12p per word

LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

DISCOLIGHTS. 3-chan. Sound-lights £17.50; Strobes £22, etc., etc., etc.! Free catalogue. **AARVAK,** 12a (C), Bruce Grove, London N17 01-808 8923.

DISCOTHEQUES

DAVE JANSEN 01-699 4010
DISCOTHEQUES, Anytime / Anywhere. — 01-965 2826/2991.
G + C MOBILE DISCO, 01-743 1093 and 01-969 0682.
OHWUNTWOFIVEFOURSIXEIGHT ONETWO ADISCOFORYOU.
MOBILE DISCOTHEQUES — 01-897 1879.
STAR TREK Disco. Soul, funky, reggae, pop, rock, knees-up too, superb Hi-Fi stereo and lights for you. Tel. **CPTN. 'NOSHER'** 2044365.
STEVE DAY. Tel. 01-524 4976.

FOR SALE

DISCO FOR SALE IN MAJOR HOLIDAY RESORT, Cornwall. A really great place, almost on the beach. Fully licensed bar. Fire Department approval for 250 people. Character property superbly fitted and equipped. Owner returning to America after more than 10 years profitable business. **PRICE:** £57,000 Freehold. **CHRISTIE & CO.,** 67 Lemon Street, Truro, Cornwall, (Truro 6880).

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING (for disco or home hi fi): 1 Chan. sound-light 1 for hi fi) £6.50; 2 Chan. (stereo 1 for hi fi), or bass and treble) £12.00; 3 Chan. £16.50; Speed control £1.50; Override 75p; all 1250w/Chan.; P & P 50p or send S.a.e for details; limited offer only: Stewart (Sound-Light), The Annet, Oswaldkirk, York.

ADVERTISE RING
01-261 6153

Absence of concept shock means it's a . . .

PLAIN OLD ORNERY GASBAG

I'm Ronnie Spector, I got a box to sit on and I don't care

Edited by plain old ornery CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THINGS rarely get so desperate that I crawl out of my pit of apathy and write to protest about someone else's misfortune; but in recent weeks it's been getting worse and worse, with every New Wave gig within fifty miles being written off by Fascist councillors, and then reading your report on the Sex Pistols river party fiasco, and then . . . yes it is all too much. Rarely indeed have I been so shocked or horrified by an article in the music press as I was by the account of the events of the evening of that infamous June day; and also indeed rarely have I been so directly motivated by three simple words in the devastating taunt at the end of the article. So, meagre as it is, here is my contribution.

Firstly, there are one or two things that I would like to say to the victims of this particular example of police brutality.

1. The obvious; don't just sit there do something, you can make yourself heard it you but try.

2. Make an official complaint against all identified police officers involved. A leaflet explaining the procedure should be provided on request at any police station, if you don't want or can't afford a solicitor; if you don't get a leaflet complain about that as well. The more people who do this the better.

3. Coupled with this, the victims should make efforts to publicise the events by such means as letters to national newspapers, interviews with anyone who will listen and publish and so on.

4. Write to MP's, and demand a public enquiry into the actions of the police on the evening, or at least get the Home Office to admit that something happened. Then take it from there.

Christ, **NO!** As I write this I hear on the radio about Johnny being hospitalised by a "Razor Gang" quote/unquote. I hope the bastards get run over.

Further to these suggestions, I would like to repeat that I — and I'm sure many others out here — sincerely hope that everybody who was present at the scene makes some form of protest to the authorities.

In addition to action that should — MUST — be taken by the victims, there are several things that the humble punter like you and me can do. These are:

1. Make a copy of the article in the *NME* about the party and send this to your MP, along with a polite request that he ask the Home Office for an explanation. Do not be put off if he is a raving reactionary; remember it is his job to ensure that the law is upheld, and if you do not get a satisfactory reply from him keep pestering, or get the MP from a neighbour constituency to take it up. You can get your MP either at the House of Commons or through his constituency office the address of which should be in your phone book.

2. The national papers have ignored the Establishment backlash against the New Wave; so write to some of them and ask why they gave no coverage to the incident of the party. While you're at it, you can complain about their disgraceful alarmist attitude towards New Wave and the Pistols in particular.

3. Similarly write to or phone the Press Council; at 81 Farringdon St. Ec4 01-353 1248; and make a complaint about the yellow-press coverage of the Pistols.

4. Tell the BBC to ban air-play of "Dark Side Of The Moon" and "Animals" by the Floyd; both of which contain a four letter word referring to sexual intercourse. At the same time point out that neither of the Pistols singles contains such foul language. Complain to EMI about this as well.

5. Get your local record shop to publish a petition to the Home Secretary calling for an enquiry into the police action at the Pistols party. How about some support from Virgin and you on this one?

Well, you asked for it, so this is what I'm gonna do. Now let's see all you punters out there doing the same.

PETER, Tewkesbury.

Constructive suggestions we wanted, constructive suggestions we got. Go to it, troops — CSM.

FOR THE first time in six years of reading *NME* I've been motivated to write. I felt sick with disgust after reading Tony Parson's piece on the Pistols. I may not be head over heels in love with New Wave rock, but Christ, what happened that Tuesday was just too much. When are we gonna stop taking all this crap? One set of rules for the law and another for every other poor soul who gets in the way.

The Notting Hill riots and this latest piece of "community relations" by the police will not be forgotten. Nor will any young kid forget the kicking he got from a copper at his local football ground. I have a two-year-old boy and for Christ's sake, how the hell do I tell him that you can always trust a policeman?

Simple - I don't. He can work it out for himself when he is old enough — if there are any coppers left by then which is doubtful.

LIZ RYMER, Leeds

You could try telling him not to respect anything or anyone that hasn't *earned* his respect — whatever uniform it wears. — CSM.

PEOPLE WHO appreciate music do not write to a newspaper about appreciation of music, except those people who write to a newspaper to point out that people who appreciate music do not write to a newspaper to argue about appreciation of music.

MARTIN, The Mad Musician, Paignton, Devon.

So what do they write about? — CSM.

AM I too young or is it too early to say I disagree with what Julie Burchill has to say next week?

YOUNG MARK, Portsmouth.

You're too young — CSM

I hate people like that — J.B.

THE ANSWER to the question on page 7 is; yes, this man is a prat. Do I win a record token?.

A. NUTHERGOAT, Surrey

No, sorry. You're the seven hundred and forty-eighth person to send us the correct answer, though — CSM.

I am not a crook — RICHARD NIXON

I am not a prat — FREDDIE MERCURY.

LAST WEEK my grandparents were on one of their unique once yearly visits. So at that point I submerged into my room to have a blow and get into some Pink Floyd.

After some time my grandfather appeared and gave me the same crap talks about the "noise" I listen to for about four hours a day. The next minute he starts jiving me about how energetic and dynamic punk rock is. What should I do, team up with some punk rockers, or register myself as insane?

CONFUSED MUTANT, Glasgow.

Register your grandad insane and then join a punk band — Simple, innit? — CSM.

AM I too late to say that you have got your facts all wrong about the meaning of "minimalist"? According to the Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary, "minimalist" means — "A Menshevick". Upon further research, it can be discovered that "menshevick" means, and I quote, Men'sha-vik, n. (hist.) a moderate or minority socialist in Russia — as opp. to Bolshevik. (Russ. menshyne, smaller — (v)ik, agent, suffix).

PETER MARK ROGET. (of Thesaurus fame, distinction, repute, renown, esteem, note, popularity etc.).

Yeah — C.S.M.

WHO'S THIS nurd calling himself "Plaything", writing in t'other week's *Gasbag* about AWOPBOPALUBPABOP BANG BOOM — when any self respecting rocker worthy of his Little Richard collection knows it's WOPBOPALOOBOPLOP BAM BOOM? If this cat don't know his LOP BAM BOOMS from his BOP BANG BOOMS, he wants his lug'oles confiscating. He don't deserve to listen to ANY RICHARD PENNIMAN PLATTERS!

Let the good times roll. *JOHNNY REB, Birmingham*

I always thought it was Wombomaloobomalombombom meself. Sit on it, Johnny! — CSM.

INTERESTING POINT THIS. Most of the New Wave groups who are doing okay have the word "The" before them. You know, The Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Stranglers, The Damned, whereas most 'established' rock groups have no "The" in front of them. I've been thinking for yonks of a successful rock band with the word 'The' in front of it. Can't think why this is. Is it because "The" is symbolic of new wave? You know, a hard word that describes the music? I reckon that's it.

Elementary, ain't it, my dear Watson.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Lessee — The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Who, The Beach Boys, The Grateful Dead, The Death Mammals. The Band — hey, y'may have a point there. Keep taking the 7% solution. — C.S.M.

AHEM! Hippies forever!

Yay to cheesecloth shirts and long billowing down t'floor patterned dresses on girls/women.

Huzzah to beards that tickle yer groin and hair that comforts yer bum.

Whoopee to an dope an ecology an savin' animals. HEEheeheeheehaha heehoooooH to the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers an' Big Yin an' It an' Lone Groover an' Giles an' Andy Capp.

Mmm to real food.

Thanks for honesty, realism, democracy and reading this ere missive and record tokens,

CRAIG JOHN CALVELAY, Birkenhead.

Record tokens? God, these bleedin' 'ippies never give up! — C.S.M.

NOW GET this straight, *NME!* Far be it from me to inpugn your grooviness or anything like that but the point is, you see, I once met this bloke called Basil and — I think it was on a bus — and well, no just a minute let me think . . .

Sorry, it's no good, I've lost the thread now.

Shit, I blew it. I blew it.

A. WALNUT, Chiswick, London W4

Whoever heard of a walnut blowing it? — C.S.M.

Einstein's 2nd law:— Energy (E) = MC5

MARTIN HORATIO SHEPHERD, S. Glamorgan, S. Wales.

Give this one a three-day energy token, Bill — C.S.M.

Yat-e yat-e, boss — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE.

I'd rather give 'im a good kickin' — SID VICIOUS

That's a sore point these days — JOHNNY ROTTEN and PAUL COOK.

IF I (1) Divide my letter into numbered "points" to make it look sensible and serious (2) Will you print it?

A SENSIBLE PERSON (or are Python-esque noms-de-plume last year's thing?), Newport, Gwent.

(1) No, we won't, (2) Yes, they are — C.S.M.

QUOTE: "I've just bought the Pistols' 'God Save the Queen': it's great . . ." (June 11th Gasbag). Are you sure this is not due to *NME's* pollution of innocent minds by frequent mention of aforesaid single? How about some censoring going on as well? (not offensive my ass). Why are we getting told punk is "where it's at"? How did the MC5 get dragged into the same paragraph as New Wave (Teazers, same issue)?

Even though I am (almost) too young to remember the MC5, I reckon I can tell vast differences between them. We are told that "God Save The Queen" is important because "people are going to get mad about it." I've already got mad about it, but that doesn't make me want to join the J. Rotten fan club.

And all these "Div. II and III" Punk write-ups are getting me down. If we're going to have write-ups about second-and-third -rate support groups (viz: Adverts, The Boys, etc.), at least have some non-punk second rate stuff (viz: Trapeze, Roogalator, Crazy Cavan/Rhythm Rockers, etc.)

People can't afford to buy many records nowadays, so if they go buying "God Save The Queen" because they reckon it's anti-social to do so, how are The Rolling Stones going to live? So come on, a bit less punk please, or that's it for the Bedstone branch of the CSM fan club (i.e.: me!).

STEVE THE NUT (No address given)

Okay, you made your point . . . C.S.M.

I HAVE recently completed a revolutionary new theory about the very essence of rock and roll, including a detailed analysis of the current "punk" — "hippy" "aggro". But why should I tell it to you buggers? You'd only laugh.

CHRIS FOWLER, Eastleigh, Hants.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha . . . C.S.M.

IT'S VERY trivial at a time when uniformed morons are beating up rock and roll bands and generally pissing on the working classes and getting away with it, buutt . . . could I just point out that you missed the caption off the drawing which languished under my name this week? Even with the caption it doesn't exactly change the world but it does seem a bit more comprehensive.

RAY LOWRY, Manchester.

P.S. How on earth can The Clash album not be top of your half yearly list!??! Don't you like bleedin' rock 'n' roll? Television? The Stranglers?!! Sheeet! (Purely personal opinion.)

*Lord God, another bleedin' cartoonist whining and bleating and fnurging about mistreatment and whatnot . . . it's bad enough with Benyon. Anyway jusdisonce we're going to be nice about it and Redress The Balance, Right The Wrong, etc. So here's last week's Lowry **avec** caption.* That do ya, squire? — CSM

SCRIBBLER VINDICATED. . .

LOWRY

Where ya been, chief? Ain't ya heard of Bing Kong?

PUNK PICTORIAL THIS WEEK TAKES YOU BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ROUNDHOUSE. Top, America's ***Johnny Ramone*** *exchanges boys' room gossip with Britain's* ***John Rotten:*** *how he gets the rips in his jeans, why he drinks only Pepsi before a gig, that sort of interesting stuff. In the lower picture,* ***Joey Ramone*** *takes a back seat to his brother — that's his brother brother in blood as opposed to his brother "brother" on stage. Joey's the one in the shades of course. Happy snaps from the camera of* ***Jill Furmanovsky.***

TEAZERS

WORLD OPINION in general and Accrington opinion in particular was greatly outraged by our *T-Zer* last week (yes, this column is read in high places) stating that *NME's* **Hideous Bill Gangrene** was in line for honorary citizenship of the borough and allotments thereof. Mere words cannot convey the fury that this news inspired among the people of Accrington and the octogenarian freemen in particular.

A local councillor rang to tell us that the Town Clerk was — and we quote — "going spare, literally seething" that the *NME* could even suggest such an honour be bestowed upon someone like Hideous Bill — a person very definitely from the other side of the tracks.

Oh well, we'll have to admit it. Freemen, councillors, gentlepersons of Accrington, sup at your Ovaltine in peace — it was *a joke.*

On the other hand, seems that we can assure Accrington lad made good **Jon Anderson** that *his* hopes of hometown recognition look pretty remote. Not before his 80th birthday anyway.

Hideous Bill's concept album, "Accrington The Beautiful", has been cancelled forthwith — as has **Burlesque's** intention to release as a single their ode to the joys of another Lancashire beauty spot, Rochdale. The group's "Rochdale/A Place In The Sun", which consists entirely of the title line chanted over and over again, has been rejected by their record company, Arista, on the grounds that it's "too depressing". Personally, *T-Zers* thinks they should sue . . .

Rumours that **Keith Richard** is being treated for heroin addiction were confirmed in the Toronto court where Keef was due to appear on the charge of heroin and cocaine possession. His lawyer told the court that Richard was undergoing a course of treatment in New York — "and hopefully is being cured" — and had the case adjourned until July 19 . . .

Are *some* of the **Pistols** less than *happy* with the single *version* of "Pretty Vacant" c/w **Iggy's** "No Fun"?!! Is the Ghost of **Velda Dacquiri** *haunting* this item?!! . . .

Patti Smith and **Lenny Kaye** releasing **Tapper Zukie's** oldie "Man Ah Warrior" elpee on their own Mer label; it seems that the proceeds of La Smith's "Piss Factory" 45 went towards making the whole venture possible. Is this what's known as pissing away the prophets? . . .

More aggro for **George Harrison** over "My Sweet Lord"/"He's So Fine". Unbelievably the whole thing's back in the courts again; this time the non-North American copyright holder is claiming infringement and seeking redress via the British courts . . .

Charlie Tumahai of **Be Bop Deluxe** did not enjoy his recent motoring visit to the South of France. He gave some French holiday-makers a lift and in return, at the end of the journey, they beat him up. Tumahai's now fully recovered, doubtless helped by the end of his work permit problems (see page four) . . .

As **Miles Copeland** spreads his fingers in the new wave pie, **Climax Blues Band** have left his management stable and signed with **Irv Azoff,** whose other clients include **The Eagles** and **Joe Walsh** . . .

Info City visits *T-Zers:* **Andy,** brother of **Bee Gees' Barry, Maurice** and **Goofy Gibb,** and **Shaun,** brother of **David Cassidy,** both have singles in the U.S. charts . . .

Fuelling speculation that the **Moody Blues** are planning to re-form towards the end of this year *("No, no" — The Entire Staff of NME),* U.S. trade mag *Cash Box* reports that the group has booked three months studio time in New York . . .

Swings & Roundabouts: Reports of growing dissent within the ranks of **Supertramp** as they trek across U.S. on arduous 150-date tour. Notwithstanding the fact that there would probably be dissent in any group's ranks on a 150-date U.S. tour, we hear talk about new personnel, going off the road and even — gulp — a split . . .

A short-haired *(and short-assed — Ed)* **Steve Harley** seen at reception last week for **Alan Parsons.** Also in attendance: a plump **Allan Clarke** of **The Hollies** wearing his age badly . . .

Reports that CBS about to sign **Sex Pistols** for the States. Meanwhile, negotiations for a Dutch deal have fallen through. Dutch company Inelco were apparently considering putting El Pistoleros on their Lark label but dropped out due to the band's "bad image in the international media." But they *have* signed **Colin Scott,** described as a "U.K. folk singer". Scott's reputation in the international media is believed to be impeccable . . .

Sunday Times not believed to be negotiating for serial rights to **Iggy Pop's** planned book about life on the road, economically entitled *Fun* . . .

Will **Penetration** be Decca's first punk signing? Virgin also said to be interested in the North East's lone punkos . . .

According to one Irish newspaper recently, the **Pistols** all decided to change their names when they formed — to **Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Rat Scabies** and **Dee Generate . . !**

Train Spotters Corner: Vintage Record Centre now distributing selected rockabilly tracks from the long-defunct Starlite label . . . *NME* now distributing thoroughly esoteric *T-Zers* of purely specialist appeal . . .

Gosh — now it's **Poodle**-bashing! Police were called in after the **Fabulous Poodles'** set at Dingwalls when an unknown pooch-basher attacked the PA stack with a knife and caused £200 worth of damage. "Could this have been a dummy-run by the same fascist group responsible for the physical attacks on the **Sex Pistols?"** asked **Venny Bede,** Poodles Press Officer, after the incident. The Poods are appealing for copper's narks who might have witnessed this unsavoury episode . . .

And twice the **Fabulous Poodles** make this week's *T-Zers:* **John Entwistle,** who has been known to play bass with **The Who,** is producing their debut album at the Who studio in Battersea . . .

On the subject of **John Entwistle** (yes, this is the concept segment of *T-Zers),* the saturnine bassist celebrated his tenth wedding anniversary (to a Mrs Entwistle, we understand) watching **The Pirates** at Dingwalls — which, incidentally, is where the Fabulous Poodles were playing when an unknown corgi sunk its teeth into their PA stack . . .

Anyone spot **David Essex** playing an alcoholic jack the lad type in Sunday night movie, *All Coppers Are . . ?*

After reading our recent *T-Zer* about the girl who sprained her wrist clapping too hard at a **Wings** concert, Lancashire reader **Roy Matthews** writes to tell us he's been to six Wings gigs and has come away each time with sore hands and throat and wants to know if this qualifies *him* to hear something to his advantage. Well, Roy, no . . .

Johnny Thunders on the subject of test cricket: "It's very boring, very middle class, very British." A test cricketer on the subject of **Johnny Thunders:** "What 'e needs is a good kicking . . ."

J. Geils Band mark the tenth anniversary of their formation by shortening their name to **Geils** for their new group-produced elpee, "Monkey Island" . . .

Lou Reed the recipient recently of New York City's Gotham Book Mart Literary Award for his poem *The Slide.* "Autobiographical, is it?" sneers a test cricketer . . .

Ex-**Crusaders** guitarist **Larry Carlton** seems certain to join **Steely Dan** for the late summer touring . . .

Why were tickets for **Neil Diamond's** Berlin concerts cheaper than those for his gigs in London? . . .

At Trax in Manhattan to see **Mink De Ville: Crosby Stills & Nash, Plant Page & Bonham, Mick Jagger, Michelle Phillips** and **Ron Wood . . .**

Anarchy in the Aces '77: **Joseph Strummer** digging "songs written by coons" — and surrounded by a whole mob of them — down the Four Aces reggae club in dread Dalston last Wednesday night . . . proving that this is the time when the two sevens *clash!* Apparently Mr Strummer now resides in a Brixton yard with a movement of Jah people; although Four Aces proved too much for his sensibilities, and he left after a short step — "the pressure reach 'im", as one of 'im chidren claimed . . . Still with roots rock reggae, **Dr. Alimantado** due to visit the UK shortly — no doubt intending to outdo **Leroy Smart** as the best dressed chicken in town . . .

Quote from **Bill Cotton,** Head of Light Entertainment at the BBC: "I wouldn't have **The Sex Pistols** on anything. I don't think anybody wants to see those types of people." We could say the same for **Val Doonican, Max Bygraves** and **Tony Blackburn,** so up yours baldy writes *T-Zers* Diplomatic Correspondent . . .

Led Zeppelin and **Bad Company** booked into the same hotel in Fort Worth, Texas. Commented a worried Swan Song executive: "I can't think of anything I fear more except possibly a nuclear holocaust . . ."

A nuclear holocaust on its way to Fort Worth, Texas, instead redirected to Accrington, Lancs . . .

VERA LYNN
"WHO'S SORRY NOW/ MY MOTHER'S EYES"
EMI 2639

JOHN WILLIAMS
"CAVATINA"
Cube BUG 65

EMI MUSIC, 138/140 Charing Cross Rd., London, WC2
01-836 6699

WANT TO BUY A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT?
SEE PAGE 34

WITHOUT DOUBTO
THE BEST VEST FOR A LONESOME CHEST

At last the brand new Groover T shirt — yours for only £1.95
State if small, medium or large
PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing. One garment add 25p (50p for abroad) Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad). For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad)
Make P.O. or cheque out to 'Bona Torsos' 18 King Street, Ilkeston, Nr Derby, Derbyshire.

***PLUS* The best read for those with a big need**
The sensational Lone Groover Express
Only 39p plus 6p postage
P.O.'s and cheques as above

Please send me S☐ M☐ L☐ T-shirt/s or th' Lone Groover Express (delete where applicable)
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
NME 1

SONGWRITERS
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
THE QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST AND MUSIC FESTIVAL

★ **BIG CASH PRIZES**
1st £1,000; 2nd £500; 3rd £250
Plus many fabulous Consolation Prizes

★ GRAND FINAL AT FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER
★ TO BE JUDGED BY RECORD PRODUCERS, MUSIC PUBLISHERS, RECORDING ARTISTES
★ TOP ARTISTES TO PERFORM THE FINAL SONGS
★ ANY TYPE OF POP SONG IS ELIGIBLE. DOES **NOT** HAVE TO BE A JUBILEE SONG
★ YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A GOOD SINGER OR MUSICIAN. A SIMPLE UNACCOMPANIED VOCAL IS SUFFICIENT FOR OUR JUDGES.

The Song Contest has been arranged in conjunction with the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal and part of the proceeds will go to this worthwile charity.

So please send now for our colour brochure and entry forms which will give you further details.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
. . . . . .

QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST
c/o Mr. Gore
8 High Street, Manchester M60 4AT
Tel. 061-773 8914 or 061-766 5303

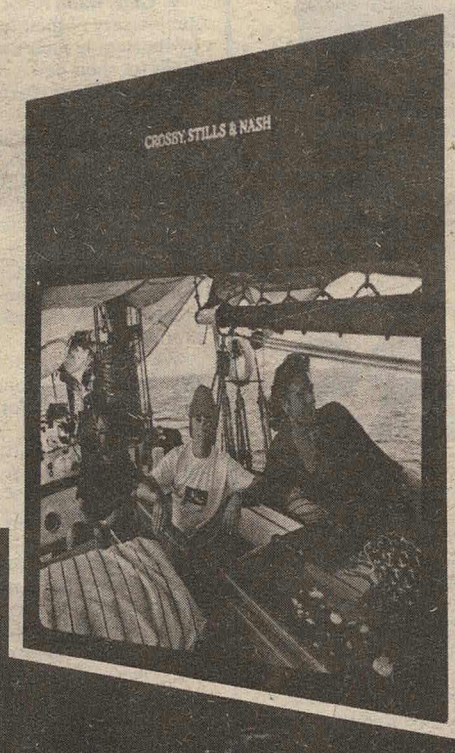
Copyright Pineapple Music and Fontana Music, 1977

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

After eight years, you may be a little tired of hearing 'Crosby, Stills and Nash.'

It's been eight years since Crosby, Stills and Nash released their first album simply titled 'Crosby, Stills and Nash.'

A classic album which left everyone saying 'When's the next one coming out?'



The next one is in your record shop now. It's called 'CSN'—you won't be disappointed.

ATLANTIC

K50369
Also available on cassette